VENICE ABOUT 1340 A. D.

This fac-simile is the frontispiece of a manuscript in the Bodleian library, giving an account of the travels of Marco Polo, and shows his embarkation from Venice.

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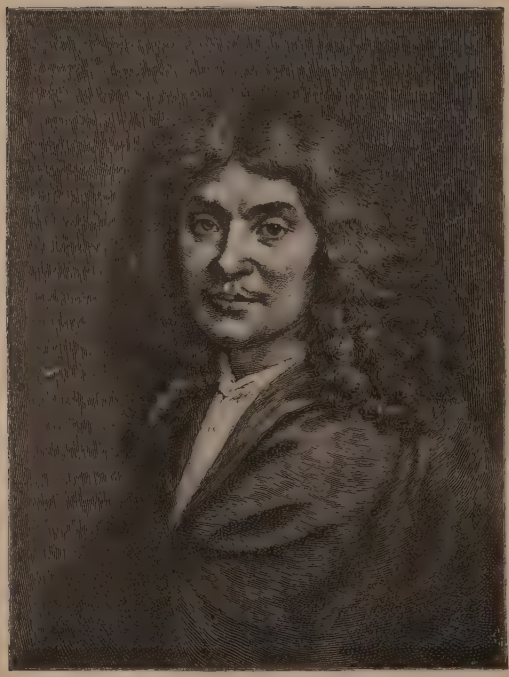


MOLIÈRE.

MOLIÈRE

(1622–1673)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

MOLIÈRE, the greatest of modern comic dramatists, was a Parisian by birth,—like those other typical Frenchmen, Villon and Voltaire, Boileau and Regnard. He was born in 1622, probably in the house now No. 96 Rue St. Honoré, and probably on January 15th or a day or two earlier. His real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin, "Molière" being a stage name assumed when he left his father's house. His father was a prosperous tradesman, an upholsterer,—one of the eight of that craft holding a royal appointment (*valet de chambre tapissier du roi*), which required him to be in attendance on the King three months of the year to see that his Majesty's furniture was always in fit condition. His mother, apparently a woman of both character and culture, died when Molière was but ten; and the next year his father married again, only to lose this second wife before Molière was fifteen.

As the son of a flourishing burgher, Molière received an excellent education. In 1636, being then fourteen, he was sent to the Collège de Clermont, one of the leading educational institutions of Paris, conducted by the Jesuits and attended by the youth of the best families of France. He seems to have stayed there five years, acquiring the humanities and getting well schooled in philosophy. He may or may not have been a pupil of Gassendi; and he may or may not have attempted a translation of the great poem of Lucretius: many of the legends of his life that have come down to us will not withstand skeptical scrutiny. That he studied law is certain; and it is possible even that he was admitted to the bar.

In the mean time he had been assured of the succession to his father in the royal appointment; and it is more than probable that he was in attendance on Louis XIII., as his father's substitute, in June 1642, when Cinq-Mars was arrested. Before the end of the next year, however, the son of the royal upholsterer had left his paternal home, had thrown in his lot with a group of strolling actors, and had assumed the stage name of "Molière," which he was to render forever illustrious. The French drama was beginning its most glorious period,—Corneille's 'Cinna' and 'Horace' and 'Le Menteur' (The

Liar) having followed one another in rapid succession. The influence of the Spanish theatre was making itself felt; and even more potent perhaps was the example set by the brisk and bustling performances of the Italian comedians; while the robust farces of the French themselves lost nothing of their comic force when represented by the broadly humorous followers of Gros Guillaume and Gautier Garguille.

At the head of the company that Molière joined was Madeleine Béjart, a charming woman and a capable actress. For two or three years the «Illustre Théâtre» (as the troupe called itself) made ineffectual efforts to get a foothold in Paris. At last, in 1646, it gave up the fight in the capital and betook itself to the provinces, where it remained for twelve years. The record of Molière's wanderings is fragmentary, but it is known that in 1648 he was at Nantes, Limoges, Bordeaux, and Toulouse; in 1650 at Narbonne; in 1653 at Lyons; in 1654 at Montpellier; in 1657 at Dijon and Avignon; and in 1658 at Rouen. From Scarron's 'Roman Comique' we can get some idea of the life of the vagabond comedians in those days, and of the kind of adventure likely to befall them.

From Rouen the journey to Paris was easy; and Molière was at last able to secure the patronage of Monsieur, the younger brother of the young King, Louis XIV. He had left the city of his birth little more than a raw recruit of the stage. He returned to the capital the most accomplished comedian of his time, a dramatist whose earlier comic plays had already met with warm popular appreciation, and a manager surrounded by a homogeneous company of skilled comedians, all devoted to him and all having high confidence in his ability. As a writer of plays Molière had begun modestly with farces on the Italian model, but with a fuller flavor of humor, more like that in the old French folk-tales. Most of these 'prentice trifles are lost, although the author probably worked into his more mature pieces all that was valuable in them. The strongest of the plays produced in the provinces was 'L'Étourdi' (The Blunderer), brought out in Lyons in 1653, and still often acted in Paris to-day after two centuries and a half.

At this time Molière was only thirty-six, and he was unusually well equipped for the comic drama. He had begun with a solid training in philosophy; and he had gained a thorough knowledge of the theatre and a wide acquaintance with mankind. It is fair to assume that through his father he had had an insight into the middle class; that through his father's workmen he had been able to get an understanding of the artisan; and that through his father's royal appointment he had had opportunities of observing the courtiers. In the course of his wanderings he had been brought in contact with the peasants and also with the inhabitants of the provincial towns. On

his return to the capital he was to become intimate with Boileau, Chapelle, and other men of letters; and he was to have occasion for closer observation of the court.

The long years of strolling in the provinces had not only trained the company to an incomparable perfection in comedy, but had also brought financial prosperity. The actors of the troupe owned in common rich costumes, scenery, and properties; and some of them had severally money out at interest. Molière returned to the capital almost a rich man; and he was able to enlarge his fortune by his successful management in Paris. As it happened, the first appearance of the company before the King, in a theatre erected in the Louvre, was almost a failure (October 24th, 1658). The play was Corneille's 'Nicomède,' a tragedy; and Molière and his companions were more at home in comedy. Moreover, Molière was natural in his histrionic method; and the custom of the day required that tragedy should be interpreted in toplofty fashion. At the conclusion of the serious play, Molière, who was an easy and adroit speaker, came forward with a neatly turned compliment to the King, and asked permission to add to the programme one of the little farces they had often acted in the country. This little farce was 'Le Docteur Amoureux' (The Doctor in Love), and it made the King laugh heartily.

The royal permission was given for the company to establish itself in Paris; and Molière was at first allowed the use of a theatre in the Petit Bourbon, where he and his companions appeared on the nights not already reserved for the Italian comedians. There were then two other theatres in Paris: one at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where was the company specially patronized by the King, and the other in the Marais. Molière seems to have tried to establish his company as a rival in tragedy of the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; but he met with no popular approval till he returned to comedy, in the acting of which he and his comrades were really superior. In November 1658 he brought out the 'Étourdi,' already successful at Lyons and elsewhere, and at once equally successful in Paris. The 'Étourdi' is a long farce on the Italian model, with traditional characters, but having a vivacity and a verve all Molière's own. It was followed by another comic play, also already performed in the provinces,—the 'Dépit Amoureux' (The Lovers' Quarrel), which became instantly as popular as its predecessor; in a condensed form it still holds the stage in France.

It is doubtful whether his next piece was absolutely new, or whether it also had been tried during his wanderings outside of the capital. It is not doubtful that this little one-act comedy was made of richer material than any of its predecessors, and that it contained a promise of the finer works to follow it shortly. The 'Précieuses

Ridicules' (November 18th, 1659) was the title of the little play (The Affected Ladies); and it was a piquant and telling satire upon the affectations of literary culture then prevalent. Although somewhat farcical in its plot and in its details, it was truly a picture of life. There is a legend that an aged spectator at its final performance cried out, «Take courage, Molière, this is good comedy!» And yet one of those satirized had influence enough to have the new play interdicted; but the interdiction was soon lifted, and the second performance took place a fortnight after the first. When the King returned to Paris the play was acted before him to his great satisfaction; and it helped to establish Molière in the royal favor,—a point of great importance in those days, when the King arrogated to himself all the functions of government.

The good-will of the monarch was doubly valuable to a man like Molière, who was going to speak his mind freely on the stage in one play after another, boldly to assault hypocrisy and vice, and unhesitatingly to make many enemies. His next piece, however, 'Sganarelle' (May 28th, 1660), had no ulterior purpose; its object was merely to make the spectators laugh. Molière was shrewd always in the management of his theatre, ever ready to give his audiences another play of a kind they had already approved. But a few months after the production of 'Sganarelle,' it looked for a little while as though Molière might have no theatre to manage. Without notice the theatre in the Petit Bourbon was maliciously demolished, and the company was left without a stage on which to act. Then the King assigned to Molière and his comrades the large theatre in the Palais Royal which Richelieu had built for the performance of a play of his own.

This theatre had to be repaired; and not until January 1661 was it that Molière was able to begin his season there. His first new play on this new stage was a failure. 'Don Garcie de Navarre' (February 4th, 1661) is the dullest of Molière's works,—the one in which he is seen to least advantage. It was a heroic comedy on the Spanish model; and the artificial plot gave small scope to Molière's humor or to his knowledge of his fellow-man. He took the defeat hard; he acted the play more than once before the King; and he ventured to revive it two years later. But the appeal was decided against him, and he never repeated the blunder.

The earlier pieces which had pleased the Parisian public were but humorous trifles when compared with the best of his later works; and now with his next play he entered on a second stage of his development as a dramatist. 'L'École des Maris' (The School for Husbands), June 24th, 1661, was not dependent chiefly upon its intrigue as the others had been: it was essentially a study of character,—

a little hard, it may be, but unfailingly amusing and not without sympathy. Not long after, Molière improvised in a fortnight's time a comedy-ballet, 'Les Fâcheux' (The Bores), August 17th, 1661, prepared especially for the series of magnificent entertainments with which Fouquet splendidly feasted the King at Vaux only a few days before the downfall of the superintendent. It is told that the King himself suggested to Molière the original of one type of bore neglected by the author; and that this royal hint was instantly seized, a new character being added to the play before it was next performed.

Molière availed himself of his father's place as *valet de chambre tapissier* of the King to keep in closer contact with the court than would ordinarily be possible to an actor or a dramatist. He insisted on performing the duties of the office, in spite of the protest of those of his fellow officials who did not wish to associate with a comedian. There is little or no warrant for the legend that Louis XIV. himself once rebuked these contemners of the actor by inviting Molière to share his own supper; and yet the picturesque scene has been painted both by Ingres and by Gérome. There is no doubt, however, that Louis XIV. did esteem Molière highly, certainly finding him most ingenious in the invention of the ballets in which the young King liked to figure, and possibly even appreciating dimly the abiding merits of the great dramatist. Louis XIV. had many faults, but a lack of discernment was not among them. It is recorded that the King once asked Boileau who was the rarest of the literary geniuses illuminating his reign, and that Boileau responded by naming Molière,—a little to the monarch's surprise, it may be, but without eliciting a royal contradiction.

In February 1662, Molière married Armande Béjart, a younger sister of the leading lady of the company. Molière was then forty years of age; as author, actor, manager, he was a very busy man, with incessant demands on his time; he had the fits of abstraction and the occasional moodiness and melancholy which are often characteristic of genius. His wife was scant twenty; she was beautiful, charming, and fond of admiration; she became a brilliant actress; she seems to have had rather a narrow intelligence. That such a marriage should be happy would have been little short of a miracle. That there were in time disagreements between husband and wife is indisputable; and it is undeniable that Molière was intensely jealous. No passion occurs and reoccurs in his plays more often than jealousy; and none is more feelingly analyzed. That the most of the brutal charges brought against the young wife are but slanders, is highly probable. When she bore him a son, Louis XIV. accepted to be godfather.

The first play produced by Molière after his marriage was 'L'École des Femmes' (The School for Wives), December 26th, 1662; a companion to 'L'École des Maris,' somewhat more careless in its structure but distinctly deeper in its insight. His enemies pretended prudishly to be shocked at one or two of the scenes of this delicate comedy, and even to discover in one speech a parody of a sermon. Most wittily did the author defend himself. He brought out on the stage 'La Critique de L'École des Femmes' (The Criticism of the School for Wives), June 1st, 1663; a comedy in one act which is little more than a conversation in a drawing-room, and in which certain foolish characters bring forward all the charges made against the piece, only to be answered completely by certain clever characters. The King sided with Molière; conferring upon him a pension of a thousand livres annually as "an excellent comic poet," and inviting him to appear again before the court. In a week, Molière improvised 'L'Impromptu de Versailles' (The Impromptu of Versailles), October 14th, 1663, taking the spectators behind the curtain and showing them a rehearsal of his own company, in the course of which he found occasion to mimic the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne who had attacked him, and to hit back sharply at others of his enemies.

For the King's pleasure once more Molière wrote the lively comedy-ballet of 'Le Mariage Forcé' (The Forced Marriage), January 29th, 1664; with a farcical plot interrupted adroitly by eight dances, in one of which the young monarch himself figured as an Egyptian. When a series of sumptuous entertainments were given at Versailles in the spring, Molière was again ready not only with 'La Princesse d'Élide' (May 8th, 1664), one of the less interesting of his comedies, but also with the first three acts of 'Tartuffe' (May 12th, 1664), the strong five-act comedy which is perhaps his masterpiece. The somewhat sombre theme might have made 'Tartuffe' seem a little out of place in so gay a festivity; but the earlier acts were frankly amusing, and the monarch's guests found pleasure in the performance even if they could not suspect the serious purpose of the whole work, which is the most powerful onslaught on religious hypocrisy ever attempted on the stage. Those whom the play assaulted were able to prevent its being produced in Paris for several years; and Molière set out to make friends for his work by reading it aloud in the drawing-rooms of leading members of the court, and even by acting it again and again at the houses of the princes of the blood.

In the mean while he returned to the attack; and in 'Le Festin de Pierre' (The Stone Guest), February 16th, 1665, he gave to the legendary figure of Don Juan a meaning and a power not to be found in the preceding plays on the same subject in Spanish, in Italian, and in French. Perhaps he was attracted to the subject because

the spectacular element in the story was certain to prove effective on the stage; perhaps he thought that under cover of the spectacular he might the more easily let fly his burning shafts of irony and satire. The supernatural element in 'Don Juan,' as in 'Hamlet' and in 'Faust,' is kept subordinate to the philosophical. In Molière's hands the gallant and graceful hero is not only a type of the eternal lover, but also a rival of Iago in cynical villainy. The play is founded upon a Spanish drama, and yet it might be called the most original of Molière's works,—the most vigorous, the boldest. Those who had chosen to take offense at 'L'École des Femmes,' and who had been indignant at 'Tartuffe,' were up in arms at once against 'Don Juan.' The King was besought to interdict the dangerous drama; and again Louis XIV. stood Molière's friend. He refused the interdiction, and took Molière and his company under the royal patronage, allotting them an annual pension of six thousand livres.

Not content with having the prudes and the hypocrites against him, Molière now took for his target the abuses of the contemporary practice of medicine. In a little comedy 'L'Amour Médecin' (Love as a Physician), September 15th, 1665,—a return to his earlier and more farcical manner,—he put on the stage five types of the doctor of that time, suggested each of them more or less by a living practitioner of the art. The author was then ill himself, worn and harassed, with difficulties at home and disputes abroad. Yet there was no falling-off in the next play, 'Le Misanthrope' (The Misanthrope), June 4th, 1666, which indeed French critics have generally held to be his masterpiece, but which has never pleased the playgoing public so much as others of his comedies. Its movement is slow, and its action is barely adequate to sustain its five acts. In subject it has a fundamental resemblance to 'Timon of Athens,' not one of Shakespeare's most highly esteemed plays. It is a manly protest against the empty conventionalities of civilization,—the shams, the gauds, the trifles, the insincerities of which modern society so often seems to be made up. Its tone is lofty and its morality is austere. But there is some truth in the charge that the observer and the philosopher in Molière had got the better of the dramatist when he wrote 'Le Misanthrope.' The dramatist came promptly to the rescue of the philosopher; and a brisk and rollicking farce, 'Le Médecin malgré Lui' (The Physician in Spite of Himself), August 6th, 1666, was added to the bill to increase the drawing power of the more serious comedy.

Like Shakespeare, Molière was an excellent man of business; and he felt it to be his duty always to keep his company supplied with plays of a kind already proved to be popular. So although he had

begun by imitating the lively farces of the Italians ('L'Étourdi,' for example), and had then risen to the comedy of character ('L'École des Femmes'), and finally had attained to the sublime height of 'Le Misanthrope,' he went back unhesitatingly to his earlier manner again and again; and no more thought it unworthy of himself to write frank farces like 'Le Médecin malgré Lui' after 'Tartuffe' than Shakespeare did to compose the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' after the 'Merchant of Venice.' It was one of these lighter plays,—not a farce this time, but an airily comic love tale—that he next brought forth: 'Le Sicilien' (The Sicilian), February 1667. Then a single performance of 'Tartuffe' took place (August 5th, 1667); but further performances were promptly forbidden by the authorities, the King being then with the army in Flanders. Nothing daunted, Molière bided his time. A very free version of a comedy of Plautus, 'Amphitryon' (January 13th, 1668), came next; followed by another broad farce, though with a tragic suggestion if we choose so to take it, 'Georges Dandin' (July 10th, 1668); and in rapid succession a second comedy, more or less derived from Plautus, 'L'Avare' (The Miser), September 9th, 1668. The royal permission was finally granted for the public performance in Paris of 'Tartuffe' (February 5th, 1669); and that great comedy-drama achieved a triumph which endures to this day. Like 'Hamlet' in England, 'Tartuffe' in France is the most effective of theatrical masterpieces, repaying the best efforts of the best actors, and yet so dramatic in itself that it satisfies a large audience even when done by a scratch company anywhere and anyhow. A little later in the year came one of the briskest and most bustling of his farces, 'M. de Pourceaugnac' (September 17th, 1669).

Molière continued to vary his style; and no dramatist was ever more versatile or more fertile in inventing new forms. He devised for the court a comedy-ballet, 'Les Amants Magnifiques' (The Magnificent Lovers), February 10th, 1670; and toward the end of the year he brought out 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' (The Tradesman Turned Gentleman), October 23d, 1670; one of the best of his comedies, full of fresh fun, and inspired by the wholesome common-sense which was always one of Molière's most marked characteristics. With 'Les Fourberies de Scapin' (The Tricks of Scapin), May 24th, 1671, there was again a return to the more primitive farce, boisterous perhaps, but indisputably laughter-provoking. A little earlier in the year he had collaborated with Corneille in the dialogue of 'Psyché' (January, 1671), Quinault writing the lyrics which Lulli set to music. And before the twelve months were out he was ready with yet another comedy-farce, 'La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas' (The Countess of Escarbagnas), December 2d, 1671, rich with his ample knowledge of provincial characteristics.

He was coming now to the close of his career; and he rose again to the level of high comedy in 'Les Femmes Savantes' (The Learned Ladies), March 11th, 1672, which disputes with 'Tartuffe,' 'Don Juan,' and 'Le Misanthrope' the honor of being considered his finest and sanest work. In its theme, this, the last of his great plays, is very like the 'Précieuses Ridicules,' in which he first revealed the power of social satire; affectation of every sort was abhorrent to him always — affectation and insincerity and hypocrisy. When he beheld these things his scorn burned hot within him, and he delighted in scourging them.

The last months of Molière's life were saddened by the death of his old companion and sister-in-law, Madeleine Béjart, and by the death of his only son. His health, never strong, became feebler; and in the summer of 1672 the theatre had to be closed unexpectedly more than once, because Molière was not well enough to act. And yet through all these trials he kept his good-humor and his gentle serenity, although he — like most other great humorists — was essentially melancholy. It was under these conditions that he wrote his last play, 'Le Malade Imaginaire' (The Imaginary Invalid), February 10th, 1673. He himself, of course, was the imaginary invalid, being then worn out with his own illness. The fourth performance of the new play took place on the 17th; and Molière was seized with a fit of coughing on the stage, and burst a blood-vessel. They conveyed him to his own house in the Rue de Richelieu, on the site of the building now numbered 38 and 40; and here he died "not more than half an hour or three quarters after the bursting of the said vessel," — so his faithful friend and fellow actor, Lagrange, recorded in the register or private diary, which is an invaluable document for the details of Molière's life.

The bitter hostility which had long delayed the performance of 'Tartuffe,' and which had unceasingly pursued Molière during the last years of his life, not shrinking from obtrusion into his family relations, was not relaxed after his death. Permission for Christian burial was at first denied. It is told that the widow threw herself at the King's feet and implored a royal mandate, overruling the ecclesiastical authorities. At last the funeral was authorized; and it took place on the evening of the fourth day. The procession was very simple, the priests not intoning the usual psalms. The interment took place in the cemetery which was behind the chapel of St. Joseph, in the Rue de Montmartre.

The inventory taken after his demise gives the list of Molière's stage costumes and of the books that composed his library. Among these was a Bible, a Plutarch, a Montaigne (but no Rabelais, oddly enough), a Terence (but no Plautus), a Lucian, a Horace, a Juvenal,

and two hundred and forty volumes of unnamed French, Italian, and Spanish plays. He left a fortune of about forty thousand livres. Four years after his death his widow married an obscure actor named Guérin. The only child of Molière to survive him was a daughter, who married a M. de Montalant, and who died without issue in 1723, half a century after her illustrious father.

Molière was only fifty-one when he died, and all of his more important plays had been written during the final fourteen years of his life. He had served a long apprenticeship in the provinces, mastering all the mysteries of his art, and heaping up a store of observations of human nature; and after his return to Paris, his genius ripened swiftly. While the novelists have often flowered late in life, the dramatists have usually begun young; but Molière was forty-two when he wrote 'Tartuffe,' forty-three when he followed it with 'Don Juan,' forty-four when he produced 'Le Misanthrope,' forty-eight when he brought forth 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' and fifty when he made fun of the 'Femmes Savantes.' Perhaps a part of the deeper insight and the wider vision of these plays, when compared with those of all other comic dramatists, is due to the relative maturity of Molière when he composed them. The personal and poetic burlesques of Aristophanes do not belong in the same category; and the belauded comedies of Menander are lost to us. Some of the comic plays of Plautus and of Terence survive for purposes of comparison,—as a result of which the best criticism of to-day is in accord with La Fontaine's declaration on the morrow of Molière's death, that the great French comic dramatist had surpassed both of the great Latin comic dramatists.

For us who speak English, and who hold Shakespeare as a standard by which the men of every other language must be measured, it is impossible not to set the author of 'Hamlet' over against the author of 'Tartuffe.' In many ways the two men were alike. Dramatists, they were both actors, Shakespeare being probably not prominent in that profession, while Molière certainly excelled all his contemporaries. They were both managers; and both of them were shrewd men of affairs, governing their private fortunes with skill. Legend relates that Shakespeare wrote the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' on a hint of Queen Elizabeth's, and that Molière augmented the 'Fâcheux' on a hint of King Louis's. Each of them kept the most of his plays in manuscript while he was alive; and after they were dead, the plays of each were published by the pious care of surviving comrades. They were both of them surpassingly original; and yet neither often took the trouble to invent a plot, preferring to adopt this ready-made, more or less, and rather to expend his strength upon the analysis of emotion and the creation of character. Some of

these resemblances are merely fortuitous; but some also are strangely significant.

To push the comparison too far would be unfair to Molière; for Shakespeare is the master mind of all literature. He soared to heights, and he explored depths, and he had a range, to which Molière could not pretend. His is the spirit of soul-searching tragedy, of romantic comedy, of dramatic history; and in no one of these is Molière his rival. But in the comedy of real life, he is not Molière's rival. In every variety of the comic drama Molière is unequaled,—in farce, in the comedy of situation, in the comedy of character, and in the comedy which is almost stiffened into drama, yet without ceasing to be comedy. Shakespeare is the greatest of dramatists, no doubt, but Molière is indubitably the greatest of comic dramatists. In sheer comic force the Frenchman is stronger than the Englishman, or at least more abundant; and also in the compelling power of humor. The influence of Shakespeare upon the comedy of the nineteenth century is almost negligible; for Musset seems to be the only modern poet who has modeled his plays upon 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night.' The influence of Molière upon the comedy of the nineteenth century is overwhelming; and the author of the 'Demi-Monde,' the authors of the 'Gendre de M. Poirier,' the author of the 'Doll's House,' and the author of the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' are all followers of the author of 'Tartuffe' and 'Les Femmes Savantes.'

It is to be said also that Shakespeare, though essentially an Englishman, is in a wide sense cosmopolitan and universal; he rises superior to race and to time. Molière, on the other hand, despite his philosophical grasp of human nature, is typically French. He has the robust humor of Rabelais, and Montaigne's genial common-sense, and Voltaire's eagerness to abolish frauds. He has his full share of Gallic salt; and he inherits also the Latin tradition of reserve, of order, and of symmetry. He was able to unite humor and truth,—fun and an exact observation of life,—satire and sincerity sustained by pity. Like Rabelais and like Montaigne, Molière is a moralist; he has an ethical code of his own; the total effect of his plays is wholesome. He is on the side of the angels, although he recognizes the existence of many an evil demon. Like Shakespeare, he can pierce almost to the centre of things, even if his penetration is not so profound as Shakespeare's. The moral is never tagged to the end or paraded or vaunted; but he is a shallow student who cannot discover the ethical richness of the soil in which Molière's plays were grown.

Certain authors there are that we outgrow as we wax in years and in wisdom. There are books that we once liked, and that now remain behind us as milestones marking the road traveled. Though we came up to them with pleasure, yet without regret we leave them

in the distance. We have not tarried with them long, and unless we turn back we never pass them again. Molière is not one of these: he is for all ages of man. In youth we may enjoy him unthinkingly, amused by his comic invention, his drollery, his frank fun. As we grow older his charm over us grows also; and we see the finer qualities of his work,—his insight into human motives, and his marvelous skill in exhibiting these on the stage. And in old age we may refresh ourselves once again with his unfailing and unfading humor, and with the true wisdom which underlies it. At one time the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' may please us, and at another 'Le Misanthrope'; but at all times a man who takes interest in the comedy of human endeavor may find in Molière what he needs.

Brander Matthews

PEACE-MAKING, RECONCILIATION, AND ROBBERY

From 'L'Avare'

[The scene is the house of Harpagon, the miser of the play; Master Jacques is undertaking to reconcile Harpagon to his son Cléante, who has greatly offended his father by obstinacy as a rival for the hand of Marianne. The son and father are on opposite sides of the stage, paying no attention to each other.]

HARPAGON — Is it not an abominable thing to see a son who does not shrink from becoming the rival of his father? And is it not his bounden duty to refrain from interfering with my love?

Jacques — You are quite right: stop here, and let me go and speak to him.

Cléante [*to Master Jacques, who comes near him*] — Very well: if he wants to make you a judge between us, I have no objection. I care little who it is, and I don't mind referring our quarrel to you.

Jacques — You do me great honor.

Cléante — I am in love with a young girl who returns my affection, and who receives kindly the offer of my heart; but my father takes it into his head to disturb our love by asking her in marriage for himself.

Jacques — He certainly is wrong.

Cléante — Is it not shameful for a man of his age to think of marrying? I ask you if it is right for him to fall in love? and ought he not now to leave that to younger men?

Jacques — You are quite right: he is not serious; let me speak a word or two to him. [*To Harpagon.*] Really, your son is not so extravagant as you think, and is amenable to reason. He says that he is conscious of the respect he owes you, and that he only got angry in the heat of the moment. He will willingly submit to all you wish if you will only promise to treat him more kindly than you do, and will give him in marriage a person to his taste.

Harpagon — Ah! tell him, Master Jacques, that he will obtain everything from me on those terms; and that, except Marianne, I leave him free to choose for his wife whomsoever he pleases.

Jacques — Leave that to me. [*To Cléante.*] Really, your father is not so unreasonable as you make him out to me; and he tells me that it is your violence which irritated him. He only objects to your way of doing things, and is quite ready to grant you all you want, provided you will use gentle means, and will give him the deference, respect, and submission that a son owes to his father.

Cléante — Ah, Master Jacques! you can assure him that if he grants me Marianne, he will always find me the most submissive of men, and that I shall never do anything contrary to his pleasure.

Jacques [*to Harpagon*] — It's all right: he consents to what you say.

Harpagon — Nothing could be better.

Jacques [*to Cléante*] — It's all settled: he is satisfied with your promises.

Cléante — Heaven be praised!

Jacques — Gentlemen, you have nothing to do but to talk quietly over the matter together; you are agreed now: and yet you were on the point of quarreling through want of understanding each other.

Cléante — My poor Jacques, I shall be obliged to you all my life.

Jacques — Don't mention it, sir.

Harpagon — You have given me great pleasure, Master Jacques, and deserve a reward. [*Feels in his pocket. Jacques holds out his hand, but Harpagon only pulls out his handkerchief, and says:*] Go; I will remember it, I promise you.

Jacques — I thank you kindly, sir. [*Exit.*

Cléante — I beg your pardon, father, for having been angry.

Harpagon — It is nothing.

Cléante — I assure you that I feel very sorry about it.

Harpagon — I am very happy to see you reasonable again.

Cléante — How very kind of you so soon to forget my fault!

Harpagon — One easily forgets the faults of children when they return to their duty.

Cléante — What! you are not angry with me for my extravagant behavior?

Harpagon — By your submission and respectful conduct you compel me to forget my anger.

Cléante — I assure you, father, I shall forever keep in heart the remembrance of all your kindness.

Harpagon — And I promise you that in future you will obtain all you like from me.

Cléante — Oh, father! I ask nothing more: it is sufficient for me that you give me Marianne.

Harpagon — What?

Cléante — I say, father, that I am only too thankful already for what you have done; and that when you give me Marianne you give me everything.

Harpagon — Who talks of giving you Marianne?

Cléante — You, father.

Harpagon — I?

Cléante — Yes.

Harpagon — What! is it not you who promised to give her up?

Cléante — I! give her up?

Harpagon — Yes.

Cléante — Certainly not.

Harpagon — Did you not give up all pretensions to her?

Cléante — On the contrary, I am more determined than ever to have her.

Harpagon — What, scoundrel! again?

Cléante — Nothing can make me change my mind.

Harpagon — Let me get at you again, wretch!
Cléante — You can do as you please.
Harpagon — I forbid you ever to come within my sight.
Cléante — As you like.
Harpagon — I abandon you.
Cléante — Abandon me.
Harpagon — I disown you.
Cléante — Disown me.
Harpagon — I disinherit you.
Cléante — As you will.
Harpagon — I give you my curse.
Cléante — I want none of your gifts.

[The next scene shows Cléante without Harpagon; La Flèche is just leaving the garden with a casket, and calls to Cléante.]

La Flèche — Ah, sir, you are just in the nick of time! Quick! follow me.
Cléante — What is the matter?
La Flèche — Follow me, I say. We are saved.
Cléante — How?
La Flèche — Here is all you want.
Cléante — What?
La Flèche — I have watched for this all day.
Cléante — What is it?
La Flèche — Your father's treasure that I have got hold of.
Cléante — How did you manage it?
La Flèche — I will tell you all about it. Let us be off. I can hear him calling out. [*Exeunt.*

Harpagon [*from the garden, rushing in without his hat*] — Thieves! thieves! assassins! murder! Justice, just heavens! I am undone; I am murdered; they have cut my throat; they have stolen my money! Who can it be? What has become of him? Where is he? Where is he hiding himself? What shall I do to find him? Where shall I run? Where shall I not run? Is he not here? — Who is this? Stop! [*To himself, taking hold of his own arm.*] Give me back my money, wretch! — Ah! it is myself. — My mind is wandering, and I know not where I am, who I am, and what I am doing. Alas! my poor money! my poor money! my dearest friend, they have bereaved me of thee; and since thou art gone, I have lost my support, my consolation, and my

joy. All is ended for me, and I have nothing more to do in the world! Without thee it is impossible for me to live. It is all over with me; I can bear it no longer. I am dying; I am dead; I am buried. Is there nobody who will call me from the dead, by restoring my dear money to me, or by telling me who has taken it? Ah! what is it you say? It is no one. Whoever has committed the deed must have watched carefully for his opportunity, and must have chosen the very moment when I was talking with my miscreant of a son. I must go. I will demand justice, and have the whole of my house put to the torture,—my maids and my valets, my son, my daughter, and myself too. What a crowd of people are assembled here! Every one seems to be my thief. I see no one who does not rouse suspicion in me. Ha! what are they speaking of there? Of him who stole my money? What noise is that up yonder? Is it my thief who is there? For pity's sake, if you know anything of my thief, I beseech you to tell me. Is he hiding there among you? They all look at me and laugh. We shall see that they all have a share in the robbery. Quick! magistrates, police, provosts, judges, racks, gibbets, and executioners. I will hang everybody; and if I do not find my money, I will hang myself afterwards.

Translation by Charles Heron Wall.

ALCESTE ACCUSES CÉLIMÈNE

From 'The Misanthrope'

ALCESTE—Oh, heaven! may I control my just anger!

Célimène [*aside*]—Ah! [*To Alceste.*] What is this new trouble I see you in? what mean those deep sighs and those dark looks you cast upon me?

Alceste—That all the wickedness a soul is capable of can in nothing be compared to your perfidy; that fate, devils, and incensed Heaven never produced anything so worthless as yourself.

Célimène—These are pretty speeches, which I certainly admire.

Alceste—Ah! no more jesting; this is not a time for laughter. Rather let the blush of shame cover your face; you have cause, for your treachery is known. So the presentiments of my heart

were true; its alarms were but too well founded, and those frequent suspicions which were thought odious were true guides to what my eyes have now seen. Yes, in spite of all your skill in dissimulation, Heaven hinted to me what I had to fear. But do not think that I shall bear this insult unavenged. I know that it is not in our power to govern our inclinations; that love is always spontaneous; that we cannot enter a heart by force, and that every heart is free to name its conqueror. I would not complain, therefore, if you had from the first spoken to me without dissembling; for although you would have crushed within me the very springs of my life, I should have blamed my fate alone for it. But to think that my love was encouraged by you! It is such a treacherous, such a perfidious action, that no punishment seems too great for it. After such an outrage, fear everything from me: I am no longer master of myself; anger has conquered me. Pierced to the heart by the cruel blow with which you kill me, my senses are not overswayed by reason. I yield myself up to a just revenge, and I cannot answer for what I may do.

Célimène—What can have called forth such an insult? Have you lost all sense and judgment? Pray speak!

Alceste—Yes, when on seeing you I drank in the poison which is killing me; yes, when like a fool I thought I had found some sincerity in those treacherous charms that have deceived me.

Célimène—Of what treachery are you complaining?

Alceste—Ah! false heart, how well you feign ignorance! But I will leave you no loop-hole of escape! Look at your own handwriting; this letter is sufficient to confound you; against such evidence you can have nothing to answer.

Célimène—So this is the cause of your strange outburst.

Alceste—And you do not blush at the sight?

Célimène—There is no occasion for me to blush.

Alceste—What! will you add audacity to your deceit? Will you disown this letter because it is not signed?

Célimène—Why should I disown it, when it is mine?

Alceste—And you can look at it without being ashamed of the crime of which it shows you to be guilty towards me?

Célimène—You are in truth a most foolish man.

Alceste—What! you face thus calmly this all-convincing proof? And the tenderness you show in it for Oronte, has it nothing that can outrage me or shame you?

Célimène—Oronte! Who told you that this letter is for him?

Alceste—Those who to-day put it in my hands. But suppose I grant that it is for another, have I less cause to complain? and would you be in fact less guilty towards me?

Célimène—But if the letter was written to a woman, in what can it hurt you, and what guilt is there in it?

Alceste—Ah! the evasion is excellent, and the excuse admirable! I must acknowledge that I did not expect such deceit, and I am now altogether convinced. What! do you dare to have recourse to such base tricks? Do you think people entirely devoid of understanding? Show me a little in what way you can maintain such a palpable falsehood, and how you can apply to a woman all the words which in this letter convey so much tenderness. In order to cover your infidelity, reconcile if you can what I am going to read to—

Célimène—No, I will not. What right have you to assume such authority, and to dare to tell me such things to my face?

Alceste—No, no: instead of giving way to anger, try to explain to me the expressions you use here.

Célimène—I shall do nothing of the kind; and what you think on the subject matters very little to me.

Alceste—For pity's sake, show me, and I shall be satisfied, that this letter can be explained to be meant for a woman.

Célimène—It is for Oronte; there! and I will have you believe it. I receive all his attentions gladly. I admire what he says; I like his person, and I admit whatever you please. Do as you like, take your own course, let nothing stop you, and annoy me no more.

Alceste [*aside*]—Oh, heavens! can anything more cruel be invented; and was ever a heart treated in such a manner? What! I am justly incensed against her, I come to complain, and I must bear the blame! She excites my grief and my suspicion to the utmost. She wishes me to believe everything, she boasts of everything; and yet my heart is cowardly enough not to break the bonds that bind it, cowardly enough not to arm itself with deserved contempt for the cruel one it, alas! loves too much. [*To Célimène.*] Ah! faithless woman, you well know how to take advantage of my weakness, and to make the deep yearning love I have for you serve your own ends. Clear yourself at least of a crime which overwhelms me with grief, and cease to affect to be guilty towards me. Show me, if you can, that this letter is innocent; strive to appear faithful to me, and I will strive to believe you.

Célimène— Believe me, you forget yourself in your jealous fits, and you do not deserve all the love I feel for you. I should like to know what could compel me to condescend to the baseness of dissembling with you; and why, if my heart were engaged to another, I should not frankly tell you so. What! does not the kind assurance of my feelings toward you plead my defense against all your suspicions? Have they any weight before such a pledge? Do you not insult me when you give way to them? And since it requires so great an effort for us to speak our love; since the honor of our sex, that enemy to love, so strictly forbids such a confession,— should the lover who sees us for his sake conquer such obstacles, think lightly of that testimony and go unpunished? Is he not to blame if he does not trust what we have confessed with so much reluctance? Indeed, my indignation should be the reward of such doubts, and you do not deserve that I should care for you. I am very foolish, and am vexed at my own folly for still retaining any good-will toward you. I ought to place my affections elsewhere, and thus give you just excuse for complaint.

Alceste— Ah, faithless woman! How wonderful is my weakness for you! You deceive me, no doubt, with such endearing words. But let it be: I must submit to my destiny; I give myself heart and soul to you. I trust you. I will to the end see what your heart will prove to be, and if it can be cruel enough to deceive me.

Célimène— No: you do not love me as you ought to love.

Alceste— Ah! nothing can be compared with my exceeding great love; and in my anxiety to make the whole world a witness to it, I even go so far as to form wishes against you. Yes, I could wish that no one thought you charming; that you were reduced to a humbler lot; that Heaven, at your birth, had bestowed nothing upon you; that you had neither rank, high birth, nor wealth: so that my heart, in offering itself, might make up for the injustice of such a fate, and that I might have both the happiness and the glory on that day of seeing you owe everything to my love.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

A SINCERE CRITIC SELDOM PLEASES

From 'The Misanthrope'

[The scene is the house of Célimène (the heroine of the play) in Paris. In the apartment are Alceste, known for his too-plain speech as "the misanthrope"; and the far more politic and compliant Philinte. Oronte enters to them, eager for literary flattery from Alceste. The scene is from the first act of the play.]

ORONTE [*to Alceste*] — I learnt just now that Eliante and Célimène are gone out to make some purchases: but as I was also told that you were here, I came up to say, in all sincerity of heart, that I have conceived for you an incredible esteem; and that for a long time this esteem has given me an ardent desire to be numbered among your friends. Yes, I love to render justice to true merit, and I long to be united to you in the close bond of friendship. I think that a warm friend, and one of my standing, is assuredly not to be despised. [*During this discourse of Oronte, Alceste is thoughtful, and does not seem aware that he is spoken to, until Oronte says to him:*] With your leave, it is to you that I am speaking.

Alceste — To me, sir?

Oronte — To you. Does it in any way wound your feelings?

Alceste — Not in the least; but my surprise is great. I did not expect this homage to be paid to me.

Oronte — The esteem I feel for you ought not to surprise you, and you can claim it from the whole world.

Alceste — Sir —

Oronte — The whole kingdom contains no merit more dazzling than that which is to be found in you.

Alceste — Sir —

Oronte — Yes. I consider you superior to the highest amongst us.

Alceste — Sir —

Oronte — May Heaven strike me dead if I lie! And in order to convince you of my feelings, allow me in this place to embrace you with all my heart, and to solicit a place in your affections. Come, your hand if you please. Will you promise me your friendship?

Alceste — Sir —

Oronte — What! you refuse me?

Alceste—Sir, it is too great an honor you wish to pay me; but friendship requires a little more caution, and we surely profane its name when we lightly make use of it. Such a compact ought to spring from judgment and choice, and before we bind ourselves we ought to be better acquainted. Our dispositions might differ so greatly as to make us both heartily repent of the bargain.

Oronte—Upon my word, you speak like a sensible man, and I esteem you all the more for it. Let us then leave the forming of such pleasant ties to time; but meanwhile believe that I am entirely at your service. If some overture is to be made for you at court, every one knows that I am in favor with the King, that I have his private ear, and that really he behaves in all things most kindly to me. In short, believe that I am in everything and at all times at your disposal. As you are a man of great judgment, I come, by way of beginning this happy bond of friendship, to read you a sonnet which I have lately composed, and to ask you if I should do well to publish it.

Alceste—Sir, I am ill qualified to decide on such a matter; pray excuse me.

Oronte—Why?

Alceste—I have the weakness of being a little too sincere about those things.

Oronte—Sincerity is what I ask of you; and I should have reason to complain, if when I come to you in order to hear the plain truth, you frustrate my purpose by concealing anything from me.

Alceste—If it is thus you look upon it, sir, I consent.

Oronte—*Sonnet.* It is a sonnet—on *Hope*. It is to a lady who had given some encouragement to my love. *Hope*. These are not those long, pompous verses; but soft, tender, languishing little lines. [*At every one of these interruptions he looks at Alceste.*]

Alceste—We shall see.

Oronte—*Hope*. I do not know whether the style will seem clear and easy to you, and whether you will be satisfied with my choice of words.

Alceste—We shall see, sir.

Oronte—Besides, you must know that I was only a quarter of an hour composing it.

Alceste—Come, sir, time has nothing to do with the matter.

Oronte [*reads*]—

Hope, it is true, can ease our pain
And rock awhile our hapless mind;
But, Phyllis, what a sorry gain
When nothing pleasant walks behind.

Philinte—I think this beginning charming!

Alceste [*aside to Philinte*]—What! you dare to find that charming?

Oronte—

Your complaisance was great indeed,
But better 'twere to clip its scope,
And not to such expense proceed,
If you could give me—only hope.

Philinte—Ah! in what charming terms those things are said!

Alceste [*aside to Philinte*]—Shame on you, you vile flatterer! you praise that rubbish!

Oronte—

If age—long expectation's pest—
The ardor of my zeal must test,
To death at last I'll fly.
My purpose braves your every care;
Fair Phyllis, men will soon despair
When doomed to hope for aye.

Philinte—The fall is pretty, lovable, admirable.

Alceste [*aside to Philinte*]—Plague take your fall, wretched sycophant! Deuce take you! I wish it had broken your neck.

Philinte—I have never heard verses so skillfully turned.

Alceste [*aside*]—Zounds!

Oronte [*to Philinte*]—You are flattering me, and you think perhaps—

Philinte—No indeed, I am not flattering you at all.

Alceste [*aside*]—Ha! what else are you doing, impostor?

Oronte [*to Alceste*]—But you, you remember the agreement we made, and I beg of you to speak to me in all sincerity.

Alceste—Sir, this is at all times a delicate matter, and we always like people to praise us for our genius. But one day I was saying to some one, whose name I will not mention, on seeing verses of his composition, that a gentleman should carefully

guard against the hankering after authorship which is apt to seize us; that he should check the great propensity we have of making a display of such pastimes; and that by too great an eagerness to show our productions we run the risk of making ourselves ridiculous.

Oronte—Do you mean me to understand by this that I am wrong in wishing—

Alceste—I do not say that. But I said to him that a lifeless composition is very wearisome to those who read it; that such a weakness is sufficient to make a man the object of unkind remarks; that although in other respects he may have the most sterling qualities, we generally judge of men by their weakest side.

Oronte—Do you find fault with my sonnet?

Alceste—I do not say that. But to keep him from writing, I pointed out to him how in our days that thirst had spoilt many a worthy man.

Oronte—Do I write badly, and do I resemble in any way—

Alceste—I do not say that. But in short, I said to him, What pressing necessity is there for you to rhyme, and what the deuce urges you to put your name in print? If we can forgive the publication of a wretched book, it is only to those unfortunate men who scribble for a living. Believe me; resist the temptation, keep such effusions from public notice, and do not throw away, however you may be tempted, the name of a man of sense and a gentleman which you bear at court, to take from the hands of a grasping printer, that of a ridiculous and wretched author. This is what I tried to make him understand.

Oronte—And I think I understand you. But this is all very well. May I know what in my sonnet can—

Alceste—Truly, you had better shut it up in your cabinet: you have followed bad models, and your expressions are in no way natural. Pray what is—"And rock awhile our hapless mind"? and "Nothing pleasant walks behind"? also "And not to such expense proceed, If you could give me only hope"? or "Fair Phyllis, men will soon despair, When doomed to hope for aye"? This figurative style that people are so vain of, falls far short of good taste and truth. It is a paltry play on words, and mere affectation. Nature never speaks thus. I hate the wretched taste of the age in these matters. Our forefathers, unpolished as

they were, understood these things better; and I value less all that is now admired than an old song which I will repeat to you:—

«If the King had given me
Paris town, so great and gay,
And for it I had to flee
From my lady-love away,
To King Henry I should say,
Take your Paris back, I pray:
I had liefer love my love, O,
I had liefer love my love.»

The versification is not rich, and the style is old. But do you not see how much better it is than all that trumpery which good sense must abhor, and that here simple nature speaks?—

«If the King had given me
Paris town, so great and gay,
And for it I had to flee
From my lady-love away,
To King Henry I should say,
Take your Paris back, I pray:
I had liefer love my love, O,
I had liefer love my love.»

This is what a heart truly in love would say.—[*To Philinte, who laughs.*] Yes, you may laugh as much as you please; but whatever you men of wit may say, I prefer this to the showy glitter of those false trinkets which every one admires.

Oronte—And yet I maintain that my verses are good.

Alceste—You have your own reasons for thinking them so; but you will allow me to be of a different opinion, and my reasons to be independent of yours.

Oronte—I think it sufficient that others prize them.

Alceste—No doubt they have the gift of dissimulation, which I have not.

Oronte—Do you really think that you have such a large share of intelligence?

Alceste—If I praised your verses, I should have more.

Oronte—I can easily do without your approbation.

Alceste—You must certainly, if you please, do without it.

Oronte—I should like to see how you would set about composing some on the same subject.

Alceste—I might have the misfortune of making some as bad as yours, but I should take great care not to show them to any one.

Oronte—You speak to me very haughtily, and this conceit—

Alceste—Pray find others to flatter you, and do not ask me to do so.

Oronte—But, my little sir, lower somewhat your lofty tone, if you please.

Alceste—I shall certainly, my big sir, do as I choose.

Philinte [*stepping between them*]—Nay, gentlemen, this is carrying the matter too far. I beg of you to cease.

Oronte—Ah! I am wrong, I acknowledge it, and I leave the field to you. I am, sir, in all sincerity, your humble servant.

Alceste—And I, sir, your most obedient.

[*Oronte goes out.*]

Philinte—There! you see that with your love of sincerity, you have drawn a troublesome affair upon yourself. It was clear to me that Oronte, in order to be flattered—

Alceste—Do not speak to me.

Philinte—But—

Alceste—No more society for me.

Philinte—It is too much—

Alceste—Leave me alone.

Philinte—If I—

Alceste—Not another word.

Philinte—But how—

Alceste—I will hear no more.

Philinte—But yet—

Alceste—Again? what, again?

Philinte—You insult—

Alceste—'Sdeath! this is too much. Do not follow me.

Philinte—You are joking; I shall not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Translated by Charles Heron Wall.

ORGON PROPOSES MARIANNE'S MARRIAGE WITH TARTUFFE

From 'Tartuffe'

Enter to Orgon, *in the drawing-room of his house, his young daughter* Marianne

ORGON — Marianne!

Marianne — Father!

Orgon — Come here: I have something to say to you privately.

Marianne [*to Orgon, who peers into a little side-room*] — What are you looking for?

Orgon — I want to see if there is any one there who could overhear us: this is a most likely place for such a purpose. Now we are all right. Marianne, I have always found you of a sweet disposition, and you have always been very dear to me.

Marianne — I thank you very much for this fatherly love.

Orgon — Rightly spoken, my daughter; and to deserve it, you should think of nothing but of pleasing me.

Marianne — I have no dearer wish at heart.

Orgon — Very well: then tell me, what do you say of our guest, Tartuffe?

Marianne — Who, I?

Orgon — You. Be careful how you answer.

Marianne — Alas! I will say anything you please of him.

Dorine, *the maid, comes in softly, and stands behind* Orgon *without being noticed by him*

Orgon — You speak wisely. Then say, daughter, that he possesses the greatest merit; that he has touched your heart; and that it would be happiness to you to see him, with my approbation, become your husband.

Marianne [*drawing back with surprise*] — Eh!

Orgon — What is the matter?

Marianne — What did you say?

Orgon — What?

Marianne — Did I make a mistake?

Orgon — Make a mistake?

Marianne — Who is it, father, that you would have me say has touched my heart, and whom, with your approbation, it would be happiness to have for a husband?

Orgon — Tartuffe.

Marianne — But I feel nothing of the kind, I assure you, father. Why would you have me tell such a falsehood?

Orgon — But I wish it to be the truth; and it is sufficient for you that I have decided it should be so.

Marianne — What! you wish me, father —

Orgon — Yes, daughter, I intend to unite Tartuffe to my family by marrying him to you. I am resolved that he shall be your husband; and as I can — [*Seeing Dorine.*] — What are you doing here? Your curiosity must be very strong, young damsel, for you to come and listen to us after that fashion.

Dorine — Really, sir, I don't know whether the report arose from conjecture or by chance; but I have just been told of this match, and I treated the whole story as a sorry joke.

Orgon — Why! is the thing so incredible?

Dorine — So incredible, sir, that I do not believe it, even when I hear you speak of it.

Orgon — I shall find the means of making you believe it, you may be sure.

Dorine — Pooh! pooh! you are telling us a fine story indeed!

Orgon — I am telling you what will very soon prove true.

Dorine — Nonsense!

Orgon [*to Marianne*] — I assure you, daughter, that I am not jesting.

Dorine [*to Marianne*] — Ah! ah! Don't you go and believe your father: he is only laughing.

Orgon [*to Dorine*] — I tell you —

Dorine — It'll all be lost time: nobody will believe you.

Orgon — My anger at last —

Dorine — Very well! very well! We believe you, and so much the worse for you. What! is it possible, sir, that with your wise looks, and that large beard in the very midst of your face, you should be foolish enough to wish —

Orgon — Now listen. You have of late taken certain liberties here which do not please me at all. Do you hear?

Dorine — Let us speak calmly, sir, I beseech you. Are you laughing at us with this scheme? Your daughter will never do for a bigot: she has something else to think about. And then, what does such an alliance bring to you? Why should you, with all your wealth, go and choose a beggar for your son-in-law?

Orgon — Hold your tongue! If he has no money, remember that that is the very reason why we should esteem him. His

poverty is a noble poverty, and one which ought to place him above all greatness; for he lost his fortune through the little care he had for the things of this world, and through his anxiety for the next. However, with my help, he will have the means of settling his affairs and of recovering his own. For poor as he is, he is a gentleman; and the estate which he has a right to is considerable.

Dorine — Yes; at least he says so. But this vanity, sir, does not agree well with piety. Whoever gives himself to the privations of a holy life should not make such a boast of title and lineage: the humble ways of piety suffer from the publicity of such ambition. Why such pride? — But what I say vexes you. Let us leave his nobility aside and speak of his person. Would you really, without sorrow, give a girl like your daughter to a man of his stamp? And ought you not to think a little of propriety, and prevent the consequences of such a union? You ought to know that you endanger a woman's virtue when you marry her against her will or taste. Her living virtuously in the bonds of matrimony depends much on the husband who is given to her; and those who are everywhere pointed at, have often made their wives what they are. It is, in fact, very difficult to remain faithful to husbands of a certain kind; and whoever gives his daughter to a man she hates is responsible to Heaven for all the sins she commits. Think to what danger you are exposed by such a scheme.

Orgon [*to no one*] — I see that I shall have to learn from her what to do!

Dorine — It would be all the better for you if you followed my advice.

Orgon [*to Marianne*] — Daughter, let us no longer waste our time with such nonsense: I am your father, and I know what you want. I had promised you to Valère; but from what I am told, not only is he rather given to gambling, but I also suspect him of being a free-thinker. I never see him come to church.

Dorine — Would you have him run there at your fixed hours, like those who go there only to be seen?

Orgon [*to Dorine*] — I don't ask your opinion in the matter. [*To Marianne.*] In short, Tartuffe is on the best terms with Heaven, and this is a treasure to which nothing else can be compared. You will find all your wishes satisfied by such a union: it will prove a continual source of delight and pleasure. You will live together in your faithful love like two young children —

like two turtle-doves. Never will any unhappy discussion arise between you, and you will make anything you like of him.

Dorine — She will make naught but a fool of him, I know.

Orgon — Gracious me, what language!

Dorine — I tell you that he has the look of one, and that his destiny will overrule, sir, all the virtue your daughter may have.

Orgon — Leave off interrupting me. Mind you keep silent, and not poke your word in where you have no business.

Dorine [*interrupting him each time he turns round to speak to his daughter*] — What I say is only for your own good, sir.

Orgon — You take too much upon you. Be quiet, if you please.

Dorine — If I did not love you —

Orgon — I don't wish to be loved.

Dorine — And I shall love you in spite of yourself, sir.

Orgon — How now?

Dorine — I have your honor at heart, and I cannot bear to see you bring a thousand ill-natured remarks upon yourself.

Orgon — Will you be silent?

Dorine — It is a shame to allow you to think of such a marriage.

Orgon — Will you hold your peace, you serpent, whose insolence —

Dorine — What! you're a pious man, and you give way to anger?

Orgon — Yes: my patience must give way before all this. I insist upon your holding your tongue.

Dorine — Very well; but although I don't speak, I think none the less.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE FAMILY CENSOR

From 'Tartuffe'

[Madame Pernelle, a venerable, sharp-tongued, and easily prejudiced lady; her daughter-in-law Elmire; her granddaughter Marianne; M. Cléante, and others of the family connection, including Damis, Dorine, and the maid Flipote, are all in the drawing-room of M. Orgon as the curtain rises.]

MADAME PERNELLE [*about to quit the room in anger*] — Come along, Flipote, come along; let me get away from them all.

Elmire — You go so fast that one can hardly keep up with you.

Madame Pernelle [*to Elmire*] — Never mind, daughter, never mind; come no farther: I can well dispense with these ceremonies.

Elmire — We acquit ourselves of our duty towards you. But, mother, may I ask why you are in such a hurry to leave us?

Madame Pernelle — For the simple reason that I cannot bear to see what goes on in your house, and that no effort is made to comply with my wishes. Yes, I leave your house very ill edified. Things are done against all my admonitions; there is no respect paid to anything; every one speaks out as he likes, and it is exactly like the court of King Petaud.

Dorine — If —

Madame Pernelle [*to Dorine*] — You, a servant, are a great deal too strong in the jaw, most rude, and must have your say about everything.

Damis — But —

Madame Pernelle [*to Damis*] — You are, in good round English, a fool, my child! I, your grandmother, tell you so; and I always forewarned your father that you would turn out a worthless fellow, and would never bring him anything but vexation.

Marianne — I think —

Madame Pernelle [*to Marianne*] — And you, his sister, are all demureness, and look as if butter would not melt in your mouth! But it is truly said that still waters run deep, and on the sly you lead a life which I thoroughly dislike.

Elmire — But, mother —

Madame Pernelle — I should be sorry to vex you, my daughter, but your conduct is altogether unbecoming: you ought to set them a good example, and their late mother did much better. You spend money too freely; and I am shocked to see you go about dressed like a princess. She who wishes to please her husband only, has no need of such finery.

Cléante — But, madame, after all —

Madame Pernelle [*to Cléante*]—As for you, her brother, I esteem you greatly, I love and respect you, sir; but all the same, if I were in my son's her husband's place, I would beg of you most earnestly never to enter the house! You always advocate rules of life that honest folks ought not to follow. I am a little outspoken; but such is my disposition, and I never mince matters when I have something on my mind.

Dorine—Your Tartuffe is very fortunate, no doubt, in—

Madame Pernelle—He is a very worthy man, to whom you would do well to listen—and I can't bear (without getting into a passion) to see him molested by a scapegrace like you!

Damis—What! can I allow a strait-laced bigot to assume a tyrannical authority in this house?—and that we should never think of any pleasure unless we are assured of that fine gentleman's consent?

Dorine—According to him and his maxims, we can do nothing without committing a sin; for—the zealous critic that he is—he superintends everything.

Madame Pernelle—And whatever he superintends is well superintended. It is the way to heaven he wants to show you, and my son Orgon should make you all love him.

Damis—No, mother, there is no father nor anything in the world which can induce me to wish *him* well; and I should be false to my own heart if I spoke otherwise. Everything he does excites my wrath; and I foresee that some day or other something will happen, and that I shall be forced to come to an open quarrel with the sneaking scoundrel.

Dorine—Indeed it is most scandalous to see a stranger come and make himself at home here; most scandalous that a beggar who had no shoes to his feet when he first came, and whose coat was not worth three halfpence, should so far forget himself as to interfere with everything and play the master!

Madame Pernelle—Ah, mercy on us! It would be much better if everything were managed according to his pious directions.

Dorine—Yes, he is a saint in your opinion; but depend upon it, he is really nothing but a downright hypocrite.

Madame Pernelle—What backbiting!

Dorine—I should trust neither him nor his Laurent without good security, I can tell you.

Madame Pernelle—I don't know what the servant may really be; but I'll answer for the master being a holy man. You hate

him and reject him because he tells you of your faults. It is against sin that he is incensed, and there is nothing he has so much at heart as the interest of heaven.

Dorine — Has he? Why, then, and particularly of late, is he angry when any one comes near us? In what does a polite visit offend heaven, that he should make a disturbance enough to drive us mad? Shall I tell you here privately what I think? [*Pointing to Elmire.*] I really believe that he is, in good faith, jealous of madame!

Madame Pernelle — Hold your tongue, and mind what you are saying. He is not the only one who blames these visits. All the confusion which accompanies the people you receive, those carriages always waiting at the gate, the noisy crowd of lackeys, disturb the whole neighborhood. I am most willing to believe that there is really no harm done; but in short, it gives people occasion to talk, and that is not right.

Cléante — Ah, madame, would you hinder people from talking? It would be a sad thing if in this world we had to give up our best friends because of some stupid story in which we may play a part. But even if we could bring ourselves to do such a thing, do you think it would force people to be silent? There is no safeguard against calumny. Let us therefore not mind all that foolish gossip, but only endeavor to lead a virtuous life, and leave full license to the scandal-mongers.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE HYPOCRITE

From 'Tartuffe'

[The scene, from the third act of the play, is the house of M. Orgon. His wife, the virtuous and shrewd Elmire, has long doubted the rectitude of Tartuffe's attentions to her, but cannot induce her foolish husband to believe the man a cheat and a libertine at heart, so excessive is his assumption of piety and abstraction from the world. With the aid of Dorine the maid, Damis has been concealed in the next room.]

TARTUFFE [*as soon as he sees Dorine, speaks loudly and in a pious tone to his servant, who is not on the stage*]. — Laurent, lock up my hair-shirt and my scourge; and pray Heaven ever to enlighten you with grace. If anybody comes to see me, say that I am gone to the prisons — to distribute my alms.

Dorine [*aside*] — What boasting and affectation!

Tartuffe — What is it you want?

Dorine — To tell you —

Tartuffe — Put more modesty into your speech, or I will leave you at once.

Dorine — You need not, for I shall soon leave you in peace; and all I have to say is, that my lady is coming into this room, and would be glad to have a moment's talk with you.

Tartuffe — Alas! with all my heart.

Dorine [*aside*] — How sweet we are! In good troth, I still abide by what I said.

Tartuffe — Will she soon be here?

Dorine — Directly. I hear her, I believe; yes, here she is. I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter Elmire

Tartuffe — May Heaven, in its great goodness, ever bestow on you health of body and of mind, and shower blessings on your days, according to the prayer of the lowest of its servants.

Elmire — I am much obliged to you for this pious wish; but let us sit down a moment to talk more comfortably.

Tartuffe [*seated*] — Have you quite recovered from your indisposition?

Elmire [*seated*] — Quite. That feverishness soon left me.

Tartuffe — My prayers have not merit sufficient to have obtained this favor from Heaven; but I have not offered up one petition in which you were not concerned.

Elmire — Your anxious zeal is really too great.

Tartuffe — We cannot have too great anxiety for your dear health; and to give you back the full enjoyment of it I would have sacrificed my own.

Elmire — You carry Christian charity very far, and I am under much obligation to you for all this kindness.

Tartuffe — I do only what you deserve.

Elmire — I wished to speak to you in private on a certain matter, and I am glad that nobody is here to hear us.

Tartuffe — And I also am delighted. It is very sweet for me, madame, to find myself alone with you. I have often prayed Heaven to bestow this favor upon me; but till now it has been in vain.

Elmire — For my part, all I want is, that you should speak frankly, and hide nothing from me.

[*Damis, without being seen, half opens the door of the room to hear the conversation.*]

Tartuffe— And my wish is also that you will allow me the cherished favor of speaking openly to you, and of giving you my word of honor, that if I have said anything against the visits which are paid here to your charms, it has never been done out of hatred to you; but rather out of an ardent zeal which carries me away, and from a sincere feeling of—

Elmire— I quite understand it to be so, and I feel sure that it all proceeds from your anxiety for my good.

Tartuffe [*taking her hands and pressing them*]— It is really so, madame; and my fervor is such—

Elmire— Ah! you press my hand too much.

Tartuffe— It is through an excess of zeal. I never intended to hurt you. [*Handling Elmire's collar.*] Heaven! how marvelous this point-lace is! The work done in our days is perfectly wonderful; and never has such perfection been attained in everything.

Elmire— It is true. But let us speak of what brings me here. I have been told that my husband intends to break his word, and to give you his daughter in marriage. Is that true? Pray tell me.

Tartuffe— He has merely alluded to it. But, madame, to tell you the truth, that is not the happiness for which my soul sighs; I find elsewhere the unspeakable attractions of the bliss which is the end of all my hopes.

Elmire— That is because you care not for earthly things.

Tartuffe— My breast, madame, does not inclose a heart of flint.

Elmire— I know, for my part, that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that you have no desire for anything here below.

Tartuffe— Our love for the beauty which is eternal stifles not in us love for that which is fleeting and temporal; and we can easily be charmed with the perfect works Heaven has created. Its reflected attractions shine forth in such as you; but it is in you alone that its choicest wonders are centred. It has lavished upon you charms which dazzle the eye and which touch the heart; and I have never gazed on you, perfect creature, without admiring the Creator of the universe, and without feeling my

heart seized with an ardent love for the most beautiful picture in which he has reproduced himself. At first I feared that this secret tenderness might be a skillful assault of the Evil One; I even thought I would avoid your presence, fearing you might prove a stumbling-block to my salvation. But I have learnt, O adorable beauty, that my passion need not be a guilty one; that I can reconcile it with modesty; and I have given up my whole soul to it. I know that I am very presumptuous in making you the offer of such a heart as mine; but in my love I hope everything from you, nothing from the vain efforts of my unworthy self. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my misery or bliss: and by your verdict I shall be forever happy, if you wish it: unhappy, if it pleases you.

Elmire—Quite a gallant declaration. But you must acknowledge that it is rather surprising. It seems to me that you might have fortified your heart a little more carefully against temptation, and have paused before such a design. A devotee like you, who is everywhere spoken of as—

Tartuffe—Ah! Although a devotee, I am no less a man. When your celestial attractions burst upon the sight, the heart surrenders, and reasons no more. I know that such language from me seems somewhat strange: but after all, madame, I am not an angel; and if you condemn the confession I make, you have only your own attractions to blame for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human beauty, my whole being was surrendered to you. The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart; it overcame everything—fasting, prayers, and tears—and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this; to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvelous beauty, a devotion never to be equaled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. Men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is forever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

Elmire—I have listened to you, and your rhetoric expresses itself in terms strong enough. Are you not afraid that I might

be disposed to tell my husband of this passionate declaration, and that its sudden disclosure might influence the friendship which he has toward you?

Tartuffe— I know that your tender-heartedness is too great, and that you will excuse, because of human frailty, the violent transports of a love which offends you, and will consider, when you look at yourself, that people are not blind, and that flesh is weak.

Elmire— Others might take all this differently; but I will endeavor to show my discretion. I will tell nothing to my husband of what has taken place; but in return I must require one thing of you,— which is to forward honestly and sincerely the marriage which has been decided between Valère and Marianne, and to renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another.

Damis [*coming out of a side room where he was hidden*]— No, madame, no! All this must be made public! I was in that place and overheard everything. Heaven in its goodness seems to have directed my steps hither, to confound the pride of a wretch who wrongs me, and to guide me to a sure revenge for his hypocrisy and insolence. I will undeceive my father, and will show him in a clear, strong light the heart of the miscreant who dares to speak to you of love.

Elmire— No, Damis: it is sufficient if he promises to amend, and endeavors to deserve the forgiveness I have spoken of. Since I have promised it, let me abide by my word. I have no wish for scandal. A woman should despise these follies, and never trouble her husband's ears with them.

Damis— You have your reasons for dealing thus with him, and I have mine for acting otherwise. It is a mockery to try to spare him. In the insolent pride of his canting bigotry he has already triumphed too much over my just wrath, and has caused too many troubles in our house. The impostor has governed my father but too long, and too long opposed my love and Valère's. It is right that my father's eyes should be opened to the perfidy of this villain. Heaven offers me an easy opportunity, and I am thankful for it. Were I not to seize it, I should deserve never to have another.

Elmire— Damis—

Damis— No, I will, with your permission, follow my own counsel. My heart is overjoyed; and it is in vain for you to try and

dissuade me from tasting the pleasure of revenge. I will at once make a full disclosure of all this. But here is the very person to give me satisfaction.

Enter Orgon

Damis—Come, father, we will treat your arrival with a piece of news which will somewhat surprise you. You are well rewarded for all your caresses, and this gentleman well repays your tenderness. His great zeal for you has just shown itself, and stops at nothing short of dishonoring you. I have overheard him here, making to your wife an insulting declaration. She, amiable and gentle, and in her too great discretion, insisted upon keeping the matter a secret from you; but I cannot encourage such shamelessness, and I think it would be an offense to you were I to be silent about it.

[*Exit Elmire.*]

Orgon—What do I hear! O Heaven! Is it possible!

Tartuffe [*with an entire change of look, manner, and accent*]—Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, miserable sinner, full of iniquity, the greatest wretch that earth ever bore. Each moment of my life is overburdened with pollution; it is but a long continuation of crimes and defilement, and I see that Heaven, to punish me for my sins, intends to mortify me on this occasion. However great may be the crime laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what is said to you, arm all your wrath, and drive me like a criminal from your house. Whatever shame is heaped upon me, I deserve even greater.

Orgon [*to his son*]—Ah, miscreant! how dare you try to sully the spotless purity of his virtue with this falsehood?

Damis—What! the feigned meekness of this hypocrite will make you give the lie to—

Orgon—Hold your tongue, you cursed plague!

Tartuffe—Ah! let him speak; you blame him wrongfully, and you would do better to believe what he tells you. Why should you be so favorable to me in this instance? Do you know, after all, what I am capable of doing? Do you, brother, trust to the outward man; and do you think me good, because of what you see? No, no: you are deceived by appearances, and I am, alas! no better than they think. Everybody takes me for a good man, no

doubt; but the truth is, that I am worthless. [*To Damis.*] Yes, dear child, speak; call me perfidious, infamous, reprobate, thief, and murderer; load me with still more hateful names: I do not gainsay them, I have deserved them all; and on my knees I will suffer the ignominy due to the crimes of my shameful life. [*Kneels.*]

Orgon [*to Tartuffe*]—Ah, brother, this is too much! [*To his son.*] Does not your heart relent, traitor?

Damis—What! can his words so far deceive you as—

Orgon—Hold your tongue, you rascal! [*Raising Tartuffe.*] Brother, pray rise. [*To his son.*] Wretch!

Damis—He can—

Orgon—Hold your tongue!

Damis—I am furious. What! I am taken for—

Orgon—If you say one word more, I'll break every bone—

Tartuffe—In heaven's name, my brother, do not forget yourself! I had rather suffer the greatest injury than that he should receive the most trifling hurt on my account.

Orgon [*to his son*]—Ungrateful wretch!

Tartuffe—Leave him in peace. If I must on my knees ask forgiveness for him—

[*He falls on his knees; Orgon does the same, and embraces Tartuffe.*]

Orgon—Alas! my brother, what are you doing? [*To his son.*] See his goodness, rascal!

Damis—So—

Orgon—Peace.

Damis—What! I—

Orgon—Peace, I say. I know the motive which makes you accuse him. You all hate him; and I now see wife, children, and servants embittered against him. You have recourse to everything to drive this pious person from my home. But the more you strive to send him away, the more will I do to keep him. I will, therefore, to crush the pride of the whole family, hasten his marriage with my daughter.

Damis—You mean to force her to accept him?

Orgon—Yes, traitor; and to confound you all, it shall be done this very evening. Ah! I defy the whole household; I will show you that you have to obey me, and that I am the master here. Now, quick, retract your words, and this very moment throw yourself at his feet to ask his forgiveness.

Damis—Who? I? Ask forgiveness of the villain who by his impostures—

Orgon—What, scoundrel! you refuse, and abuse him besides? A cudgel! give me a cudgel! [*To Tartuffe.*] Don't prevent me. [*To his son.*] Get out of my house this moment, and be careful you are never bold enough to set foot in it again.

Damis—Yes, I shall go; but—

Orgon—Quick then, decamp: I disinherit you, you scoundrel, and give you my curse besides.

[*Exit Damis.*]

Orgon—To offend a holy man in that way!

Tartuffe—O Heaven! forgive me as I forgive him! [*To Orgon.*] If you could know the pain it gives me to see them try to blacken my character to you, dear brother—

Orgon—Alas!

Tartuffe—The very thought of this ingratitude is a torture too great for me to bear— The horror that I feel— My heart is so full that I cannot speak— It will kill me.

Orgon [*in tears, running to the door where he drove his son out*]—Wretch! how I grieve to have spared you, and not to have made an end of you on the spot. [*To Tartuffe.*] Compose yourself, brother; do not give way to grief.

Tartuffe—No, let us put an end to all these painful disputes. I see what great troubles I occasion here, and I think, brother, that my duty is to leave your house.

Orgon—How! surely you are not in earnest?

Tartuffe—They hate me; and I see that they will try to make you doubt my good faith towards you.

Orgon—What does it matter? Do you see me listen to them?

Tartuffe—I have no doubt but that they will persevere in their attacks; and these very reports which you refuse to believe to-day may another time be credited by you.

Orgon—No, brother; never.

Tartuffe—Ah! brother, a wife can easily influence the mind of her husband.

Orgon—No, no.

Tartuffe—Let me go away, and thus remove from them all occasion of attacking me.

Orgon—No, you will stop here: my life depends upon it.

Tartuffe — Well, if it is so, I must do violence to myself. Ah, if you only would —

Orgon — No!

Tartuffe — I yield. Let us say no more about it. But I know how I must behave in future. Honor is a delicate matter, and friendship requires me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I will avoid your wife, and you shall never see me —

Orgon — No, you will see and speak to her in spite of everybody. I delight in vexing people; and I wish you to be seen in her company at all hours of the day. This is not all. The better to brave them, I will have no other heir but you; and I will go at once and draw up a deed of gift, by which you will inherit all my possessions. A true, faithful friend whom I take for son-in-law is more precious to me than son, wife, or relations. Will you not accept what I propose?

Tartuffe — May Heaven's will be done in all things!

Orgon — Poor man! Let us go forthwith to draw up the deed, and then let envy burst with rage!

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE FATE OF DON JUAN

From 'Don Juan: or, The Feast of the Statue'

[The stage represents a solitary country spot in Sicily, not remote from the tomb (crowned by a statue) of the commandant whom Don Juan has slain in a duel. Don Juan and his servant Sganarelle enter, with Don Louis, the father of the dissolute hero. Don Louis has heard that his son has decided on a complete moral reformation.]

LOUIS — What! my son, is it possible that merciful Heaven has heard my prayers? Is what you tell me true? Are you not deceiving me with false hopes? And may I trust the surprising news of such a conversion?

Juan — Yes, you see me reclaimed from all my sins; I am no longer the same man I was yesterday, and Heaven has suddenly wrought in me a change which will be the wonder of every one. It has touched my heart and opened my eyes, and I look back with horror on my long time of blindness, and on the criminal disorders of the life I have led. My mind dwells upon all its abominations; and I am astonished that Heaven has borne them

MOLIERE AND HIS TROUPE.

Photogravure from a painting by G. Mèlingue.

so long, and has not made me feel its vengeance. I feel the mercy that has been shown me in my not being punished for my crimes, and I am ready to profit by it as I ought; to show to the world the sudden change in my life; thus to make up for the scandal of my past actions, and try to obtain a full pardon. Towards this will all my endeavors tend in future; and in order to help me in the new life I have chosen, I beseech you, sir, to choose for me a person who can help me, and under whose guidance I may be enabled to walk safely in the new path opened before me.

Louis—Ah! how easily the love of a father is recalled, and how quickly forgotten are the faults of a son at the mention of the word repentance! After what I have just heard, I remember no more all the sorrow you have caused me; everything is obliterated from my memory. My happiness is extreme; I weep for joy; all my dearest wishes are granted, and I have nothing else to ask of Heaven. Let us embrace each other, my son. Persist, I beseech you, in this praiseworthy resolution. I will go at once and carry this good news to your mother, share with her my joy, and thank Heaven for the holy thoughts with which it has inspired you. [*Exit.*

Sganarelle—Ah, sir, how happy I am to see you converted! I have been a long time looking forward for this; and thank Heaven, all my wishes are satisfied.

Juan—Plague take the booby!

Sganarelle—How, the booby?

Juan—What! you take for ready money what I have just said, and fancy that my lips agree with my heart?

Sganarelle—Why! it is not—you do not—your— [*Aside.*] Oh, what a man! what a man! what a man!

Juan—Oh dear, no; I am not changed in the least, and all my thoughts are the same.

Sganarelle—You do not yield, after the marvelous miracle of that moving and speaking statue?

Juan—There certainly is something about it which I do not understand; but whatever it may be, it can neither convince my judgment nor stagger my heart: and if I said that I wanted to reform my conduct and to lead an exemplary life, it is because of a plan I have formed out of pure policy, a useful stratagem, a necessary grimace to which I am willing to submit, in order not to give offense to a father I have need of, and to screen

myself in respect to men from a hundred troublesome adventures which might happen to me. I am glad to take you into my confidence, Sganarelle, for I like to have a witness of what I feel, and of the real motives which oblige me to act as I do.

Sganarelle—What! you believe in nothing, and yet you mean to pass for a God-fearing man?

Juan—And why not? There are plenty of others besides me who borrow the same feathers, and who use the same mask to deceive the world.

Sganarelle [*aside*]—Ah, what a man! what a man!

Juan—There is no longer any shame in hypocrisy: it is a fashionable vice, and all fashionable vices pass for virtues. To act the part of a good man is the best part one can act. The profession of hypocrisy has wonderful advantages. It is an art the imposture of which is always looked upon with respect; and although the world may see through the deceit, it dares say nothing against it. All the other vices of mankind are open to censure, and every one is at liberty to attack them boldly; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which closes the mouth of every one, and enjoys in peace a sovereign impunity. By dint of cant we enter into a kind of league with those of the same party, and whoever falls out with one of us has the whole set against him; whilst those who are really sincere, and who are known to be in earnest, are always the dupes of the others, are caught in the net of the hypocrites, and blindly lend their support to those who ape their conduct. You could hardly believe what a number of these people I know, who with the help of such stratagem have put a decent veil over the disorders of their youth, have sought shelter under the cloak of religion, and under its venerated dress are allowed to be as wicked as they please. Although people are aware of their intrigues, and know them for what they are, their influence is none the less real. They are well received everywhere; and a low bending of the head, deep sighs, and rolling eyes, make up for all they can be guilty of. It is under this convenient dress that I mean to take refuge and put my affairs to rights. I shall not give up my dear habits, but will carefully hide them, and avoid all show in my pleasures. If I am discovered, the whole cabal will take up my interests of their own accord, and will defend me against everybody. In short, it is the only safe way of doing all I like with impunity. I shall set up for a censor of other people's actions. I shall speak evil

of everybody. If I am but ever so slightly offended, I shall never forgive, but bear an irreconcilable hatred. I shall make myself the avenger of the interests of Heaven; and under this convenient shelter I will pursue my enemies, will accuse them of impiety, and know how to let loose against them the officious zealots who, without understanding how the truth stands, will heap abuse upon them and damn them boldly on their own private authority. It is thus that we can profit by the weaknesses of men, and that a wise man can accommodate himself to the vices of his age.

Sganarelle — Oh, heavens! what do I hear? You only lacked hypocrisy to make you perfectly bad; and this is the height of abomination. Sir, this last thing is too much for me, and I cannot help speaking. Do to me all you please; beat me, break every bone in my body, kill me if you like: but I must speak out my thoughts, and like a faithful servant say what I ought. Know, sir, that the pitcher goes once too often to the well: and as that author, whose name I do not recollect, truly said, man is in this world like the bird on the branch; the branch is attached to the tree; whoever is attached to the tree follows good precepts; good precepts are better than fine words; fine words are found at court; at court are the courtiers; courtiers are followers of fashion; fashion comes from fancy; fancy is a faculty of the mind; the mind is life to us; life ends in death; death makes us think of heaven; the sky is above the earth; the earth is not the sea; the sea is subject to tempests; tempests endanger ships; ships require pilots; a good pilot has prudence; prudence is not the gift of young men; young men ought to obey their elders; old men love riches; riches make people rich; the rich are not poor; the poor know what want is; necessity has no law; those who have no law live like the brute; and consequently you will be damned with all the devils.

Juan — A noble argument.

Sganarelle — After this if you do not change, so much the worse for you.

Enter Don Carlos

Carlos — Don Juan, I meet with you opportunely; and I am glad to ask you in this place rather than in your house what resolutions you have taken. You know that this duty belongs to me, that I took it upon myself in your presence. I cannot hide

from you that I should like the difficulty to be settled by gentle means; there is nothing I would not do to prevail upon you to choose the right path, and to see you publicly confirm your marriage with my sister.

Juan [*in a hypocritical tone*] — Alas! I wish with all my heart that I could give you the satisfaction you ask for: but Heaven is directly opposed to it; it has inspired me with the design of reforming my mode of life, and I have now no other thoughts than to leave all earthly engagements, to forsake all vanities, to atone by an austere life for all the criminal disorders into which the heat of passion and blind youth have carried me.

Carlos — Your intentions, Don Juan, do not clash with what I propose: the company of a legitimate wife and the laudable thoughts Heaven has inspired you with, can well agree.

Juan — Alas! no. It is a decision which your sister herself has taken, for she has retired to a convent. Both our hearts were touched at the same time.

Carlos — Her retreat cannot satisfy us, for it might be imputed to the contempt you had thrown on her and her family: our honor requires that she should live openly with you.

Juan — I assure you that the thing is not possible. I had the greatest wish to do so, and even to-day I asked advice of Heaven about it; but when I consulted it, I heard a voice saying that I was not to think of your sister, and that with her for my companion I should certainly not work out my salvation.

Carlos — Do you think you will impose upon me with those fine excuses?

Juan — I obey Heaven's voice.

Carlos — What! you imagine that I can be satisfied with such stories as these?

Juan — Such is the will of Heaven.

Carlos — You make my sister leave her convent, and abandon her afterwards?

Juan — Heaven orders it should be so.

Carlos — We must bear such a disgrace?

Juan — Seek redress from Heaven.

Carlos — What! always Heaven?

Juan — It is the will of Heaven.

Carlos — Enough, Don Juan: I understand you. It is not here that I will attack you, — the place will not admit of it, — but I will soon find you out.

Juan — You will do as you please. You know that I do not lack courage, and that I can use my sword when it is necessary. I will go in a few minutes through this narrow lane by the side of the convent: but I declare to you that I do not wish to fight; Heaven forbid I should think of such a thing: but if you attack me, we will see what will ensue.

Carlos — We shall indeed see. [*Exit.*

Sganarelle — Sir, what is this new style you adopt? This is worse than all the rest put together; I had much rather see you as you were before. I always looked forward to your salvation before; but from henceforth I give up all hope, and I believe that Heaven, which has borne with you to this day, will never tolerate this last abomination.

Juan — Come, come: Heaven is not so strict as you think, and if each time that men —

Enter a Spectre *in the form of a veiled woman*

Sganarelle [*seeing the Spectre*] — Ah, sir, Heaven speaks to and warns you!

Juan — This may be a warning from Heaven; but it must be expressed more clearly if I am to understand it.

Spectre — Don Juan has but a moment longer to profit by the mercy of Heaven; if he does not repent now, his destruction is certain.

Sganarelle — Sir, do you hear?

Juan — Who dares speak such words to me? I think I know this voice.

Sganarelle — Ah, sir, it is a ghost! I know it by its way of walking.

Juan — Ghost, phantom, or devil, I will see what it is.

[*The Spectre changes shape, and represents Time with his scythe in his hand.*]

Sganarelle — Oh, heavens! Do you see, sir, this change of shape?

Juan — No, no: nothing can terrify me, and my sword will tell me whether this is body or spirit.

[*The Spectre disappears when Don Juan tries to strike it.*]

Sganarelle — Ah, sir, yield to such repeated proofs!

Juan — No: whatever may happen, it shall never be said that I could repent. Come, follow me.

Enter The Statue of the Commandant

Statue — Stop, Don Juan: you promised me yesterday to come and have supper with me.

Juan — Yes: where shall we go?

Sganarelle — Give me your hand.

Juan — Here it is.

Statue — Don Juan, obstinacy in sin brings after it a fearful death, and by rejecting the mercy of Heaven we open a way for its wrath.

Juan — Oh, heavens! what do I feel? An invisible fire consumes me! I can bear it no longer. My whole body is one ardent flame — Oh! — Oh! —

[*The lightning flashes around Don Juan, and loud claps of thunder are heard. The earth opens and swallows him up. From the spot where he has disappeared burst forth flames of fire.*]

Sganarelle — Ah! my wages! my wages! His death is a reparation to all. Heaven offended, laws violated, families dishonored, girls ruined, wives led astray, husbands driven to despair, everybody is satisfied. I am the only one to suffer. My wages, my wages, my wages!

[*The curtain falls.*]

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE SHAM MARQUIS AND THE AFFECTED LADIES

From 'Les Précieuses Ridicules'

[The scene is the drawing-room of the provincial but ambitious ladies Mademoiselle Madelon and her cousin Mademoiselle Cathos, visiting Paris. Both are dressed in the height of fashionable absurdity. To them enters Mascarille, a clever valet, disguised by his master as a marquis and Parisian gentleman, for the purpose of tricking the silly young women and making them more sensible through the humiliation of their discovery. He plays his part with much gusto.]

MASCARILLE [*after having bowed to them*] — Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you: merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

Madelon — If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt after it.

Cathos—If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

Mascarille—I refuse assent to such an assertion. Fame tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot* all the fashionable world of Paris.

Madelon—Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises; and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

Cathos—My dear, we should call for chairs.

Madelon [*to servant*]—Almanzor!

Almanzor—Madame.

Madelon—Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation.

[*Almanzor brings chairs.*]

Mascarille—But stay, is there any security for me here?

Cathos—What can you fear?

Mascarille—Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away, or require good security that they will do me no harm.

Madelon—What playfulness, my dear.

Cathos—Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.

Madelon—Do not fear: our eyes have no evil intentions; your heart may sleep in peace, and may rest assured of their innocence.

Cathos—But for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that arm-chair, which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you: satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

Mascarille [*after having combed himself and adjusted his cantons*]—Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

Madelon—Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the centre of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

Mascarille—I think for my part that out of Paris, people of position cannot exist.

Cathos—That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

*Terms in piquet, a then fashionable game of cards.

Mascarille—It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan-chairs.

Madelon—Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

Mascarille—You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

Madelon—Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the 'Elegant Extracts.'

Cathos—As well as some others, who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

Mascarille—Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

Madelon—Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us; for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris; and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But for my part, what I value most is, that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know, and which are the quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a M. A has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such-and-such a subject; that Madame B has adapted words to such-and-such an air; that M. C has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his lady-love, and M. D upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening the Sieur E wrote a *sixain* to Mademoiselle F, to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that M. G has such-and-such a project in his head; that M. H is occupied with the third volume of his romance; and that M. J has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters, all the wit we may possess is a thing of naught and as dust in the balance.

Cathos—Indeed, I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretense to wit, not

to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part, I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

Mascarille—It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I, your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the *ruelles* of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

Madelon—I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits: there is nothing more elegant, according to my opinion.

Mascarille—Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character; but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

Cathos—I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

Mascarille—They form a good occupation for the mind; and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Madelon—Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

Mascarille—I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

Madelon—Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

Mascarille—I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion; but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

Madelon—I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

Mascarille—Undoubtedly. By-the-by, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I'm a wonderful hand at impromptus.

Cathos—An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

Mascarille — Listen.

Madelon — We are all ears.

Mascarille —

> Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
> While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
> Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
> Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! — I say.

Cathos — Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

Mascarille — Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it. There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

Madelon — They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

Mascarille — Did you notice the beginning? "Oh! oh!" There is something exceptional in that "Oh! oh!" like a man who bethinks himself all of a sudden — "Oh! oh!" Surprise is well depicted, is it not? "Oh! oh!"

Madelon — Yes, I think that "Oh! oh!" admirable.

Mascarille — At first sight it does not seem much.

Cathos — Ah! what do you say? These things cannot be too highly valued.

Madelon — Certainly; and I would rather have composed that "Oh! oh!" than an epic poem.

Mascarille — Upon my word now, you have good taste.

Madelon — Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

Mascarille — But do you not admire also "I was not taking care"? "I was not taking care." I did not notice it; quite a natural way of speaking, you know: "I was not taking care." "While thinking not of harm" — whilst innocently, without forethought, like a poor sheep, "I watch my fair" — that is to say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating you. "Your lurking eye" — what do you think of this word "lurking"? Do you not think it well chosen?

Cathos — Perfectly well.

Mascarille — "Lurking," hiding: you would say, a cat just going to catch a mouse — "lurking."

Madelon — Nothing could be better.

Mascarille — "My heart doth steal away" — snatch it away; carries it off from me. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running after a robber? "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Madelon — It must be acknowledged that it is witty and gallant.

Mascarille — I must sing you the tune I made to it.

Cathos — Ah! you have learnt music?

Mascarille — Not a bit of it!

Cathos — Then how can you have set it to music?

Mascarille — People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

Madelon — Of course it is so, my dear.

Mascarille — Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste: hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice: but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony [*he sings*]: —

> Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
> While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
> Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
> Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!—I say.

Cathos — What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

Madelon — What soft languor creeps over one's heart.

Mascarille — Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? « Stop thief! stop thief!» And then as if one suddenly cried out, « Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief!» Then all at once, like a person out of breath — « Stop thief! »

Madelon — It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty; every part is inimitable; both the words and the air enchant me.

Cathos — I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

Mascarille — All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

Madelon — Nature has treated you like a fond mother: you are her spoiled child.

Mascarille — How do you spend your time, ladies?

Cathos — Oh! in doing nothing at all.

Madelon — Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

Mascarille — I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

Madelon — There is no refusing such an offer.

Mascarille — But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the piece; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous; and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet, I always call out "Splendid! beautiful!" even before the candles are lighted.

Madelon — Do not speak of it: Paris is a most wonderful place; a hundred things happen every day there of which country people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

Cathos — It is sufficient: now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

Mascarille — I do not know whether I am mistaken; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

Madelon — Ah! there may be some truth in what you say.

Mascarille — Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

Cathos — Indeed! and to what actors do you mean to give it?

Mascarille — What a question! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, of course: they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are, if the actor does not stop at them and thus tell you when you are to applaud?

Cathos — Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

Mascarille — How do you like my lace, feathers, and etceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

Cathos — Not the slightest.

Mascarille — The ribbon is well chosen, you think?

Madelon — Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.

Mascarille — What do you say of my canions?

Madelon — They look very fashionable.

Mascarille — I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

Mascarille — May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

Madelon — They smell terribly sweet.

Cathos — I never inhaled a better-made perfume.

Mascarille — And this? [*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*]

Madelon — It has the true aristocratic odor. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

Mascarille — You say nothing of my plumes! What do you think of them?

Cathos — Astonishingly beautiful!

Mascarille — Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

Madelon — I assure you that I greatly sympathize with you. I am furiously delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks must come from the best hands.

Mascarille [*crying out suddenly*] — Oh, oh, oh! gently, gently, ladies; ladies, this is unkind: I have good reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

Cathos — What is it? What is the matter?

Mascarille — Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! Ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

Cathos [*to Madelon*] — It must be acknowledged that he says things in a manner altogether his own.

Madelon — His way of putting things is exquisitely admirable.

Cathos [*to Mascarille*] — You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is touched.

Mascarille — The deuce! why, it is sore from head to foot.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THEODOR MOMMSEN

(1817–)

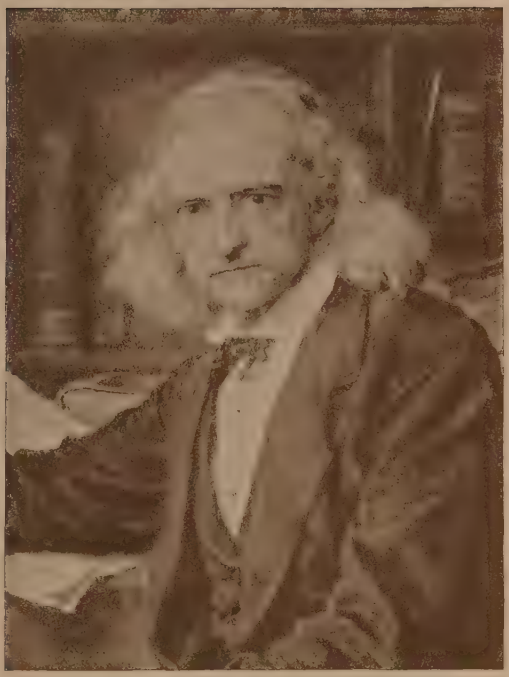
BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

THE popular conception of a learned German professor is of a short-sighted, spectacled, absent-minded recluse buried among his books, absorbed in some narrow and remote line of research for which a single lifetime is all too brief, or preparing a ponderous book which perhaps ten men in the world can read. The type is not wholly imaginary, though like the buffalo it is already near extinction.

Above all others in our time, however, Theodor Mommsen is an illustration of patriotic and civic usefulness, not merely combined with the most learned research, but illuminated and strengthened incalculably by those very studies. His political sympathies, his open affiliations in the national legislature, have been with the extreme radical wing of that great "Liberal" movement which made the new German empire possible. Thoroughly believing that democratic freedom of discussion is the firmest final basis for a strong central government, he has often offended those in high office by his fearless criticisms. Once indeed he was actually brought to trial (1882) for sharp words directed against Prince Bismarck. His triumphant acquittal revealed and strengthened the popular pride in the brave citizen and the most illustrious of German scholars.

Mommsen is primarily interested in the life and growth of political institutions. All his manifold activity is centred about this chief study. It was natural, then, that the Roman State, the greatest organization in all human history, should have engaged his lifelong devotion.

Professor Mommsen is most widely known to the general reading public, in and out of Germany, as the author of a "popular" Roman history. This great work is indeed put forth with little citation of authorities. The solid pages usually run calmly on without any array of polemic or pedantic foot-notes. Nevertheless, the apparatus, the scaffolding as it were, undoubtedly exists still in the author's note-books. Indeed, such material has been liberally furnished whenever the same subject has been treated in University lectures. Moreover, this stately masterpiece of constructive work is firmly founded upon special studies as wide-reaching and as thorough as were ever undertaken. Professor Mommsen's practical and juristic mind inclines



THEODOR MOMMSEN.

him to brush aside the fables and romances of Livy's first decade. Instead, he endeavors to recover from the usages and institutions of later Rome the probable conditions of the earlier time. Naturally this often necessitates closely reasoned argument,—and uncertain results at best.

In the later portions Professor Mommsen is on firmer ground; but his judgments of men like Cicero, whom he detests, and Cæsar, whom he almost adores, are as far as possible from a mere scholarly dependence on ancient authorities. Everywhere he is quite sufficiently inclined to appeal to modern parallels and illustrations. The section on the political history of the early empire has never yet appeared; but the imperial government of Roman provinces is treated in exhaustive volumes, already published, and destined to become an integral part of the completed work.

This latter essay may serve to remind us that Professor Mommsen has accomplished a still more monumental task, as chief editor of the great Corpus of Latin Inscriptions, perhaps the greatest memorial of German scholarship and of imperial liberality toward learning. The constructive power which has multiplied the value of Mommsen's life work is clearly seen even in his writings for a more learned audience. Thus the great inscription of Ancyra, which is almost an autobiography of the Emperor Augustus, has been reproduced, annotated, and in brief, put completely at the service of the general student, in a special volume. In the same way, such large and debatable subjects as 'Roman Coinage,' 'Roman Chronology,' and even 'The Dialects of Lower Italy,' have been treated in scholarly monographs. Every student who has ever felt the influence of Mommsen, through his books, in the lecture-room, above all in the seminar, will testify to the value of this constructive and organizing mind.

The entire record of man's organized life appears to Mommsen, as it did to Von Ranke and to Freeman, as one great story of development in many chapters, each of which may throw light on all the rest, and no less on the future pathways of civilization. The mature conclusions of such a student are almost equally stimulating whether we agree readily with his general views or not. This may be happily exemplified by a passage from the introduction of 'The Provinces, from Cæsar to Diocletian,'—a passage which traverses boldly all our traditional impressions as to the state of the subjugated races under Roman imperialism. Like the more extended citation below, this passage is quoted from the excellent English version of William P. Dickson:—

«Old age has not the power to develop new thoughts and display creative activity, nor has the government of the Roman Empire done so; but in its sphere, which those who belonged to it were not far wrong in regarding as

the world, it fostered the peace and prosperity of the many nations united under its sway longer and more completely than any other leading power has ever succeeded in doing. It is in the agricultural towns of Africa, in the homes of the vine-dressers on the Moselle, in the flourishing townships of the Lycian mountains, and on the margin of the Syrian desert, that the work of the imperial period is to be sought and to be found. Even now there are various regions of the East, as of the West, as regards which the imperial period marks a climax of good government, very modest in itself, but never withal attained before or since; and if an angel of the Lord were to strike the balance whether the domain ruled by Severus Antoninus was governed with greater intelligence and the greater humanity at that time or in the present day, whether civilization and national prosperity generally have since that time advanced or retrograded, it is very doubtful whether the decision would prove in favor of the present.»

Theodor Mommsen was born at Garding in Schleswig, November 30th, 1817; graduated at Kiel, studied archæology in France and Italy 1844–7, and in 1848 became professor of jurisprudence at Leipzig. His political activity in those troublous years brought about his dismissal in 1850. From 1852 to 1854 he held the professorship of Roman law at Zurich; 1854–8 at Breslau; and finally in 1858 entered upon the professorship of ancient history at Berlin, where this sturdy octogenarian scholar is still (1897) actively engaged in his university lectures, as well as in his manifold literary and scholarly undertakings.

William Caroline Lawton.

THE CHARACTER OF CÆSAR

From the 'History of Rome'

THE new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born 12th July, 652 A. U. C.) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar: the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus-Aphrodite common to

both nations, he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practiced literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying.

But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses: Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and his swimming saved his life at Alexandria; the incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually for the sake of gaining time were performed by night,—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another,—was the astonishment of his contemporaries and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless; and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived, he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother Aurelia (his father having died early). To his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection, which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and of humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity, with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends — and that not merely from calculation — through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, even after his death gave noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this: that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course

Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth, and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind; but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and verbs. He made verses as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural science. While wine was and continued to be with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full lustre of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love adventures and successes with women, and he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness which he keenly felt, with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years; and he would doubtless have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks. But however much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them, and allowed them no manner of influence over him. Even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mask a weak point in his political position.

Cæsar was thoroughly a realist and a man of sense; and whatever he undertook and achieved was penetrated and guided by the cool sobriety which constitutes the most marked peculiarity of his genius. To this he owed the power of living energetically in the present, undisturbed either by recollection or by expectation; to this he owed the capacity of acting at any moment with collected vigor, and applying his whole genius even to the smallest and most incidental enterprise; to this he owed the many-sided power with which he grasped and mastered whatever understanding can comprehend and will can compel; to this he owed the self-possessed ease with which he arranged his periods as well as projected his campaigns; to this he owed the "marvelous serenity" which remained steadily with him through good and evil days; to this he owed the complete independence

which admitted of no control by favorite, or by mistress, or even by friend. It resulted, moreover, from this clearness of judgment that Cæsar never formed to himself illusions regarding the power of fate and the ability of man; in his case the friendly veil was lifted up which conceals from man the inadequacy of his working. However prudently he planned and contemplated all possibilities, the feeling was never absent from his heart that in all things, fortune, that is to say accident, must bestow success; and with this may be connected the circumstance that he so often played a desperate game with destiny, and in particular again and again hazarded his person with daring indifference. As indeed occasionally men of predominant sagacity betake themselves to a pure game of hazard, so there was in Cæsar's rationalism a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism.

Gifts such as these could not fail to produce a statesman. From early youth, accordingly, Cæsar was a statesman in the deepest sense of the term; and his aim was the highest which man is allowed to propose to himself,—the political, military, intellectual, and moral regeneration of his own deeply decayed nation, and of the still more deeply decayed Hellenic nation intimately akin to his own. The hard school of thirty years' experience changed his views as to the means by which this aim was to be reached; his aim itself remained the same in the times of his hopeless humiliation and of his unlimited plenitude of power, in the times when as demagogue and conspirator he stole towards it by paths of darkness, and in those when as joint possessor of the supreme power and then as monarch, he worked at his task in the full light of day before the eyes of the world. All the measures of a permanent kind that proceeded from him at the most various times assume their appropriate places in the great building-plan. We cannot therefore properly speak of isolated achievements of Cæsar; he did nothing isolated.

With justice men commend Cæsar the orator for his masculine eloquence, which, scorning all the arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed. With justice men admire in Cæsar the author the inimitable simplicity of the composition, the unique purity and beauty of the language. With justice the greatest masters of war of all times have praised Cæsar the general, who, in a singular degree disregarding routine and tradition, knew always how to find out the mode of warfare by which in the given case the enemy was conquered,

and which was consequently in the given case the right one; who, with the certainty of divination, found the proper means for every end; who after defeat stood ready for battle like William of Orange, and ended the campaign invariably with victory; who managed that element of warfare, the treatment of which serves to distinguish military genius from the mere ordinary ability of an officer,—the rapid movement of masses,—with unsurpassed perfection, and found the guarantee of victory not in the massiveness of his forces but in the celerity of their movements, not in long preparation but in rapid and bold action even with inadequate means. But all these were with Cæsar mere secondary matters: he was no doubt a great orator, author, and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman.

The soldier more especially played in him altogether an accessory part; and it is one of the principal peculiarities by which he is distinguished from Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, that he began his political activity not as an officer but as a demagogue. According to his original plan he had purposed to reach his object, like Pericles and Gaius Gracchus, without force of arms; and throughout eighteen years, as leader of the popular party, he had moved exclusively amid political plans and intrigues: until, reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a military support, he headed an army when he was already forty years of age. It was natural that even afterwards he should remain still more statesman than general; like Cromwell, who also transformed himself from a leader of opposition into a military chief and democratic king, and who in general, little as the Puritan hero seems to resemble the dissolute Roman, is yet in his development, as well as in the objects which he aimed at and the results which he achieved, of all statesmen perhaps the most akin to Cæsar. Even in his mode of warfare this improvised generalship may still be recognized: the enterprises of Napoleon against Egypt and against England do not more clearly exhibit the artillery lieutenant who had risen by service to command, than the similar enterprises of Cæsar exhibit the demagogue metamorphosed into a general. A regularly trained officer would hardly have been prepared, through political considerations of a not altogether stringent nature, to set aside the best-founded military scruples in the way in which Cæsar did so on several occasions, most strikingly in the case of his landing in Epirus.

ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Photogravure from a painting by Gerome.

Several of his acts are therefore censurable from a military point of view; but what the general loses the statesman gains. The task of the statesman is universal in its nature, like Cæsar's genius: if he undertook things the most varied and most remote one from another, they had all, without exception, a bearing on the one great object to which with infinite fidelity and consistency he devoted himself; and he never preferred one to another of the manifold aspects and directions of his great activity. Although a master of the art of war, he yet from statesmanly considerations did his utmost to avert the civil strife, and when it nevertheless began, to keep his laurels from the stain of blood. Although the founder of a military monarchy, he, yet with an energy unexampled in history, allowed no hierarchy of marshals or government of prætorians to come into existence. If he had a preference for any one form of services rendered to the State, it was for the sciences and arts of peace rather than for those of war.

The most remarkable peculiarity of his action as a statesman was its perfect harmony. In reality all the conditions for this most difficult of all human functions were united in Cæsar. A thorough realist, he never allowed the images of the past or venerable tradition to disturb him; with him nothing was of value in politics but the living present, and the law of reason: just as in grammar he set aside historical and antiquarian research, and recognized nothing but on the one hand the living *usus loquendi* and on the other hand the rule of symmetry. A born ruler, he governed the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds, and compelled the most heterogeneous natures to place themselves at his service; — the smooth citizen and the rough subaltern, the noble matrons of Rome and the fair princesses of Egypt and Mauritania, the brilliant cavalry officer and the calculating banker. His talent for organization was marvelous. No statesman has ever compelled alliances, no general has ever collected an army out of unyielding and refractory elements, with such decision, and kept them together with such firmness, as Cæsar displayed in constraining and upholding his coalitions and his legions. Never did regent judge his instruments and assign each to the place appropriate for him with so acute an eye.

He was monarch; but he never played the king. Even when absolute lord of Rome, he retained the deportment of the party leader: perfectly pliant and smooth, easy and charming in

conversation, complaisant towards every one, it seemed as if he wished to be nothing but the first among his peers.

Cæsar entirely avoided the blunder of so many men otherwise on an equality with him, who have carried into politics the tone of military command; however much occasion his disagreeable relations with the Senate gave for it, he never resorted to outrages such as that of the eighteenth Brumaire. Cæsar was monarch; but he was never seized with the giddiness of the tyrant. He is perhaps the only one among the mighty men of the earth who in great matters and little never acted according to inclination or caprice, but always without exception according to his duty as ruler; and who, when he looked back on his life, found doubtless erroneous calculations to deplore, but no false step of passion to regret. There is nothing in the history of Cæsar's life which even on a small scale can be compared with those poetico-sensual ebullitions — such as the murder of Kleitos or the burning of Persepolis — which the history of his great predecessor in the East records. He is, in fine, perhaps the only one of those mighty men who has preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and has not broken down in the task which for nobly gifted natures is the most difficult of all,—the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed; and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better, never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes; Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine; and at the Danube and the Euphrates thought not of unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely of carrying into effect a well-considered regulation of the frontiers.

Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a person our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but strictly speaking, they

cannot be different: to every inquirer not utterly perverted, the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance each other. Of the mightiest creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman and the Hellenic types of culture,—Cæsar was the entire and perfect man. Accordingly we miss in him more than in any other historical personage what are called characteristic features, which are in reality nothing else than deviations from the natural course of human development. What in Cæsar passes for such at the first superficial glance is, when more closely observed, seen to be the peculiarity not of the individual but of the epoch of culture or of the nation: his youthful adventures, for instance, were common to him as to all his more gifted contemporaries of like position; his unpoetical but strongly logical temperament was the temperament of Romans in general.

It formed part also of Cæsar's full humanity that he was in the highest degree influenced by the conditions of time and place; for there is no abstract humanity,—the living man cannot but occupy a place in a given nationality and in a definite line of culture. Cæsar was a perfect man just because more than any other he placed himself amidst the currents of his time, and because more than any other he possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation—practical aptitude as a citizen—in perfection; for his Hellenism in fact was only the Hellenism which had been long intimately blended with the Italian nationality. But in this very circumstance lies the difficulty, we may perhaps say the impossibility, of depicting Cæsar to the life. As the artist can paint everything save only consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits doubtless of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifestations normality and individuality are combined,

is beyond expression. Nothing is left for us but to deem those fortunate who beheld this perfection, and to gain some faint conception of it from the reflected lustre which rests imperishably on the works that were the creation of this great nature.

These also, it is true, bear the stamp of the time. The Roman hero himself stood by the side of his youthful Greek predecessor, not merely as an equal but as a superior; but the world had meanwhile become old and its youthful lustre had faded. The action of Cæsar was no longer, like that of Alexander, a joyous marching onward towards a goal indefinitely remote: he built on and out of ruins, and was content to establish himself as tolerably and as securely as possible within the ample but yet definite bounds once assigned to him. With reason, therefore, the delicate poetic tact of the nations has not troubled itself about the unpoetical Roman, and has invested the son of Philip alone with all the golden lustre of poetry, with all the rainbow hues of legend. But with equal reason the political life of nations has during thousands of years again and again reverted to the lines which Cæsar drew; and the fact that the peoples to whom the world belongs still at the present day designate the highest of their monarchs by his name, conveys a warning deeply significant, and unhappily fraught with shame.

LADY MARY WORTLEY
MONTAGU.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1689–1762)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE glamour which to this day is about the enigmatic character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu seems born of the contradictions of her nature. Her letters show her capable of greatness of thought and feeling, and yet she produced little but enigmas. She is brilliant but not convincing. The present generation, like her own, is of two minds about her. It cannot take her with over-seriousness; yet it is forced to pay tribute to her precocity of mind and character.

Had Lady Mary Montagu lived in an age friendly to the intellectual sincerity of women, she might have put her powers of mind to great advantage; but the world would probably have lost that unique personality which might be the eighteenth century masquerading as a woman. Of the weakness and strength of that age of light without sweetness, Lady Mary is representative. She possesses its cleverness, its clear head, its brittle wit. She exhibits also its lack of strong natural feeling, its indifference to the primal truths of existence, its tendency to sacrifice the Ten Commandments to an epigram. She was as much a product of her time as her acid friend and enemy, Pope; as the rocking-horse metre of the contemporary poetry; as the patched and powdered ladies of the court; as the Whig and Tory parties; as the polite infidelities of the fashionable. Yet in her good sense and intellectual fearlessness she belonged to a later day. The woman who introduced inoculation into England would not have been out of place in the latter half of this century.

She was born in 1689, at a time when English society and English literature had lost the last gleam of a great dead age, and existed for the most part in the candle-light of drawing-rooms. Her father, the Marquis of Dorchester, did little for her but introduce her to the Kit-Kat Club, where she made her first bow to the world of the new century, in which she was afterwards to become a central figure. Having no mother, she grew up as she could. Her irregular education in her father's library, where she read what she chose, probably heightened that spontaneity of thought which gives to her letters their peculiar charm. Her neglected childhood served doubtless to increase her originality and her independence. The latter

quality, at least, was exhibited in her precipitate marriage with Edward Wortley. Tradition has it that her scholarly husband had been drawn to her by her knowledge of classical Latin; but in all probability Lady Mary herself was the greater magnet. Shortly after his marriage, Edward Wortley was appointed ambassador to Turkey. His wife gave evidence of her adventurous spirit and of her intellectual thirst by accompanying him thither. In her letters from Turkey, Lady Mary exhibits her disposition to regard all life as a pageant. The spectacular element in human existence, whether in Constantinople or in London, made strong appeal to her. Like her age, she was absorbed in the shows of things. Her intellectual comprehension of them was complete. Beyond the domain of the intellect she never ventured. The letters from Turkey give evidence of having been written for publication. They are studied in manner, but this does not deprive them of the charm of individuality. Lady Mary, on her return, took her place at once in London society as a remarkable woman — with varying effects upon the world before which she lived. Opinions of her touched extremes. No one within the circle of her influence could trim between adoration and detestation. If she was not a hag she was a goddess. It required the versatility and peculiar sensitiveness of Pope himself to find her both. Their famous friendship and their famous quarrel are food for the reflection of posterity.

The savage attacks of the poet may have been one cause for the departure of Lady Mary from London to the sylvan life abroad, of which she writes in such fine detail to her daughter, Lady Bute. Through her letters she held her power at home during many years of her self-imposed exile. She remained abroad from 1739 to 1762, the year of her death; although she writes to her daughter that the very hay in which some china was packed is dear to her, because it came from England.

She returned to her native land sick, homely, and old, but with power still to turn her mean tenement into a court. The last picture of her is of a decrepit woman in an abominable wig and greasy petticoat, and an old great-coat with tarnished brass buttons, receiving the homage of English wit and English culture, drawn to her by an irresistible fascination. She was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu under all disguises. She retains her power to this day.

Anna McClure Sholl

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I RECEIVED both your Monday letters before I writ the inclosed, which, however, I send you. The kind letter was writ and sent Friday morning, and I did not receive yours till Saturday noon. To speak truth, you would never have had it else, there were so many things in yours to put me out of humor. Thus, you see, it was on no design to repair anything that offended you. You only show me how industrious you are to find faults in me: why will you not suffer me to be pleased with you?

I would see you if I could (though perhaps it may be wrong); but in the way that I am here, 'tis impossible. I can't come to town but in company with my sister-in-law: I can carry her nowhere but where she pleases; or if I could, I would trust her with nothing. I could not walk out alone without giving suspicion to the whole family; should I be watched, and seen to meet a man — judge of the consequences!

You speak of treating with my father, as if you believed he would come to terms afterwards. I will not suffer you to remain in the thought, however advantageous it might be to me; I will deceive you in nothing. I am fully persuaded he will never hear of terms afterwards. You may say, 'tis talking oddly of him. I can't answer to that; but 'tis my real opinion, and I think I know him. You talk to me of estates, as if I was the most interested woman in the world. Whatever faults I may have shown in my life, I know not one action in it that ever proved me mercenary. I think there cannot be a greater proof to the contrary than my treating with you, where I am to depend entirely upon your generosity, at the same time that I may have settled on me £500 per annum pin-money, and a considerable jointure, in another place; not to reckon that I may have by his temper what command of his estate I please: and with you I have nothing to pretend to. I do not, however, make a merit to you: money is very little to me, because all beyond necessaries I do not value that is to be purchased by it. If the man proposed to me had £10,000 per annum, and I was sure to dispose of it all, I should act just as I do. I have in my life known a good deal of show, and never found myself the happier for it.

In proposing to you to follow the scheme proposed by that friend, I think 'tis absolutely necessary for both our sakes. I would have you want no pleasure which a single life would afford you. You own you think nothing so agreeable. A woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness. If possible, I would add to it; but I will not take from you any satisfaction you could enjoy without me. On my own side, I endeavor to form as right a judgment of the temper of human nature, and of my own in particular, as I am capable of. I would throw off all partiality and passion, and be calm in my opinion. Almost all people are apt to run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it. This mistake makes, in the number of women that inspire even violent passions, hardly one preserve one after possession. If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another; 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London: I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you; though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself.

There is one article absolutely necessary: to be ever beloved, one must ever be agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gayety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer.

How dreadful is that view! You will reflect for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked,

and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupte*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town: you have answered me as to that point.

In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary, to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have nothing to do in London; and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more. I know not how to answer your mentioning gallantry, nor in what sense to understand you: whoever I marry, when I am married I renounce all things of the kind. I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours; I will part with anything for you, *but* you. I will not have you a month, to lose you for the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my own heart whether I can leave everything for you; I think I can: if I change my mind, you shall know before Sunday; after that I will not change my mind.

If 'tis necessary for your affairs to stay in England, to assist your father in his business, as I suppose the time will be short, I would be as little injurious to your fortune as I can, and I will do it. But I am still of opinion nothing is so likely to make us both happy, as what I propose. I foresee I may break with you on this point, and I shall certainly be displeased with myself for it, and wish a thousand times that I had done whatever you pleased; but, however, I hope I shall always remember how much more miserable than anything else would make me, should I be to live with you and to please you no longer. You can be pleased with nothing when you are not pleased with your wife. One of the Spectators is very just that says, "A man ought always to be upon his guard against spleen and a too severe philosophy; a woman, against levity and coquetry." If we go to

Naples, I will make no acquaintance there of any kind, and you will be in a place where a variety of agreeable objects will dispose you to be ever pleased. If such a thing is possible, this will secure our everlasting happiness; and I am ready to wait on you without leaving a thought behind me.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

I TREMBLE for what we are doing. Are you sure you shall love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of —— will invent a thousand stories of me; yet 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all that I wish. Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.

TO MR. POPE

ADRIANOPLE, April 1st, O. S., 1717.

I AM at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening: not with walking,—that is not one of their pleasures; but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave

with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*,— being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels: there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favorite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and football to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labor, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town,— I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer: he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his 'Idylliums' had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here: the corn being all trodden out by oxen, and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard-of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be

found in any other country: the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practiced by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men; fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counselors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance; but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skillful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us; their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turkish is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the sublime; that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim

Pasha, the reigning favorite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife,—whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that, of such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the Song of Solomon, which was also addressed to a royal bride. . . .

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by . Yours, &c.

TO MRS. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1st, O. S., 1717.

Àpropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch) and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one in the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part

of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty [spots] in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says, pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c., &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR

ADRIANOPLE, April 18th, O. S., 1717.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady; and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not

doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see; and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretess. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in; which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner,—which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian who had never tasted of either would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great

a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; ten slaves, kneeling, *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house: but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the kiyàya's lady; saying he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first,—the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the Vizier's harem, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather a pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up; and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they

were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen,—nay, all that has been called lovely, either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection: without any fruit of my search but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face exactly proportioned and perfectly beautiful would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded,—could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne in Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some

bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

TO THE ABBÉ X——

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 19th, O. S., 1718.

. . . . . .

You see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science which we can never attain, or if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if anything is properly) our own: but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased; and when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labors. Considering what short-lived, weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the inspired railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration, in saying that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge!

I am, sir, &c., &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR

CAVENDISH SQUARE,—1725.

I AM very glad, dear sister, to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris: to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you there is little difference between them and old women. I have been *embourbé* in family affairs for this last fortnight. Lady F. Pierrepont, having £400 per annum for her maintenance, has awakened the consciences of half her relations to take care of her education: and (excepting myself) they have all been squabbling about her; and squabble to this day. My sister Gower carries her off to-morrow morning to Staffordshire. The lies, twattles, and contrivances about this affair are innumerable. I should pity the poor girl, if I saw she pitied herself. The Duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to go to the capital: so much for that branch of your family. My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son, took to his heels t'other day, and transported his person to Oxford; being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search, we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome.

I don't hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball where I was two days before his death. I have a vast many pleasantries to tell you, and some that will make your hair stand on an end with wonder. Adieu, dear sister: conservez-moi l'honneur de votre amitié, et croyez que je suis toute à vous.

CAVENDISH SQUARE,—1727.

I cannot deny but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation Day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into

Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her gray hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J—n had not displayed all her charms in honor of the day. The poor Duchess of M—se crept along, with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face; and my lady P—nd (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than anything in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affectionately yours, M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

LOUVÈRE, February 19th, N. S., 1753.

My Dear Child:

I GAVE you some general thoughts on the education of your children in my last letter; but fearing you should think I neglected your request, by answering it with too much conciseness, I am resolved to add to it what little I know on that subject, and which may perhaps be useful to you in a concern with which you seem so nearly affected.

People commonly educate their children as they build their houses,—according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they

were to be great ladies, which is often as little to be expected as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to confine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity are all great virtues; but pursued without discretion become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humor by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying, "I love to speak truth." One of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after her mother died, to show she was sincere! I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction; and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you) that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for your children. I do not mean that you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent; but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to support; yet it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power than it is commonly believed, to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil,— I mean acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think

so; which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and show them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may be either over- or undervalued. It is the common doctrine of what are called good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty, riches, greatness, &c.; which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over-eager desire of them. Why they should not look on these things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessaries that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of Lady F—— M—— was in great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her;—'tis true, her circumstances and your daughters' are very different. They should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good fortune if it should be offered them.

I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever Your affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

I should be glad if you sent me the third volume of Campbell's 'Architecture,' and with it any other entertaining books. I have seen the Duchess of Marlborough's 'Memoirs,' but should be glad of the 'Apology for a Late Resignation.' As to the ale, 'tis now so late in the year, it is impossible it should come good. You do not mention your father; my last letter from him told me he intended soon for England.

FROM A LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

Louvère, March 6, 1753.

I can truly affirm, I never deceived anybody in my life, excepting (which I confess has often happened undesigned) by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say, during his ministry, he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth,—which as they thought impossible to come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write

information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them. Most people confound the ideas of sense and cunning, though there are really no two things in nature more opposite: it is in part from this false reasoning, the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantages of learning,—the men fancying the improvement of our understandings would only furnish us with more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit or the ill consequences of detection. I could give many examples of ladies whose ill conduct has been very notorious, which has been owing to that ignorance which has exposed them to idleness, which is justly called the mother of mischief. There is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good breeding, —which if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons: which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity; though I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses, as Doctor Swift has supposed, it would be an established maxim among them that a mare could *not* be taught to pace.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

SEPTEMBER 30th, 1757.

. . . . . .

DAUGHTER! daughter! don't call names: you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favorite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders colored strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the

Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my love for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight; not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it; and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise: I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends.

MONTAIGNE

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

(1533–1592)

BY FERDINAND BÔCHER

MONTAIGNE tells us: «If I am talked of, I wish that it should be truthfully and accurately. I should willingly return from the other world to contradict him who should represent me other than I was, even were it to do me honor.» And in his own writings he has left a more truthful portrait of himself than any other hand could paint.

Were he to return to the world he might well be dissatisfied; for he would find himself variously pictured — untruthfully and inaccurately — as the type of the egotist, of the skeptic, of the epicurean. But with his keen eyes he would soon see that he himself was the originator of these false impressions. The truth is, his sincerity has been misunderstood. He has been taken at his word by a too literal world, that has transformed his absence of ambition into a desire for inaction, his independence of thought into the denial of received truths, his intelligent analysis of his own nature into a disrespect for human nature, and the humorous sketches of his conditions into commonplace vanity.

We need not read a biography of Montaigne to know him. He is all in his Essays. The more important events of his life are told or suggested in them. His inmost thoughts, his feelings, the good and bad of his character, its strength and its weaknesses, are all revealed in these pages. «I am myself the subject of my book,» he says truly. No other writer has ever so made himself the centre from which radiates, and to which converges, all that he touches upon. His book, in his own phrase again, is «consubstantial» with himself.

Yet he never paints a carefully studied full-length portrait of himself. We learn to know him only by becoming his companion,— by becoming intimate with him. All he tells us comes by the way, not in any formal sequence, but as occasion presents itself. At one moment he speaks of his great-grandfather, Ramon Eyquem, he who bought the Château de Montaigne, whence the name. Elsewhere he tells us not only the year of his birth, 1533, but the day and the precise hour. From his own conditions as mayor of Bordeaux, he passes to comments on his father's attitude in the same office. Some

of the tenderest pages in the Essays are devoted to this "kind father," "the best father that ever was," who, carrying out peculiar ideas of his own, had Michel pass his earliest years among peasants, made him learn Latin before he did French, and woke him in the morning by music. Many of these facts of his childhood are narrated to enforce Montaigne's own ideas on education; which were far beyond those of his age, and all of which have not even yet been put into practice.

The physical details of his existence he speaks of with a frequency and freedom to which nineteenth-century readers are not accustomed; nor is he less open regarding his personal habits and humors. He tells us with pleasant garrulity how he loved to talk and joke with his friends, what an indolent dreamer he was in his library, and yet what an eager traveler in foreign countries, even to the verge of old age. His love of books, even while he asserts that he was little of a reader, his special admiration for Plutarch, his thoughts about death, illness, and old age, his hatred of medicine, his detestation of deceit, his ignorances and awkwardnesses, his lack of memory, his dislike of ceremonious customs, his conservatism, his pride, his over-carefulness about money at one time and his over-carelessness at another, his dislike of "affairs," of trouble of any kind, his more than dislike of restraint, his thoughtful hours in his solitary tower away from all the servitudes of life,—these topics, and such as these, are all touched upon incidentally, and often illustrated by a quotation from Horace or Seneca.

But there are other passages which are illustrated—and could only be illustrated—by quotations from Plato. For the most part these were written in his later years, and this is one of the many proofs of the constant deepening and enriching of his thought. The serious interest he took in the complicated public affairs of his time turned his attention to questions regarding government, laws, beliefs, and crimes; which unquestionably concerned himself as a citizen and as a thinker, but which he considered from an admirably unprejudiced and impersonal point of view.

Thus we find that when Montaigne tells us he studies only himself, we must not take him too literally. He smiles behind the words. His Gascon vivacity is far removed from all formality and precision, and he makes no effort to be consistent, knowing that what he thinks to-day he may condemn to-morrow; for "man is an animal unstable and varying." But it is man, not himself alone, that he depicts, and the knowledge he seeks is of man in general. And he finds that knowledge is to be gained chiefly, but not only, by studying himself. "This long attention," he said, "that I devote to considering myself, trains me to judge also tolerably well of others;

it often happens to me to see and distinguish more exactly the conditions of my friends than they do themselves.» It is this blending of insight, whether about himself or about others, with the power of judging beyond all mere personality, that called forth Pascal's saying: «It is not in Montaigne but in myself that I find all I see in him.»

Many of Montaigne's best years he passed in active life, singularly open to all social pleasures, with ardent affections that found a response from his friend La Boëtie; who, dying only four years after they had met, was constantly present to Montaigne's thought, and was often nobly spoken of by him, during the thirty years that he survived him.

It was only at the age of thirty-eight that Montaigne retired, as it were, within himself; and closing «the great book of the world» he had been reading, gave himself up deliberately to companionship with the ancient authors familiar to him in youth, and always loved, and to that self-analysis, never morbid or declamatory, which gradually led him to the serene acceptance of things as they are, that manifests itself more and more as we advance in the Essays.

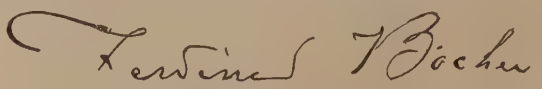
This is not the mood of a skeptic — taking the word, as it is now generally understood, to imply an absence of faith. Used in its primitive sense, it may be applied to Montaigne. He was essentially an examiner. He could see many sides in any matter he was considering, and they were all so vivid to him that the result was the question, «Que sçais-je?» which might be paraphrased, Who knows? Of every form of dogmatism he was the enemy — the skeptical enemy. But a man with such a high faith in human nature, and its possible development, as Montaigne shows himself to possess whenever he touches on education, friendship, virtue, the true use of knowledge and the true objects of life, — a man who admires the heroic side of humanity as profoundly as he does, — is no skeptic. The terrible effects in his own day of religious and political intolerance, had forced home on him the danger that lies in the imperative assertion of general philosophical or moral conceptions; and it might perhaps be said of him that for his age he was an agnostic, for he is almost dogmatic about one thing alone, namely that on many points we must accept the uncertainty of ignorance. His latent and sincere Catholicism removed him far from what the term «agnostic» denotes to-day; but to be «knowingly ignorant» is the state of mind he would have us acquire. Complete ignorance — «A B C ignorance» — is not wholly bad; to think that one knows is much worse; but it is excellent to have reached «the willing ignorance of those who know.» Let us not try to climb impossible heights, but abide on the level of attainable good. Such are the lessons he would have taught could he have become didactic. Moderation in all things, but a moderation that

accepts all heroisms as possible. If there seems to be an apparent contradiction in this, it finds its corrective in his modest precept, "Do thy deed and know thyself." The "deed," the "doing," of each of us according to his powers is the highest point we can ever reach. The three "most excellent" men in his eyes were Homer and Alexander the Great and Epaminondas: but his Psalm of Life would not bid us "make our lives sublime," but make them wise and happy, contented and resigned; wise with sobriety, happy with discretion, contented and resigned, but not passive and idle. Thus this sage of the Renaissance, this humanist full of pagan reminiscences, reaches conclusions which he himself phrases in the words of St. Paul: "Gloria nostra est testimonium conscientiæ nostræ."

Serenity, toleration in its broadest sense, not indifference,—that is the lesson we learn from the Essays. But even this vague definition of their value is too narrow. The adopted daughter of Montaigne, Mademoiselle de Gournay, said of him excellently, "Il désenseigne la sottise" (he unteaches foolishness). We do not merely learn, but we *unlearn* from him,—perhaps the greatest of benefits. We unlearn the unwisdom of the foolish world.

It is scarcely more easy to put a label on the style in which the Essays are written than on their contents. Its great charm lies in its characteristic freedom, expressiveness, and clearness. Sometimes eloquent, sometimes poetic and picturesque, it is always familiar. But praise is checked by remembrance of Montaigne's saying that he cared so much more for the meaning than the words, that when he heard any one dwelling on the language of the Essays he would rather they should be silent.

He did not aim at the distinction of being a great writer, still less of being a great man. Yet he unquestionably takes a high place among the representative men of humanity. But it is not as Montaigne the Skeptic that he should be known, nor Montaigne the Egotist, nor Montaigne the Epicurean; but as Montaigne the Sincere.



Bibliographic Note. — Two books of his Essays were first published in 1580; a third book was added in 1588. The first posthumous edition, with additions by the author, appeared in 1595; most of the modern editions follow this. The Journal of his travels was published in 1774. The Essays were translated into English early in the seventeenth century by John Florio; later by Charles Cotton. The best and latest translation, that by William Carew Hazlitt, is based on these.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

From the 'Essays'

READER, loe here a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forewarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end: I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory; my forces are not capable of any such desseigne. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends: to the end, that losing me (which they are likely to do ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humours, and by that meanes reserve more whole, and more lively foster, the knowledge and acquaintance they have had of me. Had my intention beene to forestal and purchase the worlds opinion and favour, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my naturall forme discerned, so farre-forth as publike reverence hath permitted me. For if my fortune had beene to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Natures first and uncorrupted lawes, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed my selfe fully and naked. Thus, gentle Reader, my selfe am the groundworke of my booke: It is then no reason thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a Subject. Therefore farewell.

Translation of John Florio.

The first of March. 1580.

OF FRIENDSHIP

From the 'Essays'

FOR the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which, there happens some little intercourse betwixt our Souls: but in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there

is no more sign of the Seame by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a reason why I lov'd him [Etienne de la Boëtie]; I find it could no otherwise be exprest, than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is, beyond I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in reason, meer reports should do, I think by some secret appointment of Heaven, we embraced in our Names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great City entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt our selves, that from thenceforward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent Latin Satyr, which I since Printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that being to have so short a continuance, as being begun so late (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the older), there was no time to lose; nor was ti'd to conform it self to the example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many precautions of a long præliminary Conversation. This has no other Idea, than that of its self; this is no one particular consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: 'tis I know not what quintessence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose it self in his, and that having seiz'd his whole Will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and lose it self in mine. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing to our selves, that was either his or mine.

Cotton's Translation, 1685.

OF BOOKS

From the 'Essays'

I MAKE no doubt but that I often happen to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade. You have here purely an essay of my natural parts, and not of those acquired: and whoever shall catch me tripping in ignorance, will not in any sort get the better of me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible

to another for my writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things but to lay open myself; they may, peradventure, one day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained; but I have utterly forgotten it: and if I am a man of some reading, I am a man of no retention; so that I can promise no certainty, more than to make known to what point the knowledge I now have has risen. Therefore, let none lay stress upon the matter I write, but upon my method in writing it. Let them observe, in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or help the invention, which is always my own. For I make others say for me, not before but after me, what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself so well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them; and had I designed to raise their value by number, I had made them twice as many; they are all, or within a very few, so famed and ancient authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writings, particularly the late ones, of men yet living, and in the vulgar tongue which puts every one into a capacity of criticizing, and which seems to convict the conception and design as vulgar also. I will have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. . . .

I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself, by an honest diversion; or if I study, 'tis for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to die and how to live well.

"Has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus."

I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should both lose myself and time: for I have an impatient understanding, that must be satisfied at first; what

*"Unto that goal my steed must needs make haste."

I do not discern at once, is by persistence rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gayety; continuation and a too obstinate endeavor darkens, stupefies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and defer my discovery to a new attempt; just as to judge rightly of the lustre of scarlet, we are taught to pass the eye lightly over it, and again to run it over at several sudden and reiterated glances. If one book do not please me, I take another; and never meddle with any, but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing. I do not care for new ones, because the old seem fuller and stronger; neither do I converse much with Greek authors, because my judgment cannot do its work with imperfect intelligence of the material. . . .

But, to pursue the business of this essay, I have always thought that, in poesy, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace by many degrees excel the rest; and signally, Virgil in his Georgics, which I look upon as the most accomplished piece in poetry. . . .

As to what concerns my other reading, that mixes a little more profit with the pleasure; and whence I learn how to marshal my opinions and conditions, the books that serve me to this purpose are Plutarch (since he has been translated into French) and Seneca. Both of these have this notable convenience suited to my humor, that the knowledge I there seek is discoursed in loose pieces, that do not require from me any trouble of reading long, of which I am incapable. Such are the minor works of the first and the epistles of the latter, which are the best and most profiting of all their writings. 'Tis no great attempt to take one of them in hand, and I give over at pleasure; for they have no sequence or dependence upon one another. These authors, for the most part, concur in useful and true opinions: and there is this parallel betwixt them, that fortune brought them into the world about the same century; they were both tutors to two Roman emperors; both sought out from foreign countries; both rich and both great men. Their instruction is the cream of philosophy, and delivered after a plain and pertinent manner. Plutarch is more uniform and constant; Seneca more various and waving: the last toiled and bent his whole strength to fortify virtue against weakness, fear, and vicious appetites; the other seems more to slight their power, and to disdain to alter his pace and to stand upon his guard. Plutarch's opinions are Platonic, gentle, and accommodated to civil society; those of the other are

Stoical and Epicurean, more remote from the common use, but in my opinion more individually commodious and more firm. Seneca seems to lean a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time, and only seems; for I take it for certain that he speaks against his judgment when he condemns the action of the generous murderers of Cæsar. Plutarch is frank throughout; Seneca abounds with brisk touches and sallies, Plutarch with things that heat and move you more: this contents and pays you better; he guides us, the other pushes us on.

As to Cicero, those of his works that are most useful to my design are they that treat of philosophy, especially moral. But boldly to confess the truth (for since one has passed the barriers of impudence, off with the bridle), his way of writing, and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious: for his prefaces, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part of his work; whatever there is of life and marrow is smothered and lost in the long preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him,—which is a great deal for me,—and try to recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind; for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and to the reasons that properly help to form the knot I seek. For me, who only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical and Aristotelian dispositions of parts are of no use. I would have a man begin with the main proposition. I know well enough what death and pleasure are: let no man give himself the trouble to anatomize them for me. I look for good and solid reasons, at the first dash, to instruct me how to stand their shock; for which purpose neither grammatical subtleties nor the quaint contexture of words are argumentations of any use at all. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the redoubt: his languish about the subject; they are proper for the schools, for the bar, and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after, —time enough to find again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner to judges, whom a man has a design to gain over, right or wrong; to children and common people, to whom a man must say all, and see what will come of it. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attentive. . . . I come already fully prepared from my chamber. I need no allurement, no invitation, no sauce;

I eat the meat raw, so that instead of whetting my appetite by these preparatives, they tire and pall it. Will the license of the time excuse my sacrilegious boldness if I censure the dialogism of Plato himself as also dull and heavy, too much stifling the matter, and lament so much time lost by a man who had so many better things to say, in so many long and needless preliminary interlocutions? My ignorance will better excuse me, in that I understand not Greek so well as to discern the beauty of his language. I generally choose books that use sciences, not such as only lead to them. . . .

The historians are my right ball: for they are pleasant and easy, and where man in general, the knowledge of whom I hunt after, appears more vividly and entire than anywhere else: the variety and truth of his internal qualities in gross and piecemeal, the diversity of means by which he is united and knit, and the accidents that threaten him. Now those that write lives, by reason they insist more upon counsels than events, more upon what sallies from within than upon what happens without, are the most proper for my reading; and therefore, above all others, Plutarch is the man for me. . . . Cæsar, in my opinion, particularly deserves to be studied, not for the knowledge of the history only, but for himself, so great an excellence and perfection he has above all the rest, though Sallust be one of the number. In earnest I read this author with more reverence and respect than is usually allowed to human writings: one while considering him in his person, by his actions and miraculous greatness, and another in the purity and inimitable polish of his language, wherein he not only excels all other historians, as Cicero confesses, but peradventure even Cicero himself; speaking of his enemies with so much sincerity in his judgment, that (the false colors with which he strives to palliate his evil cause, and the ordure of his pestilent ambition, excepted) I think there is no fault to be objected against him, saving this, that he speaks too sparingly of himself,—seeing so many great things could not have been performed under his conduct, but that his own personal acts must necessarily have had a greater share in them than he attributes to them.

Translation of William Carew Hazlitt.

OF REPENTANCE

From the 'Essays'

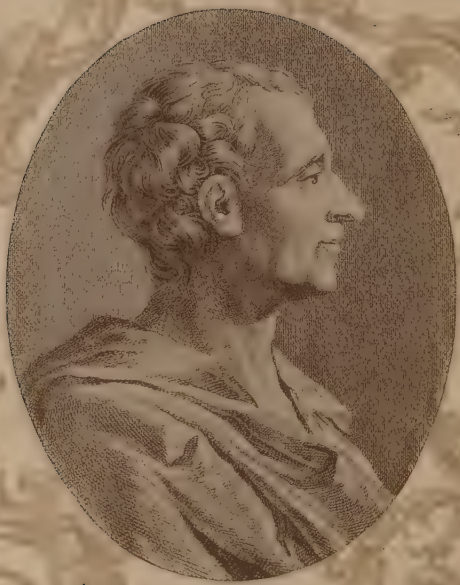
OTHERS form man: I only report him; and represent a particular one, ill fashioned enough, and whom, if I had to model him anew, I should certainly make something else than what he is: but that's past recalling. Now, though the features of my picture alter and change, 'tis not, however, unlike: the world eternally turns round; all things therein are incessantly moving,—the earth, the rocks of Caucasus, and the Pyramids of Egypt, both by the public motion and their own. Even constancy itself is no other but a slower and more languishing motion. . . . I must accommodate my history to the hour: I may presently change, not only by fortune, but also by intention. . . . Could my soul once take footing, I would not essay but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial.

I propose a life ordinary and without lustre; 'tis all one: all moral philosophy may as well be applied to a common and private life, as to one of richer composition; every man carries the entire form of human condition. Authors communicate themselves to the people by some especial and extrinsic mark: I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves. . . . I have this, at least, according to discipline, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding man alive: secondly, that never any man penetrated farther into his matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I need bring nothing but fidelity to the work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is anywhere to be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare: and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for methinks custom allows to age more liberty of prating, and more indiscretion of talking of a man's self. . . . My book and I go hand in hand together. Elsewhere men may commend or censure the work, without reference to the workman; here they cannot: who touches the one, touches the other. . . . I shall be happy beyond my desert, if I can obtain only thus

much from the public approbation, as to make men of understanding perceive that I was capable of profiting by knowledge, had I had it; and that I deserved to have been assisted by a better memory.

Be pleased here to excuse what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my conscience is satisfied with itself, not as the conscience of an angel, or that of a horse, but as the conscience of a man; always adding this clause,—not one of ceremony, but a true and real submission,—that I speak inquiring and doubting, purely and simply referring myself to the common and accepted beliefs for the resolution. I do not teach, I only relate.

Translation of William Carew Hazlitt.



MONTESQUIEU.

MONTESQUIEU

(1689–1755)

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

NTO whatever condition of life a man is born, he finds the State made up. If he discovers that society is ever in a flux, he will also discover that its foundations are laid deep. The complexity of his surrounding may awaken his astonishment, his acquiescence, or his resentment. With desire to know, he may work out a political system of things and men. Its value to himself or to others depends on his insight, his data, his conclusions. These may be narrow and limited. His intellection may remain only for a brief time a part of his own little world. Or his may be the insight of genius; his data, of the whole world; his conclusions, those of a philosopher. He may have put into literary form for use and application in that vast public business which we call government, the experience of men in all ages, under different skies, and animated by different conceptions of life.

Charles Louis de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, was born at the château of La Brède, near Bordeaux in 1689. He came of aristocratic stock on both sides, and inherited title, place, and the life presidency of the Parliament of Bordeaux. With leisure, money, scholarly tastes, and a great fondness for society, the young man found life a delightful and instructive experience. At twenty-five he was admitted counselor of the Parliament. At twenty-six he married an heiress. At twenty-seven he found himself, by his uncle's will, one of the richest and most influential men in the department. And now, with the famous 'Persian Letters,' he began his serious work in literature. This book was made up of correspondence between two imaginary Persians of high rank, supposed to be traveling in Europe, and their friends at home. The letters satirize the social, political, ecclesiastical, and literary follies of the time with brilliant audacity. Though anonymous, the book was at once attributed to Montesquieu, and at the height of its vogue was suppressed by a ministerial decree. The irresistible wit of the letters, their crushing satire, and their elegant style, made the decree of the censor the trumpet of their fame; and from the day of their publication they set a fashion in literature. Who will venture now to estimate the

number of jealous, discomfited, and unsuccessful authors whose cry has gone up,—"Let us write some Persian letters also."

Another anonymous work appeared thirteen years later: the 'Considerations on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans.' Its authorship was soon suspected. Who save Montesquieu had such comprehension, such reflections, such a style? Yet this study of Roman civilization, that would make the reputation of any author, proved to be only the herald of Montesquieu's great work 'The Spirit of Laws.' It was published while he was in the midst of his political studies; and it bears interesting, and perhaps organic relation to the closing chapters of that work.

After its occupying him for twenty years, Montesquieu published his masterpiece, the 'Spirit of Laws,' at Geneva, in 1748. In less than two years it had passed into twenty-two editions. Time works out all equations, and resolves individuals and nations into their true elements. It has resolved Montesquieu into a political institution. His function is akin to that of great masses of men, organized as society, working out principles on which the State is laid. Because he expounds rather than codifies, he differs from Moses and Solon. Because he is a realist, and a modern, he differs from Plato and Aristotle. The whole world, down to his time, is his political parish, and he is singularly free from the prejudices that usually come from race, religion, country, occupation, and age. Because of this mental wholeness, his work provoked the hostility of sectaries, of political schools, of established orders of men. It illustrated antiquity, and marked the inauguration of a new order of the ages. Like great and useful political institutions, it is more fitting to attempt to measure its effects than to criticize its scope, plan, or character.

It appeared at a critical time. Democracy, in France, in England, in America, was stirring like sap in early spring; and leaf, flower, and bud, fruiting in revolution, were on the way. Yet it was not of democracy, specially, that he wrote; nor of aristocracy; nor of despotism. He never discloses his politics. His theme was more profound than a discussion of the mere form of the State. The State he found in various forms, and his purpose was to discover the law that regulates all forms. Analysis and illustration with him were wayside inns along the road to principles. Amidst the flux of human institutions he sought that which abides. His work therefore is economic, and its whole spirit modern. He knew men: he could disclose the spirit of their laws.

A hundred and fifty years have passed since he wrote, and the world has greatly changed: in large degree because of his instruction. Though he presents the State primarily as a compact, he shows that it is so only in form: it is essentially an organism. Political

institutions fall wholly within the domain of law. Words of high rank in the dictionary of politics — such as equality, luxury, education, morality, order, liberty — are in substance the masque of functions, and they co-ordinate the State in administration. Taxation is a method of common protection, whatever the form of the State. It is nature that sets the pace in government; therefore let those who organize and administer the State duly consider race, soil, and climate, for these affect the morals, the religion, the character of a people. Governments become an illustration of his famed definition of the laws: "the necessary relations arising from the nature of things." These relations extend throughout the sphere of human activities, and are disclosed by the operation of forces more or less clear, whatever the form of the State. Of these forces, which he called the spirit of laws, he wrote. Passing over the field affected by this spirit, he found all human interests inclosed within it.

A book of relations like this would make much of commerce and its tributaries. In whatever way a people foster commerce, they will thereby give a clew to the spirit of their political institutions. This, it may be observed, is distinctively a modern view of the State. Montesquieu anticipates our own time by recognizing that persons outrank things in the State. Democracy in America has as yet not fully caught up with this idea. He sees in money a sign or symbol of values; and in wealth, the capacity of a people to realize the opportunities of civilization. Fundamental to the State is the family; whence the importance of the laws affecting marriage, the domestic relations, the rights of women and children, and the relation the State holds to them. Perpetuity is a paramount function of the State; whence laws of religion and of war, those affecting ecclesiastical orders, church tenures, crimes and punishments. He suggests but less often draws conclusions, and in this lies no small part of his influence.

Though saying much of laws, he is not a mere legalist: otherwise his work would be no more than a masterly treatise on codes and decrees, or an abstruse speculation on human government. His 'Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains' has been pronounced by some to be his most learned work; yet its learning has not given it the utility of the 'Spirit of Laws.' It is rich in illustration; subtle in analysis; comprehensive in conclusions. But the Roman era closed, and the modern, the English, began, about the time of the appearance of this book in 1734. Antiquity until then was the world's chief instructor; but after the opening of the second half of the eighteenth century, the ancient régime was found to demand translation, and much of its political wisdom to be useless to the modern world. No one recognized this

more clearly than did Montesquieu; and his was the genius to transform the whole estate of politics into a fee simple, vested in the individual citizen of the new régime. His influence in England and America illustrates this. Any nation is fond of the philosopher who discovers its admirable qualities, and especially when they are obscure to those who enjoy them. England stands in such an attitude to Montesquieu. He is popularly credited with the discovery of the tripartite form of the English Constitution, and was the first eminent Continental scholar to locate liberty in its purest form in the British Isles. If all this discovery was of a tendency rather than of a fact, it still counted in administration; and though a mere tendency, its consequences were bound to be great.

Among the first of Englishmen who spoke with authority and recognized Montesquieu was Justice Blackstone. Early in his 'Commentaries' he cited the 'Spirit of Laws' as of rank with the opinions of Coke, of Grotius, and of Justinian. But this friendly citation was less fruitful in political effects in England than in America. The 'Spirit of Laws' had been published ten years when Blackstone entered upon his duties as Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, and was known to the Americans. Almost at the opening of his 'Commentaries,' Blackstone quotes Montesquieu as authority that England was perhaps the only country in which political and civil liberty was the end and scope of the Constitution. A Frenchman who would say that was sure of fame in English foot-notes. The 'Commentaries' at their appearance became the text-book for all students of English law, and in America were used with great ardor. There political changes were pending. A revolution was at hand, and chiefly because the colonists believed that they were denied the ancient and undoubted rights of Englishmen. Colonialism fast gave way to continentalism. A Congress assembled to take stock of grievances and to appeal to the whole world. This included the inhabitants of Quebec, to whom an address, written by John Dickinson, was sent. He was its author because of his familiarity with the French language. The address consisted chiefly of pertinent quotations from the 'Spirit of Laws.' England was accused of attempting to subvert civil authority in America. Was not this contrary to "your countryman, the immortal Montesquieu?" Did he not say—"In a free State every man, as is supposed of a free agent, ought to be concerned in his own government: therefore the legislative should reside in the whole body of the people, or their representatives;" "The political liberty of the subject is the tranquillity of mind arising from the opinion which a person has of his safety;" "In order to have this liberty, it is requisite that government be so constituted that one man need not be afraid of another;" "When the power of making laws

and the power of executing them are united in the same person, or the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty, because apprehensions may arise lest the same monarch or magistrates should enact tyrannical laws and execute them in a tyrannical manner;» «The power of judging should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people at certain times of the year, pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law;» «There is no liberty if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers;» «Military men belong to a profession which may be useful, but is often dangerous;» «The enjoyment of liberty, and even its support and preservation, consists in every man's being allowed to speak his thoughts and lay open his sentiments»?

What was the significance of all this, more than that Montesquieu knew the British Constitution, that he had pointed out the true spirit of laws, and that he was the court of last resort when a civil war was impending between the parts of an empire? Had not Great Britain accepted his interpretation of liberty, in the writings of the greatest commentator on her laws? This was turning the tables, and the Americans pressed their point. The Quebec address was read with enthusiasm everywhere in America except Quebec. Montesquieu was henceforth the political guide-book of the new nation. Here was to be found the wisdom of the ages all arranged for practical use, awaiting independent America. As the colonies became commonwealths they modified the form of their constitutions; and the men who made the changes knew Montesquieu as familiarly as they knew the traditions of Englishmen. This is evident from the speeches they made; the pamphlets they wrote; the constitutions they adopted.

Montesquieu thus became grafted into American institutions during that critical period from 1765 to 1776. Nor was this the end. A more critical period followed. Jefferson shows the influence of Montesquieu in the great Declaration. Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Hamilton, and the men of their generation in America who received legal or collegiate training, read Montesquieu (and the other political encyclopædists) with intent to use his wisdom in practical politics. They knew him even better than they knew Blackstone.

As soon as Washington decided to attend the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, «he made himself familiar with the reasonings of Montesquieu.» His copy of the 'Spirit of Laws,' like Madison's, attests by its marginal notes with what care it was read. In the Convention, as the Constitution evolved, no writer was quoted as of higher authority. On several occasions Dickinson showed that he had not forgotten the Quebec address or its principal authority. Nor was this the conclusion of the matter. Two of the framers of the

Constitution, Hamilton and Madison,—and Jay, soon to be called to expound it,—projected and wrote a series of newspaper articles, known as the 'Federalist,' in exposition and defense of the proposed plan; directed to the people of the State of New York, who at the time were considering the question of ratification. Of the twenty foot-notes to the 'Federalist,' three refer to Blackstone and three to the 'Spirit of Laws'; but the references to Montesquieu are accompanied by quotations, one of which is the longest quotation in the 'Federalist.' The ninth and the seventy-eighth numbers, in which the quotations from Montesquieu occur, are by Hamilton. The paramount influence of Montesquieu in the American constitutions is seen in the practically successful separation of the three functions of the State, "to the end," as the Constitution of Massachusetts puts it, that "it may be a government of laws and not of men"; and, as this and others provide, that one department shall never exercise the powers of either of the others. The phrase "checks and balances in government," which occurs so often in American political literature down to 1850, though not originating with Montesquieu, is an American abbreviation of a large use of him in practical politics. When it is remembered that the American constitutions are the oldest written constitutions in existence, that they have become precedents for all later republics, and that they have powerfully affected the written and the unwritten constitutions of European nations,—the influence of Montesquieu must be acknowledged to be as wide-spread, in our day, as are the sources on which he based his profound conclusions.

To this influence, as it were by dynastic and political succession, there must be added the economic and educational influence he has long exercised in all civilized countries. He has been a principal text-book in politics for a century and a half. In English-speaking lands he has quite displaced Aristotle; for he is found, on trial, to be the only writer whom a modern student can understand without such a body of corrective notes as to make the original text a mere exercise in translation. Specialization, which characterizes modern scholarship, has relegated portions of the 'Spirit of Laws' to the epoch-making books of the past, and has left those portions as a sort of political encyclopædia that the world has outgrown. Time is a trying editor, and many who read Montesquieu now feel that they are going over some old edition of a general treatise on government. What change is this in a book which, as Helvetius and Saurin, fellow Academicians, warned Montesquieu, contained so many innovations that his reputation would be destroyed! His reply was, "Prolem sine creatam" (Spare the born child).

Fortune favored Montesquieu at birth and through life. Ten years in the hereditary office of chief justice at Bordeaux, near which city

he was born, completed his public services. He was thirty-seven when he resigned and entered upon the life of the scholar. Montesquieu was an academician and an encyclopædist, and with Voltaire, helped to turn the world upside down. But between the two men acquaintance never ripened into love. The 'Persian Letters,' which Montesquieu published at thirty-two, laid the foundations of his fame, and started a controversy that raged even at his death-bed.

«Vous savez, Monsieur le President,» began the curate of Saint Sulpice, in exhortation, as Montesquieu lay dying, «Vous savez combien Dieu est grand.» «Oui,» quickly replied the philosopher, «et combien les hommes sont petits.»*

Francis Hovey Stoddard

ON THE POWER OF PUNISHMENTS

From 'The Spirit of Laws'

EXPERIENCE shows that in countries remarkable for the lenity of their laws, the spirit of the inhabitants is as much affected by slight penalties as in other countries by severer punishments.

If an inconveniency or abuse arises in the State, a violent government endeavors suddenly to redress it; and instead of putting the old laws in execution, it establishes some cruel punishment, which instantly puts a stop to the evil. But the spring of government hereby loses its elasticity: the imagination grows accustomed to the severe as well as to the milder punishment; and as the fear of the latter diminishes, they are soon obliged in every case to have recourse to the former. Robberies on the highway were grown common in some countries. In order to remedy this evil, they invented the punishment of breaking upon the wheel: the terror of which put a stop for a while to this mischievous practice; but soon after, robberies on the highways became as common as ever.

Desertion, in our days, was grown to a very great height; in consequence of which it was judged proper to punish those delinquents with death; and yet their number did not diminish. The reason is very natural: a soldier, accustomed to venture his life, despises, or affects to despise, the danger of losing it; he is habituated to the fear of shame: it would have been, therefore,

*«You know how great God is.»—«Yes, and how small men are.»

much better to have continued a punishment which branded him with infamy for life; the penalty was pretended to be increased, while it really was diminished.

Mankind must not be governed with too much severity: we ought to make a prudent use of the means which nature has given us to conduct them. If we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of criminals, and not from the moderation of punishments.

Let us follow nature, who has given shame to man for his scourge, and let the heaviest part of the punishment be the infamy attending it.

But if there be some countries where shame is not a consequence of punishment, this must be owing to tyranny, which has inflicted the same penalties on villains and honest men.

And if there are others where men are deterred only by cruel punishments, we may be sure that this must, in a great measure, arise from the violence of the government, which has used such penalties for slight transgressions.

It often happens that a legislator, desirous of remedying an abuse, thinks of nothing else: his eyes are open only to this object, and shut to its inconveniences. When the abuse is redressed, you see only the severity of the legislator;—yet there remains an evil in the State, that has sprung from this severity: the minds of the people are corrupted and become habituated to despotism.

Lysander having obtained a victory over the Athenians, the prisoners were ordered to be tried, in consequence of an accusation brought against that nation of having thrown all the captives of two galleys down a precipice, and of having resolved, in full assembly, to cut off the hands of those whom they should chance to make prisoners. The Athenians were therefore all massacred, except Adymantes, who had opposed this decree. Lysander reproached Philocles, before he was put to death, with having depraved the people's minds, and given lessons of cruelty to all Greece.

"The Argives" (says Plutarch), "having put fifteen hundred of their citizens to death, the Athenians ordered sacrifices of expiation, that it might please the gods to turn the hearts of the Athenians from so cruel a thought."

There are two sorts of corruption: one when the people do not observe the laws; the other when they are corrupted by the laws,—an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself.

IN WHAT MANNER REPUBLICS PROVIDE FOR THEIR SAFETY

From 'The Spirit of Laws'

IF A republic be small, it is destroyed by a foreign force; if it be large, it is ruined by an internal imperfection.

To this twofold inconveniency democracies and aristocracies are equally liable, whether they be good or bad. The evil is in the very thing itself, and no form can redress it.

It is therefore very probable that mankind would have been, at length, obliged to live constantly under the government of a single person, had they not contrived a kind of constitution that has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchical government. I mean a confederate republic.

This form of government is a convention, by which several petty States agree to become members of a larger one which they intend to establish. It is a kind of assemblage of societies that constitute a new one, capable of increasing by means of further associations, till they arrive at such a degree of power as to be able to provide for the security of the whole body.

It was these associations that so long ago contributed to the prosperity of Greece. By these the Romans attacked the whole globe; and by these alone the whole globe withstood them. For when Rome had attained her highest pitch of grandeur, it was the associations beyond the Danube and the Rhine,—associations formed by the terror of her arms,—that enabled the barbarians to resist her. From hence it proceeds that Holland, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons are considered in Europe as perpetual republics.

The associations of cities were formerly more necessary than in our times. A weak defenseless town was exposed to greater danger. By conquest, it was deprived not only of the executive and legislative power, as at present, but moreover of all human rights.

A republic of this kind, able to withstand an external force, may support itself without any internal corruption; the form of this society prevents all manner of inconveniences.

If a single member should attempt to usurp the supreme power, he could not be supposed to have an equal authority and credit in all the confederate States. Were he to have too great an influence over one, this would alarm the rest; were he to subdue a part, that which would still remain free might oppose

him with forces independent of those which he had usurped, and overpower him before he could be settled in his usurpation.

Should a popular insurrection happen in one of the confederate States, the others are able to quell it. Should abuses creep into one part, they are reformed by those that remain sound. The State may be destroyed on one side and not on the other; the confederacy may be dissolved, and the confederates preserve their sovereignty.

As this government is composed of petty republics, it enjoys the internal happiness of each; and with regard to its external situation, by means of the association it possesses all the advantages of large monarchies.

ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY AMONG THE ROMAN CIVILIANS

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

One would never have imagined that slavery should owe its birth to pity, and that this should have been excited three different ways.

The law of nations, to prevent prisoners from being put to death, has allowed them to be made slaves. The civil law of the Romans empowered debtors, who were subject to be ill-used by their creditors, to sell themselves. And the law of nature requires that children whom a father in the state of servitude is no longer able to maintain, should be reduced to the same state as the father.

These reasons of the civilians are all false. It is false that killing in war is lawful, unless in a case of absolute necessity; but when a man has made another his slave, he cannot be said to have been under a necessity of taking away his life, since he actually did not take it away. War gives no other right over prisoners than to disable them from doing any farther harm, by securing their persons. All nations concur in detesting the murdering of prisoners in cold blood.

Neither is it true that a freeman can sell himself. Sale implies a price: now, when a person sells himself, his whole substance immediately devolves to his master; the master therefore in that case gives nothing, and the slave receives nothing. You will say he has a *peculium*. But this *peculium* goes along with his

person. If it is not lawful for a man to kill himself, because he robs his country of his person, for the same reason he is not allowed to barter his freedom. The freedom of every citizen constitutes a part of the public liberty; and in a democratical State is even a part of the sovereignty. To sell one's freedom is so repugnant to all reason as can scarcely be supposed in any man. If liberty may be rated with respect to the buyer, it is beyond all price to the seller. The civil law which authorizes a division of goods among men, cannot be thought to rank among such goods a part of the men who were to make this division. The same law annuls all iniquitous contracts; surely, then, it affords redress in a contract where the grievance is most enormous

The third way is birth: which falls with the two former; for if a man could not sell himself, much less could he sell an unborn infant. If a prisoner of war is not to be reduced to slavery, much less are his children.

The lawfulness of putting a malefactor to death arises from this circumstance,—the law by which he is punished was made for his security. A murderer, for instance, has enjoyed the benefit of the very law which condemns him; it has been a continued protection to him: he cannot therefore object against it. But it is not so with the slave. The law of slavery can never be beneficial to him; it is in all cases against him, without ever being for his advantage; and therefore this law is contrary to the fundamental principle of all societies.

If it be pretended that it has been beneficial to him, as his master has provided for his subsistence, slavery at this rate should be limited to those who are incapable of earning their livelihood. But who will take up with such slaves? As to infants,—nature, which has supplied their mothers with milk, has provided for their sustenance; and the remainder of their childhood approaches so near the age in which they are most capable of being of service, that he who supports them cannot be said to give them an equivalent which can entitle him to be their master.

Nor is slavery less opposite to the civil law than to that of nature. What civil law can restrain a slave from running away, since he is not a member of society, and consequently has no interest in any civil institutions? He can be retained only by a family law; that is, by the master's authority.

ON THE SPIRIT OF TRADE

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

COMMERCE is a cure for the most destructive prejudices: for it is almost a general rule, that wherever we find agreeable manners, there commerce flourishes; and that wherever there is commerce, there we meet with agreeable manners.

Let us not be astonished, then, if our manners are now less savage than formerly. Commerce has everywhere diffused a knowledge of the manners of all nations; these are compared one with another; and from this comparison arise the greatest advantages.

Commercial laws, it may be said, improve manners for the same reason as they destroy them. They corrupt the purest morals; this was the subject of Plato's complaints; and we every day see that they polish and refine the most barbarous.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.

But if the spirit of commerce unites nations, it does not in the same manner unite individuals. We see that in countries where the people are moved only by the spirit of commerce, they make a traffic of all the humane, all the moral virtues: the most trifling things — those which humanity itself demands — are there done or there given only for money.

The spirit of trade produces in the mind of man a certain sense of exact justice; opposite on the one hand to robbery, and on the other to those moral virtues which forbid our always adhering rigidly to the rules of private interest, and suffer us to neglect this for the advantage of others.

The total privation of trade, on the contrary, produces robbery; which Aristotle ranks in the number of means of acquiring, yet it is not at all inconsistent with certain moral virtues. Hospitality, for instance, is most rare in trading countries, while it is found in the most admirable perfection among nations of vagabonds.

It is a sacrilege, says Tacitus, for a German to shut his door against any man whomsoever, whether known or unknown. He who has behaved with hospitality to a stranger goes to show him another house where this hospitality is also practiced; and

he is there received with the same humanity. But when the Germans had founded kingdoms, hospitality was become burthensome. This appears by two laws of the code of the Burgundians: one of which inflicted a penalty on every barbarian who presumed to show a stranger the house of a Roman; and the other decreed that whoever received a stranger should be indemnified by the inhabitants, every one being obliged to pay his proper proportion.

ON THE TRUE NATURE OF BENEVOLENCE

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

A man is not poor because he has nothing, but because he does not work. The man who without any degree of wealth has an employment, is as much at his ease as he who without labor has an income of a hundred crowns a year. He who has no substance, and yet has a trade, is not poorer than he who, possessing ten acres of land, is obliged to cultivate it for his subsistence. The mechanic who gives his art as an inheritance to his children has left them a fortune which is multiplied in proportion to their number. It is not so with him who, having ten acres of land, divides it amongst his children.

In trading countries, where many men have no other subsistence but from the arts, the State is frequently obliged to supply the necessities of the aged, the sick, and the orphan. A well-regulated government draws this support from the arts themselves. It gives to some, such employment as they are capable of performing; others are taught to work, and this teaching becomes of itself an employment.

The alms given to a naked man in the street do not fulfill the obligations of the State, which owes to every citizen a certain subsistence, a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health.

Aurengzebe being asked why he did not build hospitals, said, "I will make my empire so rich that there shall be no need of hospitals." He ought to have said, "I will begin by rendering my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals."

The riches of the State suppose great industry. Amidst the numerous branches of trade, it is impossible but some must suffer;

and consequently the mechanics must be in a momentary necessity.

Whenever this happens, the State is obliged to lend them a ready assistance; whether it be to prevent the sufferings of the people, or to avoid a rebellion. In this case hospitals, or some equivalent regulations, are necessary to prevent this misery.

But when the nation is poor, private poverty springs from the general calamity; and is, if I may so express myself, the general calamity itself. All the hospitals in the world cannot cure this private poverty; on the contrary, the spirit of indolence which it constantly inspires, increases the general and consequently the private misery.

Henry VIII., resolving to reform the Church of England, ruined the monks, of themselves a lazy set of people, that encouraged laziness in others; because, as they practiced hospitality, an infinite number of idle persons, gentlemen and citizens, spent their lives in running from convent to convent. He demolished even the hospitals, in which the lower people found subsistence, as the gentlemen did theirs in the monasteries. Since these changes, the spirit of trade and industry has been established in England.

At Rome the hospitals place every one at his ease except those who labor, except those who are industrious, except those who have land, except those who are engaged in trade.

I have observed that wealthy nations have need of hospitals, because fortune subjects them to a thousand accidents; but it is plain that transient assistances are much better than perpetual foundations. The evil is momentary; it is necessary therefore that the succor should be of the same nature, and that it be applied to particular accidents.

ON RELIGION

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

The different religions of the world do not give to those who profess them equal motives of attachment: this depends greatly on the manner in which they agree with the turn of thought and perceptions of mankind. We are extremely addicted to idolatry, and yet have no great inclination for the religion of idolaters; we are not very fond of spiritual ideas, and

yet are most attached to those religions which teach us to adore a spiritual being. This proceeds from the satisfaction we find in ourselves at having been so intelligent as to choose a religion which raises the Deity from that baseness in which he had been placed by others. We look upon idolatry as the religion of an ignorant people; and the religion which has a spiritual being for its object as that of the most enlightened nations.

When with a doctrine that gives us the idea of a spiritual supreme being, we can still join those of a sensible nature, and admit them into our worship, we contract a greater attachment to religion; because those motives which we have just mentioned are added to our natural inclinations for the objects of sense. Thus the Catholics, who have more of this kind of worship than the Protestants, are more attached to their religion than the Protestants are to theirs, and more zealous for its propagation.

When the people of Ephesus were informed that the fathers of the council had declared they might call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God, they were transported with joy; they kissed the hands of the bishops, they embraced their knees, and the whole city resounded with acclamations.

When an intellectual religion superadds a choice made by the Deity, and a preference of those who profess it to those who do not, this greatly attaches us to religion. The Mahometans would not be such good Mussulmans, if on the one hand there were not idolatrous nations who make them imagine themselves the champions of the unity of God; and on the other, Christians to make them believe that they are the objects of his preference.

A religion burthened with many ceremonies attaches us to it more strongly than that which has a fewer number. We have an extreme propensity to things in which we are continually employed: witness the obstinate prejudices of the Mahometans and the Jews, and the readiness with which barbarous and savage nations change their religion,—who, as they are employed entirely in hunting or war, have but few religious ceremonies.

Men are extremely inclined to the passions of hope and fear: a religion therefore that had neither a heaven nor a hell could hardly please them. This is proved by the ease with which foreign religions have been established in Japan, and the zeal and fondness with which they were received.

In order to raise an attachment to religion, it is necessary that it should inculcate pure morals. Men who are knaves by retail are extremely honest in the gross: they love morality.

And were I not treating of so grave a subject, I should say that this appears remarkably evident in our theatres: we are sure of pleasing the people by sentiments avowed by morality; we are sure of shocking them by those it disapproves.

When external worship is attended with great magnificence, it flatters our minds, and strongly attaches us to religion. The riches of temples, and those of the clergy, greatly affect us. Thus, even the misery of the people is a motive that renders them fond of a religion which has served as a pretext to those who were the cause of their misery.

ON TWO CAUSES WHICH DESTROYED ROME

From the 'Grandeur and Decadence of the Roman Empire'

WHILST the sovereignty of Rome was confined to Italy, it was easy for the commonwealth to subsist: every soldier was at the same time a citizen; every consul raised an army, and other citizens marched into the field under his successor: as their forces were not very numerous, such persons only were received among the troops as had possessions considerable enough to make them interested in the preservation of the city; the Senate kept a watchful eye over the conduct of the generals, and did not give them an opportunity of machinating anything to the prejudice of their country.

But after the legions had passed the Alps and crossed the sea, the soldiers whom the Romans had been obliged to leave during several campaigns in the countries they were subduing, lost insensibly that genius and turn of mind which characterized a Roman citizen; and the generals having armies and kingdoms at their disposal were sensible of their own strength, and would no longer obey.

The soldiers therefore began to acknowledge no superior but their general; to found their hopes on him only, and to view the city as from a great distance: they were no longer the soldiers of the republic, but of Sylla, of Marius, of Pompey, and of Cæsar. The Romans could no longer tell whether the person who headed an army in a province was their general or their enemy.

So long as the people of Rome were corrupted by their tribunes only, on whom they could bestow nothing but their power, the Senate could easily defend themselves, because they acted consistently and with one regular tenor, whereas the common

people were continually shifting from the extremes of fury to the extremes of cowardice; but when they were enabled to invest their favorites with a formidable exterior authority, the whole wisdom of the Senate was baffled, and the commonwealth was undone.

The reason why free States are not so permanent as other forms of government is because the misfortunes and successes which happen to them generally occasion the loss of liberty; whereas the successes and misfortunes of an arbitrary government contribute equally to the enslaving of the people. A wise republic ought not to run any hazard which may expose it to good or ill fortune; the only happiness the several individuals of it should aspire after is to give perpetuity to their State.

If the unbounded extent of the Roman empire proved the ruin of the republic, the vast compass of the city was no less fatal to it.

The Romans had subdued the whole universe by the assistance of the nations of Italy, on whom they had bestowed various privileges at different times. Most of those nations did not at first set any great value on the freedom of the city of Rome, and some chose rather to preserve their ancient usages; but when this privilege became that of universal sovereignty,—when a man who was not a Roman citizen was considered as nothing, and with this title was everything,—the people of Italy resolved either to be Romans or die: not being able to obtain this by cabals and entreaties, they had recourse to arms; and rising in all that part of Italy opposite to the Ionian sea, the rest of the allies were going to follow their example. Rome, being now forced to combat against those who were, if I may be allowed the figure, the hands with which they shackled the universe, was upon the brink of ruin; the Romans were going to be confined merely to their walls: they therefore granted this so much wished-for privilege to the allies who had not yet been wanting in fidelity; and they indulged it, by insensible degrees, to all other nations.

But now Rome was no longer that city the inhabitants of which had breathed one and the same spirit, the same love for liberty, the same hatred of tyranny; a city in which a jealousy of the power of the Senate and of the prerogatives of the great (ever accompanied with respect) was only a love of equality. The nations of Italy being made citizens of Rome, every

city brought thither its genius, its particular interests, and its dependence on some mighty protector: Rome, being now rent and divided, no longer formed one entire body, and men were no longer citizens of it but in a kind of fictitious way; as there were no longer the same magistrates, the same walls, the same gods, the same temples, the same burying-places, Rome was no longer beheld with the same eyes; the citizens were no longer fired with the same love for their country, and the Roman sentiments were obliterated.

Cities and nations were now invited to Rome by the ambitious, to disconcert the suffrages, or influence them in their own favor; the public assemblies were so many conspiracies against the State, and a tumultuous crowd of seditious wretches was dignified with the title of Comitia. The authority of the people and their laws—nay, that people themselves—were no more than so many chimæras; and so universal was the anarchy of those times, that it was not possible to determine whether the people had made a law or not.

Authors enlarge very copiously on the divisions which proved the destruction of Rome; but their readers seldom discover those divisions to have been always necessary and inevitable. The grandeur of the republic was the only source of that calamity, and exasperated popular tumults into civil wars. Dissensions were not to be prevented; and those martial spirits which were so fierce and formidable abroad could not be habituated to any considerable moderation at home. Those who expect in a free State to see the people undaunted in war and pusillanimous in peace, are certainly desirous of impossibilities; and it may be advanced as a general rule that whenever a perfect calm is visible, in a State that calls itself a republic, the spirit of liberty no longer subsists.

Union, in a body politic, is a very equivocal term: true union is such a harmony as makes all the particular parts, as opposite as they may seem to us, concur to the general welfare of the society, in the same manner as discords in music contribute to the general melody of sound. Union may prevail in a State full of seeming commotions; or in other words, there may be a harmony from whence results prosperity, which alone is true peace; and may be considered in the same view as the various parts of this universe, which are eternally connected by the action of some and the reaction of others.

In a despotic State, indeed, which is every government where the power is immoderately exerted, a real division is perpetually kindled. The peasant, the soldier, the merchant, the magistrate, and the grandee, have no other conjunction than what arises from the ability of the one to oppress the other without resistance; and if at any time a union happens to be introduced, citizens are not then united, but dead bodies are laid in the grave contiguous to each other.

It must be acknowledged that the Roman laws were too weak to govern the republic; but experience has proved it to be an invariable fact that good laws, which raise the reputation and power of a small republic, become incommodious to it when once its grandeur is established, because it was their natural effect to make a great people but not to govern them.

The difference is very considerable between good laws and those which may be called convenient; between such laws as give a people dominion over others, and such as continue them in the possession of power when they have once acquired it.

There is at this time a republic in the world (the Canton of Berne), of which few persons have any knowledge, and which, by plans accomplished in silence and secrecy, is daily enlarging its power. And certain it is that if it ever rises to that height of grandeur for which it seems preordained by its wisdom, it must inevitably change its laws; and the necessary innovations will not be effected by any legislator, but must spring from corruption itself.

Rome was founded for grandeur, and her laws had an admirable tendency to bestow it; for which reason, in all the variations of her government, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or popular, she constantly engaged in enterprises which required conduct to accomplish them, and always succeeded. The experience of a day did not furnish her with more wisdom than all other nations, but she obtained it by a long succession of events. She sustained a small, a moderate, and an immense fortune with the same superiority, derived true welfare from the whole train of her prosperities, and refined every instance of calamity into beneficial instructions.

She lost her liberty because she completed her work too soon.

USBEK AT PARIS, TO IBBEN AT SMYRNA

From the 'Persian Letters'

THE women of Persia are finer than those of France, but those of this country are prettier. It is difficult not to love the first, and not to be pleased with the latter; the one are more delicate and modest, and the others more gay and airy. What in Persia renders the blood so pure is the regular life the women observe: they neither game nor sit up late, they drink no wine, and do not expose themselves to the open air. It must be allowed that the seraglio is better adapted for health than for pleasure: it is a dull, uniform kind of life, where everything turns upon subjection and duty; their very pleasures are grave, and their pastimes solemn, and they seldom taste them but as so many tokens of authority and dependence. The men themselves in Persia are not so gay as the French; there is not that freedom of mind, and that appearance of content, which I meet with here in persons of all estates and ranks. It is still worse in Turkey, where there are families in which, from father to son, not one of them ever laughed from the foundation of the monarchy. The gravity of the Asiatics arises from the little conversation there is among them, who never see each other but when obliged by ceremony. Friendship, that sweet engagement of the heart, which constitutes here the pleasure of life, is there almost unknown. They retire within their own house, where they constantly find the same company; insomuch that each family may be considered as living in an island detached from all others. Discoursing one time on this subject with a person of this country, he said to me:—

"That which gives me most offense among all your customs is the necessity you are under of living with slaves, whose minds and inclinations always savor of the meanness of their condition. Those sentiments of virtue which you have in you from nature are enfeebled and destroyed by these base wretches who surround you from your infancy. For, in short, divest yourself of prejudice, and what can you expect from an education received from such a wretch, who places his whole merit in being a jailer to the wives of another man, and takes a pride in the vilest employment in society? who is despicable for that very fidelity which is his only virtue, to which he is prompted by envy, jealousy, and despair; who, inflamed with a

desire of revenging himself on both sexes, of which he is an outcast, submits to the tyranny of the stronger sex provided he may distress the weaker; a wretch who, deriving from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, the whole lustre of his condition, is valued only because he is unworthy to be so; who, in short, riveted forever to the gate where he is placed, and harder than the hinges and bolts which secure it, boasts of having spent a life of fifty years in so ignoble a station, where, commissioned by his master's jealousy, he exercises all his cruelties."

RICA AT PARIS, TO IBBEN AT SMYRNA

From the 'Persian Letters'

WHETHER it is better to deprive women of their liberty or to permit it them, is a great question among men: it appears to me that there are good reasons for and against this practice. If the Europeans urge that there is a want of generosity in rendering those persons miserable whom we love, our Asiatics answer that it is meanness in men to renounce the empire which nature has given them over women. If they are told that a great number of women, shut up, are troublesome, they reply that ten women in subjection are less troublesome than one who is refractory.

Another question among the learned is, whether the law of nature subjects the women to the men. No, said a gallant philosopher to me the other day, nature never dictated such a law. The empire we have over them is real tyranny, which they only suffer us to assume because they have more good-nature than we, and in consequence more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority had we acted reasonably, have made them lose it because we have not the same advantages. But if it is true that the power we have over women is only tyrannical, it is no less so that they have over us a natural empire — that of beauty — which nothing can resist. Our power extends not to all countries; but that of beauty is universal. Wherefore then do we hear of this privilege? Is it because we are the strongest? But this is really injustice. We employ every kind of means to reduce their spirits. Their abilities would be equal with ours, if their education was the same. Let us examine them in those talents which education has

not enfeebled, and we shall see if ours are as great. It must be acknowledged, though it is contrary to our custom, that among the most polite people the women have always had the authority over their husbands; it was established among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It is said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I say nothing of the Sauromates, who were in perfect slavery to the sex: they were too barbarous to be brought for an example. Thou seest, my dear Ibben, that I have contracted the fashion of this country, where they are fond of defending extraordinary opinions, and reducing everything to a paradox. The prophet has determined the question, and settled the rights of each sex: the women, says he, must honor their husbands, and the men their wives; but the husbands are allowed one degree of honor more.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE

(1779–1852)

BY THOMAS WALSH

ALTHOUGH of late years, through the gradual change of taste, the importance of Thomas Moore to the critical reader has grown to be more that of a personality than that of a poet, yet, in large and steady demand at the libraries, his works outrank those of Byron, Scott, and all other popular poets.

Whether this be a tribute to his sentimentality or his music, there can be no doubt that Moore, who came of the people,—his father a small grocer and liquor-dealer of Dublin,—understood their feelings better than he is generally supposed to have done; and while he was singing to the languishing ladies of London, never forgot the less fashionable though no less sentimental audience beyond.

For it is by his songs that his name has made its place in the poet's corner of the heart: not by his elaborated pictures of an Orient that he never beheld; his loves of angelic (and too earthly) spirits; nor his high-flown and modish 'Evenings in Greece.' Fate has its ironies, and this is one of them: Tom Moore, the darling of English aristocracy, the wit of fashionable Bohemia, lives for us principally as the pretty Irish lad from Dublin; his boyish fad of Anacreon and Thomas Little forgotten, and only the songs that came from his heart remembered.

Born in a humble though decent quarter of Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, he inherited that love of country which is so characteristic of his race. Ireland has cause indeed to be grateful to Moore. It is true that his tastes and his friendships were placed far from her unfortunate shores. But in those days she offered no future to a literary man; and it required more than ordinary courage to espouse her cause when even sympathy with her was considered treasonable to England. Among his English friends, who thought Ireland synonymous with barbarity and ignorance, he moved about amiably patriotic, striking down the barriers of intolerance with the shafts of his conciliating wit. Sunday after Sunday, though his controversial works in favor of Catholicism would fill many volumes, he was to be found in an Anglican chapel.

While Moore never deserted or neglected his humble parents, of whom he was justifiably proud, nor forgot his early friends and

helpers, yet as he rose in life, his diaries contain few names but those of the great. With his gifts of social wit and gayety he was more courted than courting, however; and in this light should be received the saying that "Tommy dearly loved a lord." Few men ever surpassed him in that art of brilliant conversation that contributed so largely to his successful career. He is the past-master in that art among the moderns; and Golzan, when he asserted that the footmen in the old French salons were more distinguished in their conversation than the great writers since their day, should have excepted the Irish poet.

While not a great linguist, he was certainly endowed with the gift of tongues; so that when he left the University in Dublin in 1799, with his classical studies completed, he was proficient in both French and Italian. His name was now entered at the Middle Temple, London. His youth,—he was only twenty,—his humble parents and meagre fortunes, had not prevented him from gaining some foothold in Dublin society. For besides his personal gifts, he was already known as a poet, from some published effusions; and it was whispered that the pretty youth who had dabbled in the plot that sent his college-mate, Robert Emmet, to the gallows, had under his arm the manuscript of the 'Odes of Anacreon,' which, to the unsophisticated aristocrats of Dublin, must have given the young bard an air of fascinating worldliness.

His first business in London was to obtain a patron; and we soon hear of him as supping, through Lord Moira's influence, with the Prince Regent, at the table of Mrs. Fitzherbert. A subscription for the publication of the 'Odes,' headed by the name of his Royal Highness, soon enabled Moore to produce his dainty translations of the Teian bard, with all the conventional foot-notes and pretty pieces of learning that the time so much admired; with every nymph and cup-bearer pictured in corkscrew curls and voluminous draperies. It is an epitome of the spirit of its time,—this little volume,—so bland in its pretensions to learning, at the same time so fashionable and so seemingly erudite. Quotations in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian meet the eye on almost every page; and pretty conceits from outside sources, that can be brought by any straining of means into some connection with the main work, are scattered with a lavish hand.

The success of this volume was so great that we hear no more of Moore in the Middle Temple. In the years of prosperity and gayety that followed,—years of bewildering successes for so young a man,—a laureateship is offered and declined. The great men of the day stood anxious to be of use to the youth whom fashion had taken by the hand; and, again through the influence of Lord Moira, Moore was made Registrar of the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. But the island

of «the still-vext Bermoothes» was not to the taste of the gay little dancer in the sun; and tarrying there only long enough to appoint a deputy, he proceeded on the American tour that resulted in his 'Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems.' In America Moore naturally found little to admire. He was shocked at «the rude familiarity of the lower orders»; and on his arrival in Washington, took sides with the British minister and his wife in that historic quarrel with the President on the subject of social precedence, that mystified the magnates of the republican court.

He shared, indeed, the national aptitude for quarreling; on one occasion challenging Jeffrey to a duel, because of a critique in the Edinburgh,—a duel which the police interrupted at the crucial moment, and which resulted in the lifelong friendship of the combatants. It happened, however, that when the pistols were seized, one of them was discovered to be without a bullet; whereupon Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' so ridiculed the affair that Moore challenged him in turn. Friends however interfered, and a friendship was founded between the combatants that has for its memorial the 'Life and Journals of Lord Byron' by Thomas Moore.

In 1811 the poet married Miss Bessie Dyke, an Irish actress of some note, whose beauty had gained her from the fastidious Rogers the names of «Madonna della Sedia» and «Psyche.» She had all the womanly qualities of self-control, patience, and economy, that were needed by the wife of the spoiled little bard, who gave her until his death all the devotion of a lover.

His life after his marriage was to be one series of social and literary triumphs, shadowed only by the money difficulties by which his own carelessness and his Bermudan deputy's dishonesty threatened at one time to overwhelm him. He paid his debts, however, by means of the success of his satires, the generous terms of the Longmans in ordering 'Lalla Rookh,' and the pension of £300 given him by the government through the grace of Lord John Russell, who was one day to be his biographer. Fond as he was of dancing and dining, however, he was both industrious and persevering at his work-bench, where he turned out not less than thirty volumes, among the best known of which are—'The Odes of Anacreon,' 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' 'Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems,' 'The Two-penny Post Bag,' 'Lalla Rookh,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'The Epicurean, a Prose Story,' 'The Loves of the Angels,' 'The Life of Sheridan,' 'The Life of Lord Byron,' and 'The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.'

During his sojourns in France, while his friends compromised the Bermudan suits, Continental society united to do him honor. Royalty listened to his charming drolleries, and languished over the songs which he sang and accompanied on the piano with an elegance that

great musicians envied for its effect. 'Lalla Rookh' was presented by the Imperial personages on the court stage of St. Petersburg. The Duchess of Kent and the little Princess Victoria sang his own songs to him. For «Moore,» says Lady Morgan,—a very capable judge,—«now belongs to gilded saloons and grand pianofortes.»

When he goes to Ireland, he must kiss every woman on board the Dublin packet; and the galleries of the theatres ring with «Come, show your Irish face, Tom!» That he had the tastes of a dandy, we learn from a letter of the time describing his «smart white hat, kid gloves, brown frock coat, yellow cassimere waistcoat, gray duck trousers, and blue silk handkerchief carelessly secured in front by a silver pin.» At another time he orders a coat of «blue with yellow buttons»; but meanwhile he complains that he has been obliged to wear his white hat in the winter rains for want of a better. In spite of his toilets, however, the good-natured crowd that followed the «Great Poet» in his Irish wanderings were so disappointed that there were frequent outcries of «Well, 'tis a darling little pet, at any rate;» «Be dad, isn't he a dawny creature, and doesn't he just look like one of the good people!» (fairies). But there was never any lack of enthusiasm and cheering.

At length the shadows began to darken on the spirit of Moore, as one by one his five children died, and he was left at last alone with his devoted Bessy. His wit and brilliancy began to fade; and though, as Willis relates, he continued to stumble in his short-sighted way into the salons of the great houses where he was worshiped, and though he still sat among the wits and peers at table,—the light fancy, the store of anecdote and droll allusion, diminished until all that made his greatness became mere tradition. It was too late to hope that he would change his life,—retire to the privacy of his home, hiding the eclipse of mind that has so often darkened the last years of men of genius. It was in the midst of the gay and worldly throng in which he had passed his golden days that he lapsed into silence, and became the spectre of the feasts to which, above all, he was once welcome.

The end came in February 1852, when he had reached his seventy-third year. Of all his family, he was survived only by the noble woman who saw him laid beside their five children in the churchyard of Bromham in Wiltshire.

PARADISE AND THE PERI

From 'Lalla Rookh'

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet — oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years —
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which — Bramins say —
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said — "one hope is thine.

'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to heaven!
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin,—
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,—
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high,—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man the sacrifice of man
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades,
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?

'Tis he of Gazna: fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved sultana;
Maidens within their pure zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
«Live,» said the conqueror, «live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!»
Silent that youthful warrior stood;
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood:
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For liberty shed so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;
But see — alas! — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not: holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar mountains
Far to the south the Peri lighted,
And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile
And hail the new-born giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris's lake.

'Twas a fair scene: a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold

Basking in heaven's serenest light;
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright
When their beloved sun's awake;
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows flitting
Fast from the moon unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-winged sultana sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The demon of the plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape touched by his wing,
Like plants where the simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies;—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall:

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!»
She wept: the air grew pure and clear
Around her as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy,—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour
Had thither stolen to die alone:
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him; none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes;
No voice well known through many a day
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which when all other sounds decay
Is still like distant music heard,—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death:
That she whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have called his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth
This melancholy bower to seek,

Like a young envoy sent by Health
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she: far off, through moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothèd bride,—
She who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside!
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling-place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone;
Those lips that then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There — drink my tears while yet they fall;
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou knowest I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face:
Am I not thine — thy own loved bride —
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no —
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;

Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!»
She fails — she sinks; as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle; and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

«Sleep,» said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast,—
«Sleep on; in visions of odor rest;
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay
And in music and perfume dies away!»
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of Doomsday taken
From their dim graves in odor sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beamed
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart, with hope elate:
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake

Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain:
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed. "Not yet,"
The angel said, as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory:
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not: holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum

Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.
But naught can charm the luckless Peri:
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary;
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the sun
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging,
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount,
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,

Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that:
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed,—
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
As torches that have burnt all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight,—that heaven, that child,—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there, while memory ran

O'er many a year of guilt and strife,—
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence;
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies
And health reanimates earth and skies!
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw

From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh:
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief:
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

OH! THE days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last:
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream:
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me:
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?

No — vain, alas! the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever:
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away:
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer:
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,—
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be through the horrors of this:
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

NORA CREINA

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but him departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

OH! BREATHE not his name,—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

Miriam's Song

«And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.»
— Exod. xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!
Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!

«THOU ART, O GOD»

«The day is thine, the night is also thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

«Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter.» — Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

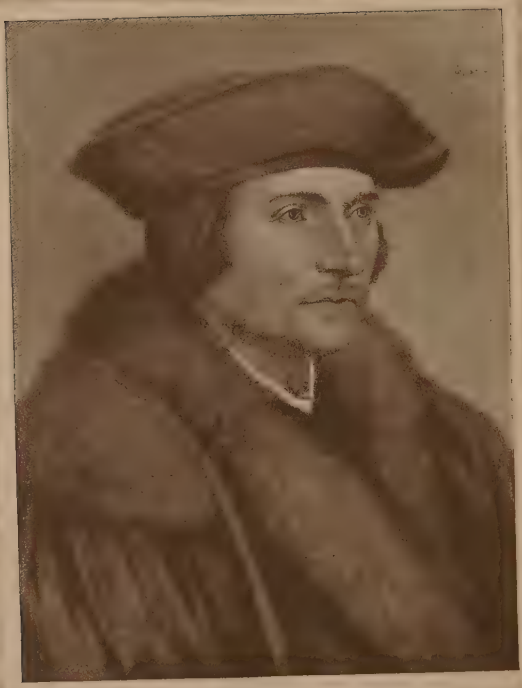
When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs:
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!



SIR THOMAS MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE

(1478–1535)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

SIR THOMAS MORE is conspicuous among English men of letters, not solely because of the quality of his English and Latin prose; but in the main for the humanistic spirit of his culture. In an age when his nation was not distinguished for liberality of thought nor for breadth of human view, Thomas More linked to his mediæval devoutness a passion for intellectual freedom which places him in the first rank of modern thinkers. He obtains perhaps broader recognition, as one whose public and private life was of such exalted purity and high-minded fidelity to a fixed ideal, that later generations have found in his character the essential elements of sainthood.

He was born in 1478, in the morning twilight of the Renaissance. The strong new life of Italy, awakening to the beauty and wonder of the world and of man, under the inspiration of the Hellenic spirit, had not yet communicated its full warmth and vigor to the nations of the north. England was still mediæval and scholastic when Thomas More was a page in the household of Cardinal Morton. Even the great universities were under the domination of the schoolmen. Greek was neglected for the dusty Latin of scholasticism. The highly susceptible nature of Thomas More felt nevertheless the influence of the classical revival, with its accompanying revival of humanitarian sympathies. Humane in temperament, of a sweet and reasonable mind, he was drawn naturally to the study of the Greek classics. At the same time his inheritance of the simple Christian piety of an earlier day inclined him to asceticism. His soul was mediæval; his mind was modern. Self-repression and self-expansion struggled within him for the mastery. The hair shirt and the wooden pillow were placed over against the delights of the new learning. The career of Thomas More was determined by his father, a lawyer of distinction, who wished his son to be a devotee neither of religion nor of literature. In 1494, after a two-years' residence at Oxford, More was entered at New Inn to begin the study of law. From thenceforth his career was to be more and more involved with the troubled politics of England in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. For a time,

however, he was to advance quietly in his chosen profession, maturing under the influences of life in the world, and under the enriching forces of his friendship with Erasmus. In Erasmus, the cultured and philosophical representative of the new era, More found satisfaction for needs of his own nature which neither the study of law nor the exercises of devotion could wholly meet. The author of the 'Utopia' would follow the leadership of love into many paths which might otherwise have offered no thoroughfare. It is in the 'Utopia' that the friend of Erasmus, the lover of Greek humanism, the modern thinker, escapes from the trammels of his age and environment, and gives expression to the best that is within him.

As far as was possible More sought to give a practical outlet to his high and prophetic ideals. In doing so he ran contrary to the tendency of his time, and paid the last penalty of such a course—martyrdom. From the accession of Henry VIII. in 1509, to 1532, the year in which More resigned the Great Seal, his career indicated not only his moral and intellectual greatness, but the pressure of his individuality against the trammels of an age too strait for it. The justice and mercy of Sir Thomas More belong rather to the nineteenth century than to the sixteenth, despite their setting in the religious thought and feeling of the Middle Age.

The landmarks of his life,—his appointment as under-sheriff of London in 1510, his embassy to Flanders in 1514 and to Calais in 1517, his admission to the Privy Council in 1518, his promotion to the Under-Treasurership in 1521 and his knighting in the same year, his election as Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523, his advancement to the Lord Chancellorship in 1529—these events were steps in an uncongenial progress towards an undesired goal. Between the author of the 'Utopia' and Henry VIII. there was a great gulf fixed. The monarch might walk and talk familiarly with his Lord Chancellor in the pleasant gardens of More's home at Chelsea, but this friendship of royal imposition was the artificial linking of a modern man with a feudal tyrant. The conflict of Sir Thomas More with Henry VIII. over the divorce of Katherine of Aragon was less one of religion than of the old order with the new. The execution of More in 1535, for refusing to accept the Act of Supremacy, was but the natural outcome of this conflict.

In the 'Utopia' More embodied his ideals of society and government, for which he had found so few mediums of expression in the actual order about him. A critic in the Quarterly Review justly says of the book that "it is an indictment of the state of society in which More found himself, and an aspiration after a fairer and juster ordering of the commonwealth. We can trace in it something vaticinatory; some forecast of the prophetic soul of the great world dreaming on

things to come." Another critic, Rudbart, finds it underlain with three great truths: that toleration should prevail in matters of religious belief; that all political power should not be vested in a single hand; that the well-being of the body politic depends upon the ethical and religious fitness of its members.

'Utopia,' the island of Nowhere, where labor is recreation, where want is not, where men are brothers, remains still an ideal to modern minds of a certain type. The charm of the book itself lies partly in its attractive subject—a golden age is always of interest—partly in its quaint and fragrant style.

In the annals of English literature, Sir Thomas More the Lord Chancellor is less remembered than Sir Thomas More the friend of Erasmus and of Holbein, the head of the patriarchal household at Chelsea, the father of Margaret Roper. As one of the first-born of an age whose hospitality he was not destined to enjoy, he possesses a strong claim upon the interest and sympathy of modern generations.

Anna McClure Sholl

A LETTER TO LADY MORE

[Returning from the negotiations at Cambray, Sir Thomas More heard that his barns and some of those of his neighbors had been burned down; he consequently wrote the following letter to his wife. Its gentleness to a sour-tempered woman, and the benevolent feelings expressed about the property of his neighbors, have been much admired. The spelling is modernized.]

MISTRESS ALICE, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbors' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of this visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning,

for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good ensearch what my poor neighbors have lost, and bid them take no thought therefor; for if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbor of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk off our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the King's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

And thus as heartily fare-you-well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September [1528], by the hand of your loving husband,

THOMAS MORE, Knight.

LIFE IN UTOPIA

From 'Utopia'

THERE are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built, the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles' distance from one another, and the most remote

are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the centre of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles; and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground. No town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built, over all the country, farm-houses for husbandmen; which are well contrived, and furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent, by turns, from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family, and over thirty families there is a magistrate. Every year twenty of this family come back to the town after they have stayed two years in the country, and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood and convey it to the towns either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner: for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat in order to be hatched; and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in

which they employ oxen. For though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge and with less trouble. And even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labor, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn but that which is to be their bread: for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or liquorice, with which they abound; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle, than are necessary for their consumption, and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbors.

When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them; for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day.

He that knows one of their towns knows them all — they are so like one another, except where the situation makes some difference. I shall therefore describe one of them, and none is so proper as Amaurot; for as none is more eminent (all the rest yielding in precedence to this, because it is the seat of their supreme council), so there was none of them better known to me, I having lived five years all together in it.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground. Its figure is almost square: for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles, to the river Anider; but it is a little broader the other way that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles above Amaurot, in a small spring at first. But other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest, as it runs by Amaurot it is grown half a mile broad; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean. Between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows

every six hours with a strong current. The tide comes up about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force; and above that, for some miles, the water is brackish; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh; and when the tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timber, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that the ships, without any hindrance, lie all along the side of the town.

There is likewise another river that runs by it, which, though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain-head of this river, which springs a little without the towns; that so, if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets. And for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain-water, which supplies the want of the other.

The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad. There lie gardens behind all their houses; these are large, but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets, so that every house has both a door to the street and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves, which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered and so finely kept that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they

find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other. And there is, indeed, nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens; for they say the whole scheme of the town was designed at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the ornament and improvement of it to be added by those that should come after him, that being too much for one man to bring to perfection.

Their records, that contain the history of their town and State, are preserved with an exact care, and run backwards seventeen hundred and sixty years. From these it appears that their houses were at first low and mean, like cottages, made of any sort of timber, and were built with mud walls and thatched with straw. But now their houses are three stories high; the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick, and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat; and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows; they use also in their windows a thin linen cloth, that is so oiled or gummed that it both keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

SLAVERY AND PUNISHMENTS FOR CRIME

From 'Utopia'

They do not make slaves of prisoners of war, except those that are taken in battle; nor of the sons of their slaves, nor of those of other nations: the slaves among them are only such as are condemned to that state of life for the commission of some crime, or, which is more common, such as their merchants find condemned to die in those parts to which they trade, whom they sometimes redeem at low rates; and in other places have them for nothing. They are kept at perpetual labor, and are always chained, but with this difference, that their own natives are treated much worse than others; they are considered as more profligate than the rest, and since they could not be restrained by the advantages of so excellent an education, are judged worthy

of harder usage. Another sort of slaves are the poor of the neighboring countries, who offer of their own accord to come and serve them; they treat these better, and use them in all other respects as well as their own countrymen, except their imposing more labor upon them, which is no hard task to those that have been accustomed to it: and if any of these have a mind to go back to their own country,—which indeed falls out but seldom,—as they do not force them to stay, so they do not send them away empty-handed. . . .

Their law does not determine the punishment for other crimes; but that is left to the Senate, to temper it according to the circumstances of the fact. Husbands have power to correct their wives, and parents to chastise their children, unless the fault is so great that a public punishment is thought necessary for striking terror into others. For the most part slavery is the punishment even of the greatest crimes; for as that is no less terrible to the criminals themselves than death, so they think the preserving them in a state of servitude is more for the interest of the commonwealth than killing them; since as their labor is a greater benefit to the public than their death could be, so the sight of their misery is a more lasting terror to other men than that which would be given by their death. If their slaves rebel, and will not bear their yoke and submit to the labor that is enjoined them, they are treated as wild beasts, that cannot be kept in order neither by a prison nor by their chains; and are at last put to death. But those who bear their punishment patiently, and are so much wrought on by that pressure that lies so hard on them that it appears they are really more troubled for the crimes they have committed than for the miseries they suffer, are not out of hope but that at last either the Prince will by his prerogative, or the people by their intercession, restore them again to their liberty, or at least very much mitigate their slavery.

JAMES JUSTINIAN MORIER

(1780–1849)

HAJJI BABA, one of the most delightful of all the disreputable rascals in literature, was invented, or rather discovered, in Persia by James Justinian Morier, about the year 1808. In that year Mr. Morier went to Tehrân as private secretary of the English minister to the Persian court. He was born in Constantinople, where his father held the position of British consul; brought up in an Oriental atmosphere, although he passed some years at Harrow; and was dedicated to the Oriental diplomatic or consular service. At the age of twenty-eight he had his first Persian experience. From 1811 to 1815 he was again in Persia as secretary and *chargé d'affaires*. He wrote two works on Persia, which were greatly valued in England for their historical information and keen insight into Persian character. In 1824 appeared 'Hajji Baba,' the ripened product of his observation and experience. It became at once a favorite of the intelligent reading public, and speedily passed through several editions. This popularity it has never lost, and new editions have constantly been in demand. The latest (Macmillan & Co.) was published in 1895 with a biographical introduction by the Hon. George Curzon, and with the original illustrations made from drawings by the author. 'Hajji Baba in England,' a narrative which followed this classic, gives the droll experiences of Mirza Firouz, Persian envoy to the court of St. James, whither he is supposed to have been accompanied by Hajji.

Mr. Morier seems to have been saturated with the Oriental feeling; and his knowledge of the Persian character, in all grades of society, is so comprehensive, his acquaintance with Persian literature so sympathetic, and his study of its religion, morals and manners, and way of regarding life, is so deep, that the narrative put into the mouth of the barber of Ispahan strikes no false note. The story has no companion for verisimilitude in all those written by foreigners of another age and another race; including all the romances of Greek and Roman life, which invariably smell of erudition and of archæology. Hajji tells his story like a Persian, and his tale is worthy to rank with the 'Arabian Nights.' Hajji is as unconscious of his cheerful rascality, and of the revelations he is making of his people, as the story-tellers of the 'Nights' are of the Occidental view of the moral law. As a

picture of Oriental life his narrative fits in well with the 'Arabian Nights'; but it has also kinship to Benvenuto Cellini and to 'Gil Blas.' But there is a great difference between the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Hajji Baba.' The latter is a satire, and was bitterly resented by the Persians as a satire; whereas the same sort of revelations in the 'Tales' seem to them genial and natural. To them this satire is particularly offensive in the exposure of the pillars of the church,—the dervishes and the mollahs,—and Hajji's apparently unconscious admission of the natural vices of cowardice, lying, and deceit. As a keen piece of satire it has never been surpassed; and it is heightened by coming from the mouth of a good-natured adventurer and thief.

The reader will not go amiss of entertainment on any page of this curious book; but we have selected from it the following account of the Persian physician and how the Shah took physic, as fairly representative of its humor, and complete in itself.

HAJJI AS A QUACK

From 'The Adventures of Hajji Baba'

At length one morning Asker called me to him and said:—"Hajji my friend, you know how thankful I have always expressed myself for your kindness to me when we were prisoners together in the hands of the Turcomans, and now I will prove my gratitude. I have recommended you strongly to Mirza Ahmak, the king's Hakîm bashi, or chief physician, who is in want of a servant; and I make no doubt that if you give him satisfaction, he will teach you his art, and put you in the way of making your fortune. You have only to present yourself before him, saying that you come from me, and he will immediately assign you an employment."

I had no turn for the practice of physic, and recollecting the story which had been related to me by the dervish, I held the profession in contempt: but my case was desperate; I had spent my last dînar, and therefore I had nothing left me but to accept of the doctor's place. Accordingly, the next morning I proceeded to his house, which was situated in the neighborhood of the palace; and as I entered a dull, neglected court-yard, I there found several sick persons, some squatted against the wall, others supported by their friends, and others again with bottles in their hands, waiting the moment when the physician should leave the women's apartments to transact business in public. I proceeded

to an open window, where those who were not privileged to enter the room stood, and there I took my station until I should be called in. Within the room were several persons, who came to pay their court to the doctor (for every man who is an officer of the court has his levee); and from remarking them I learnt how necessary it was, in order to advance in life, to make much of everything, even the dog or the cat if they came in my way, of him who can have access to the ear of men in power. I made my reflections upon the miseries I had already undergone, and was calculating how long it would take me to go through a course of cringing and flattery to be entitled to the same sorts of attention myself, when I perceived, by the bows of those near me, that the doctor had seated himself at the window, and that the business of the day had commenced.

The Hakîm was an old man, with an eye sunk deep into his head, high cheek-bones, and a scanty beard. He had a considerable bend in his back; and his usual attitude, when seated, was that of a projecting chin, his head reclining back between his shoulders, and his hands resting on his girdle, whilst his elbows formed two triangles on each side of his body. He made short snappish questions, gave little hums at the answers, and seemed to be thinking of anything but the subject before him. When he heard the account of the ailments of those who had come to consult him, and had said a few words to his little circle of parasites, he looked at me; and after I had told him that I was the person of whom the poet had spoken, he fixed his little sharp eyes upon me for a second or two, and then desired me to wait, for that he wished to speak to me in private. Accordingly, he soon after got up and went out of the room; and I was called upon to attend him in a small separate court, closely walled on all sides, except on the one where was situated the *khelwet*, or private room, in which the doctor was seated.

As soon as I appeared, the doctor invited me into the room, and requested me to be seated; which I did with all the humility which it is the etiquette for an inferior to show towards his superior, for so great an honor.

He informed me that the poet had spoken very favorably of me, and had said that I was a person to be depended upon, particularly on account of my discretion and prudence; that I had seen a great deal of life; that I was fertile in expedients; and that if any business in which circumspection and secrecy

were necessary was intrusted to me, I should conduct it with all the ability required. I bowed repeatedly as he spoke, and kept my hands respectfully before me, covered with the border of my sleeve, whilst I took care that my feet were also completely hid. He then continued, and said:—"I have occasion for a person of your description precisely at this moment, and as I put great confidence in the recommendation of my friend Asker, it is my intention to make use of your good offices; and if you succeed according to my expectations, you may rest assured that it will be well for you, and that I shall not remain unmindful of your services."

Then requesting me to approach nearer to him, and in a low and confidential tone of voice, he said, looking over his shoulders as if afraid of being overheard:—

"Hajji, you must know that an ambassador from the Franks is lately arrived at this court, in whose suite there is a doctor. This infidel has already acquired considerable reputation here. He treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medicines, of which we do not even know the names. He pretends to the knowledge of a great many things of which we have never yet heard in Persia. He makes no distinction between hot and cold diseases, and hot and cold remedies, as Galenus and Avicenna have ordained, but gives mercury by way of a cooling medicine; stabs the belly with a sharp instrument for wind in the stomach; and what is worse than all, pretends to do away with the small-pox altogether, by infusing into our nature a certain extract of cow, a discovery which one of their philosophers has lately made. Now this will never do, Hajji. The small-pox has always been a comfortable source of revenue to me; I cannot afford to lose it because an infidel chooses to come here and treat us like cattle. We cannot allow him to take the bread out of our mouths. But the reason why I particularly want your help proceeds from the following cause. The grand vizier was taken ill, two days ago, of a strange uneasiness, after having eaten more than his usual quantity of raw lettuce and cucumber, steeped in vinegar and sugar. This came to the Frank ambassador's ears, who in fact was present at the eating of the lettuce; and he immediately sent his doctor to him, with a request that he might be permitted to administer relief. The grand vizier and the ambassador, it seems, had not been upon good terms for some time, because the

latter was very urgent that some demand of a political nature might be conceded to him, which the vizier, out of consideration for the interests of Persia, was obliged to deny; and therefore, thinking that this might be a good opportunity of conciliating the infidel, and of coming to a compromise, he agreed to accept of the doctor's services. Had I been apprised of the circumstance in time, I should easily have managed to put a stop to the proceeding; but the doctor did not lose an instant in administering his medicine, which, I hear, only consisted of one little white and tasteless pill. From all accounts, and as ill luck would have it, the effect it has produced is something quite marvelous. The grand vizier has received such relief that he can talk of nothing else; he says that 'he felt the pill drawing the damp from the very tips of his fingers'; and that now he has discovered in himself such newness of strength and energy that he laughs at his old age, and even talks of making up the complement of wives permitted to him by our blessed Prophet. But the mischief has not stopped here: the fame of this medicine, and of the Frank doctor, has gone throughout the court; and the first thing which the King talked of at the selam (the audience) this morning was of its miraculous properties. He called upon the grand vizier to repeat to him all that he had before said upon the subject; and as he talked of the wonders that it had produced upon his person, a general murmur of applause and admiration was heard throughout the assembly. His Majesty then turned to me and requested me to explain the reason why such great effects should proceed from so small a cause; when I was obliged to answer, stooping as low as I could to hide my confusion, and kissing the earth:—'I am your sacrifice: O King of kings, I have not yet seen the drug which the infidel doctor has given to your Majesty's servant, the grand vizier; but as soon as I have, I will inform your Majesty of what it consists. In the mean while, your humble slave beseeches the Centre of the Universe to recollect that the principal agent, on this occasion, must be an evil spirit, an enemy to the true faith, since he is an instrument in the hands of an infidel,—of one who calls our holy Prophet a cheat, and who disowns the all-powerful decrees of predestination.'

"Having said this, in order to shake his growing reputation, I retired in deep cogitation how I might get at the secrets of the infidel, and particularly inquire into the nature of his prescription,

which has performed such miracles; and you are come most opportunely to my assistance. You must immediately become acquainted with him: and I shall leave it to your address to pick his brain and worm his knowledge out of him; but as I wish to procure a specimen of the very medicine which he administered to the grand vizier, being obliged to give an account of it to-morrow to the Shah, you must begin your services to me by eating much of lettuce and raw cucumber, and of making yourself as sick to the full as his Highness the vizier. You may then apply to the Frank, who will doubtless give you a duplicate of the celebrated pill, which you will deliver over to me."

"But," said I, who had rather taken fright of this extraordinary proposal, "how shall I present myself before a man whom I do not know? Besides, such marvelous stories are related of the Europeans, that I should be puzzled in what manner to behave. Pray give me some instructions how to act."

"Their manners and customs are totally different from ours, that is true," replied Mirza Ahmak: "and you may form some idea of them, when I tell you that instead of shaving their heads and letting their beards grow, as we do, they do the very contrary; for not a vestige of hair is to be seen on their chins, and their hair is as thick on their heads as if they had made a vow never to cut it off: then they sit on little platforms, whilst we squat on the ground; they take up their food with claws made of iron, whilst we use our fingers; they are always walking about, we keep seated; they wear tight clothes, we loose ones; they write from left to right, we from right to left; they never pray, we five times a day; in short, there is no end to what might be related of them: but most certain it is, that they are the most filthy people on the earth, for they hold nothing to be unclean; they eat all sorts of animals, from a pig to a tortoise, without the least scruple, and that without first cutting their throats; they will dissect a dead body without requiring any purification after it."

"And is it true," said I, "that they are so irascible, that if perchance their word is doubted, and they are called liars, they will fight on such an occasion till they die?"

"That is also said of them," answered the doctor; "but the case has not happened to me yet: however, I must warn you of one thing,—which is, that if they happen to admire anything that you possess, you must not say to them, as you would to one of us, 'It is a present to you, it is your property,' lest they should

take you at your word and keep it, which you know would be inconvenient, and not what you intended; but you must endeavor as much as possible to speak what you think, for that is what they like."

"But then, if such is the case," said I, "do not you think that the Frank doctor will find me out with a lie in my mouth,—pretending to be sick when I am well, asking medicine from him for myself when I want it for another?"

"No, no," said the Mirza: "you are to be sick, really sick, you know, and then it will be no lie. Go, Hajji my friend," said he, putting his arm round my neck: "go, eat your cucumbers immediately, and let me have the pill by this evening." And then coaxing me, and preventing me from making any further objections to his unexpected request, he gently pushed me out of the room; and I left him, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry at the new posture which my affairs had taken. To sicken without any stipulated reward was what I could not consent to do, so I retraced my steps with a determination of making a bargain with my patron: but when I got to the room, he was no longer there, having apparently retreated into his harem; and therefore I was obliged to proceed on my errand.

I inquired my way to the ambassador's house, and actually set off with the intention of putting the doctor's wishes into execution, and getting, if possible, a writhing disorder on the road; but upon more mature reflection I recollected that a stomach-ache was not a marketable commodity, which might be purchased at a moment's notice; for although lettuce and cucumber might disagree with an old grand vizier, yet it was a hundred to one but they would find an easy digestion in a young person like me. However, I determined to obtain the pill by stratagem, if I could not procure it in a more direct manner. I considered that if I feigned to be ill, the doctor would very probably detect me, and turn me out of his house for a cheat; so I preferred the easier mode of passing myself off for one of the servants of the royal harem, and then making out some story by which I might attain my end. I accordingly stepped into one of the old-clothes shops in the bazaar, and hired a cloak for myself such as the scribes wear; and then substituting a roll of paper in my girdle instead of a dagger, I flattered myself that I might pass for something more than a common servant.

I soon found out where the ambassador dwelt. Bearing in mind all that Mirza Ahmak had told me, I rather approached the

door of the doctor's residence with fear and hesitation. I found the avenues to it crowded with poor women bearing infants in their arms, who, I was told, came to receive the new-fashioned preservative against the small-pox. This, it was supposed for political reasons, the Franks were anxious to promote; and as the doctor performed the operation gratis, he had no lack of patients, —particularly of the poorer sort, who could not approach a Persian doctor without a present or a good fee in their hand.

On entering, I found a man seated in the middle of the room, near an elevated wooden platform, upon which were piled boxes, books, and a variety of instruments and utensils, the uses of which were unknown to me. He was in dress and appearance the most extraordinary-looking infidel I had ever seen. His chin and upper lip were without the vestige of a hair upon them, as like a eunuch as possible. He kept his head most disrespectfully uncovered, and wore a tight bandage round his neck, with other contrivances on the sides of his cheeks, as if he were anxious to conceal some wound or disease. His clothes were fitted so tight to his body, and his outward coat in particular was cut off at such sharp angles, that it was evident cloth was a scarce and dear commodity in his country. The lower part of his dress was particularly improper; and he kept his boots on in his room, without any consideration for the carpet he was treading upon, which struck me as a custom subversive of all decorum.

I found that he talked our language; for as soon as he saw me, he asked me how I did, and then immediately remarked that it was a fine day, which was so self-evident a truth that I immediately agreed to it. I then thought it necessary to make him some fine speeches, and flattered him to the best of my abilities, informing him of the great reputation he had already acquired in Persia; that Locman was a fool when compared to one of his wisdom; and that as for his contemporaries, the Persian physicians, they were not fit to handle his pestle for him. To all this he said nothing. I then told him that the King himself, having heard of the wonderful effects of his medicine upon the person of his grand vizier, had ordered his historian to insert the circumstance in the annals of the empire as one of the most extraordinary events of his reign; that a considerable sensation had been produced in his Majesty's seraglio, for many of the ladies had immediately been taken ill, and were longing to make a trial of his skill; that the King's favorite Georgian slave was in fact at this moment in great pain; that I had been deputed by the

chief eunuch, owing to a special order from his Majesty, to procure medicine similar to that which the first minister had taken; and I concluded my speech by requesting the doctor immediately to furnish me with some.

He seemed to ponder over what I had told him; and after reflecting a short time, said that it was not his custom to administer medicine to his patients without first seeing them, for by so doing he would probably do more harm than good; but that if he found that the slave was in want of his aid, he should be very happy to attend her.

I answered to this, that as to seeing the face of the Georgian slave, that was totally out of the question; for no man ever was allowed that liberty in Persia, excepting her husband. In cases of extreme necessity, perhaps a doctor might be permitted to feel a woman's pulse; but then it must be done when a veil covers the hand.

To which the Frank replied: "In order to judge of my patient's case I must not only feel the pulse, but see the tongue also."

"Looking at the tongue is totally new in Persia," said I; "and I am sure you could never be indulged with such a sight in the seraglio without a special order from the King himself: a eunuch would rather cut out his own tongue first."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "recollect that if I deliver my medicine to you, I do so without taking any responsibility upon myself for its effects; for if it does not cure, it may perhaps kill."

When I had assured him that no harm or prejudice could possibly accrue to him, he opened a large chest, which appeared to be full of drugs, and taking therefrom the smallest quantity of a certain white powder, he mixed it up with some bread into the form of pill, and putting it into paper gave it me, with proper directions how it should be administered. Seeing that he made no mystery of his knowledge, I began to question him upon the nature and properties of this particular medicine, and upon his practice in general. He answered me without any reserve; not like our Persian doctors, who only make a parade of fine words, and who adjust every ailment that comes before them to what they read in their Galen, their Hippocrates, and their Abou Avicenna.

When I had learned all I could, I left him with great demonstration of friendship and thankfulness, and immediately returned to Mirza Ahmak, who doubtless was waiting for me with great

impatience. Having divested myself of my borrowed cloak and resumed my own dress, I appeared before him with a face made up for the occasion; for I wished to make him believe that the lettuce and cucumbers had done their duty. At every word I pretended to receive a violent twitch; and acted my part so true to life, that the stern and inflexible nature of Mirza Ahmak himself was moved into somewhat like pity for me.

"There! there!" said I, as I entered his apartment, "in the name of Allah take your prize:" and then pretending to be bent double, I made the most horrid grimaces, and uttered deep groans: "there! I have followed your orders, and now throw myself upon your generosity." He endeavored to take the object of his search from me, but I kept it fast; and whilst I gave him to understand that I expected prompt reward, I made indications of an intention to swallow it, unless he actually gave me something in hand. So fearful was he of not being able to answer the King's interrogatories concerning the pill, so anxious to get it into his possession, that he actually pressed a gold piece upon me. No lover could sue his mistress with more earnestness to grant him a favor than the doctor did me for my pill. I should very probably have continued the deceit a little longer, and have endeavored to extract another piece from him: but when I saw him preparing a dose of his own mixture to ease my pain, I thought it high time to finish; and pretending all of a sudden to have received relief, I gave up my prize.

When once he had got possession, he looked at it with intense eagerness, and turned it over and over on his palm, without appearing one whit more advanced in his knowledge than before. At length, after permitting him fully to exhaust his conjectures, I told him that the Frank doctor had made no secret in saying that it was composed of jivch, or mercury. "Mercury, indeed!" exclaimed Mirza Ahmak, "just as if I did not know that. And so, because this infidel, this dog of an Isauvi, chooses to poison us with mercury, I am to lose my reputation, and my prescriptions (such as his father never even saw in a dream) are to be turned into ridicule. Who ever heard of mercury as a medicine? Mercury is cold, and lettuce and cucumber are cold also. You would not apply ice to dissolve ice? The ass does not know the first rudiments of his profession. No, Hajji, this will never do: we must not permit our beards to be laughed at in this manner."

He continued to inveigh for a considerable time against his rival; and would no doubt have continued to do so much longer,

but he was stopped by a message from the King, who ordered him to repair forthwith to his presence. In the greatest trepidation he immediately put himself into his court dress, exchanged his common black lambskin cap for one wound about with a shawl, huddled on his red-cloth stockings, called for his horse, and taking the pill with him, went off in a great hurry, and full of the greatest apprehension at what might be the result of the audience.

The doctor's visit to the King had taken place late in the evening; and as soon as he returned from it he called for me. I found him apparently in great agitation, and full of anxiety. "Hajji," said he, when I appeared, "come close to me;" and having sent every one else out of the room, he said in a whisper, "This infidel doctor must be disposed of somehow or other. What do you think has happened? The Shah has consulted him; he had him in private conference for an hour this morning, without my being apprised of it. His Majesty sent for me to tell me its result; and I perceive that the Frank has already gained great influence. It seems that the King gave him the history of his complaints,—of his debility, of his old asthma, and of his imperfect digestion,—but talked in raptures of the wretch's sagacity and penetration: for merely by looking at the tongue and feeling the pulse, before the infidel was told what was the state of the case, he asked whether his Majesty did not use the hot-baths very frequently; whether, when he smoked, he did not immediately bring on a fit of coughing; and whether, in his food, he was not particularly addicted to pickles, sweetmeats, and rice swimming in butter? The King has given him three days to consider his case, to consult his books, and to gather the opinions of the Frank sages on subjects so important to the State of Persia, and to compose such a medicine as will entirely restore and renovate his constitution. The Centre of the Universe then asked my opinion, and requested me to speak boldly upon the natures and properties of Franks in general, and of their medicines. I did not lose this opportunity of giving utterance to my sentiments; so, after the usual preface to my speech, I said, 'that as to their natures, the Shah, in his profound wisdom, must know that they were an unbelieving and an unclean race: for that they treated our Prophet as a cheat, and ate pork and drank wine without any scruple; that they were women in looks, and in manners bears; that they ought to be held in the greatest suspicion, for their ultimate object (see what they had done in India) was

to take kingdoms, and to make Shahs and Nabobs their humble servants. As to their medicines,' I exclaimed, 'Heaven preserve your Majesty from them! they are just as treacherous in their effects as the Franks are in their politics: with what we give to procure death, they pretend to work their cures. Their principal ingredient is mercury' (and here I produced my pill); 'and they use their instruments and knives so freely, that I have heard it said they will cut off a man's limbs to save his life.' I then drew such a picture of the fatal effects likely to proceed from the foreign prescription, that I made the Shah promise that he would not take it without using every precaution that his prudence and wisdom might suggest. To this he consented; and as soon as the Frank shall have sent in the medicine which he is preparing, I shall be summoned to another interview. Now, Hajji," added the doctor, "the Shah must not touch the infidel's physic; for if perchance it were to do good, I am a lost man. Who will ever consult Mirza Ahmak again? No: we must avert the occurrence of such an event, even if I were obliged to take all his drugs myself."

We parted with mutual promises of doing everything in our power to thwart the infidel doctor; and three days after, Mirza Ahmak was again called before the King in order to inspect the promised *ordonnance*, and which consisted of a box of pills. He of course created all sorts of suspicions against their efficacy, threw out some dark hints about the danger of receiving any drug from the agent of a foreign power, and finally left the Shah in the determination of referring the case to his ministers. The next day, at the usual public audience, when the Shah was seated on his throne, and surrounded by his prime vizier, his lord high treasurer, his minister for the interior, his principal secretary of state, his lord chamberlain, his master of the horse, his principal master of the ceremonies, his doctor in chief, and many other of the great officers of his household,—addressing himself to his grand vizier, he stated the negotiations which he had entered into with the foreign physician, now resident at his court, for the restoration and the renovation of the royal person; that at the first conference, the said foreign physician, after a due inspection of the royal person, had reported that there existed several symptoms of debility; that at the second, after assuring the Shah that he had for three whole days employed himself in consulting his books and records, and gathering from them the opinions of his own country sages on the subject, he had

combined the properties of the various drugs into one whole, which, if taken interiorly, would produce effects so wonderful that no talisman could come in competition with it. His Majesty then said that he had called into his councils his Hakîm bashi, or head physician, who, in his anxiety for the weal of the Persian monarchy, had deeply pondered over the *ordonnances* of the foreigner, and had set his face against them, owing to certain doubts and apprehensions that had crept into his mind, which consisted, first, whether it were politic to deliver over the internal administration of the royal person to foreign regulations and *ordonnances;* and second, whether in the remedy prescribed there might not exist such latent and destructive effects as would endanger, undermine, and finally overthrow that royal person and constitution which it was supposed to be intended to restore and renovate. "Under these circumstances," said the Centre of the Universe, raising his voice at the time, "I have thought it advisable to pause before I proceeded in this business; and have resolved to lay the case before you, in order that you may, in your united wisdom, frame such an opinion as may be fitting to be placed before the King; and in order that you may go into the subject with a complete knowledge of the case, I have resolved, as a preparatory act, that each of you, in your own persons, shall partake of this medicine, in order that both you and I may judge of its various effects."

To this most gracious speech the grand vizier and all the courtiers made exclamations: "May the King live for ever! May the royal shadow never be less! We are happy not only to take physic, but to lay down our lives in your Majesty's service! We are your sacrifice, your slaves! May God give the Shah health, and a victory over all his enemies!" Upon which the chief of the valets was ordered to bring the foreign physician's box of pills from the harem, and delivered it to the Shah in a golden salver. His Majesty then ordered the Hakîm bashi to approach, and delivering the box to him, ordered him to go round to all present, beginning with the prime vizier, and then to every man according to his rank, administering to each a pill.

This being done, the whole assembly took the prescribed gulp; after which ensued a general pause, during which the King looked carefully into each man's face to mark the first effects of the medicine. When the wry faces had subsided, the conversation took a turn upon the affairs of Europe; upon which his Majesty asked a variety of questions, which were answered

by the different persons present in the best manner they were able.

The medicine now gradually began to show its effects. The lord high treasurer first — a large, coarse man, who to this moment had stood immovable, merely saying *belli*, *belli*, yes, yes, whenever his Majesty opened his mouth to speak — now appeared uneasy; for what he had swallowed had brought into action a store of old complaints which were before lying dormant. The eyes of all had been directed towards him, which had much increased his perturbed state; when the chief secretary of state, a tall, thin, lathy man, turned deadly pale, and began to stream from every pore. He was followed by the minister for the interior, whose unhappy looks seemed to supplicate a permission from his Majesty to quit his august presence. All the rest in succession were moved in various ways, except the prime vizier, a little old man, famous for a hard and unyielding nature, and who appeared to be laughing in his sleeve at the misery which his compeers in office were undergoing.

As soon as the Shah perceived that the medicine had taken effect, he dismissed the assembly, ordering Mirza Ahmak, as soon as he could ascertain the history of each pill, to give him an official report of the whole transaction; and then retired into his harem.

The crafty old doctor had now his rival within his power; of course he set the matter in such a light before the King that his Majesty was deterred from making the experiment of the foreign physician's *ordonnance*, and it was forthwith consigned to oblivion. When he next saw me, and after he had made me acquainted with the preceding narrative, he could not restrain his joy and exultation. "We have conquered, friend Hajji," would he say to me. "The infidel thought that we were fools; but we will teach him what Persians are. Whose dog is he, that he should aspire to so high an honor as prescribing for a king of kings? No: that is left to such men as I. What do we care about his new discoveries? As our fathers did, so are we contented to do. The prescription that cured our ancestors shall cure us; and what Locman and Abou Avicenna ordained, we may be satisfied to ordain after them." He then dismissed me, to make fresh plans for destroying any influence or credit that the new physician might acquire, and for preserving his own consequence and reputation at court.

EDUARD MÖRIKE

(1804–1875)

GENTLEST and sweetest of all the Suabian poets was Eduard Mörike. He was born on September 8th, 1804, at Ludwigsburg, the birthplace also of Justinus Kerner, David Strauss, and Friedrich Theodor Vischer, with all of whom Mörike subsequently formed friendships. He was destined for the ministry, and studied theology at Tübingen. The gentleness of his character and his quiet winning manners seemed to have marked him for this career. He served as curate in several places in Würtemberg, and in 1834 secured an independent pastorate at Cleversulzbach, near Weinsberg. Here he remained until in 1843 the state of his health obliged him to resign. For several years he earned his livelihood as a private teacher; and in 1851, having married the daughter of the lady with whom he and his sister had been living, he went to Stuttgart, where he had been appointed to a tutorship in St. Katharine's Institute. In 1866 he was forced to retire altogether from active labors. The remaining years of his life were rendered happy by the comforts of a congenial home, and by intercourse with the steadily increasing number of friends and admirers who sought the poet out. He died on June 4th, 1875. This was the simple outward life of the man, without stirring adventure or event, and without heart-breaking grief. But his inner life was as rich as it was sunny. This contented him. From the quiet beauties of his mental world he dreaded to go forth into the actualities of life. Few poets have been able in the same degree to make the circumstances of their career conform so well to their intellectual needs. The simple character and customs of his Suabian countrymen were sufficient for him; the Suabian landscapes satisfied him. He felt no desire to study men under other conditions, or to seek new emotions under strange skies. He lived in his own poet's heart: the unaccustomed and the sublime left his simple spirit untouched. His life was that of a poet, without the storm and stress and without the world-woe.

EDUARD MÖRIKE

His first important work was a novel in two volumes, published in 1832, and entitled 'Maler Nolten' (Nolten the Painter). In its first form much was obscure; but in the revision which Mörike undertook late in life, the underlying design of the work came out more clearly, and the early crudities were polished away by the maturer hand. The story is full of finely poetic fancy; it is one of the best examples of that perfectly naïve blending of the realistic and fantastic, of the natural and the supernatural, which is one of Mörike's characteristic charms. But the novel is now outlived. It had its roots in the soil of Romanticism, where the mysterious «blue flower» still bloomed in the vesper light of a departing day. Its intense subjectivity transcends all psychological interest, and by losing its foothold in reality deprives the book of a lasting place in literature.

But 'Maler Nolten' was an undoubted success, and won for its author a host of friends. In 1838, however, appeared a book which still remains his most important contribution to literature,—the first edition of his collected poems. Whether these lyrics have the freshness of the folk-song, the solemnity of the hymn, or the pathos and humor of the idyl, their tone is always true. A convincing proof of Mörike's lyric quality is his popularity with the great song composers. The perfect form of the simple song, which charms with its naïve grace and thrills with its restrained emotion, is attained in his poetry as in that of no other German bard except Goethe and Uhland. Clearness, harmony, and limpid flow distinguished his diction, which is free from all «patchwork» and useless phrases; while sincerity of feeling and tenderness of sympathy characterize his conceptions. In his delicate fancy no sharp boundary separates the real world from the fairy realms of the imagination; and in the midst of scenes from actual life there suddenly appear elves and gnomes and nixies, which seem to have their being by the same right of reality as the men and women of coarser mold. This is the privilege only of the naïve and unspoiled poet, to whom fancy is as real as fact. It is only from such a mind that the true folk-song and the true fairy tale can spring.

And Mörike has enriched German literature with one of its most charming fairy tales, 'Das Hutzelmännlein' (The Little Dried-up Man), published in 1852. Four years later came the idyllic tale 'Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag' (Mozart on the Way to Prague). His 'Die Regenbrüder' (Rain Brothers) was taken by Ignaz Lachner as the text of his opera. Translations from Theocritus and Anacreon—for Mörike was a close student of the Greeks—and several compilations complete the list of the poet's literary works.

General recognition came to Mörike slowly. Nevertheless his poems passed through five editions during his lifetime; and as he

added poem after poem to his lyric treasury, leaf after leaf was added to the chaplet of his fame. Before he died, Mörike had come to be recognized as one of the chief lyric poets of his time; and the succeeding generation has sustained this judgment. He was the last great poet of the Suabian group.

MY RIVER

RIVER! my river in the young sunshine!
Oh, clasp afresh in thine embrace
This longing, burning frame of mine,
And kiss my breast, and kiss my face!
So—there!—Ha, ha!—already in thine arms!
I feel thy love—I shout—I shiver;
But thou outlaughest loud a flouting song, proud river,
And now again my bosom warms!

The droplets of the golden sunlight glide
Over and off me, sparkling, as I swim
Hither and thither down thy mellow tide,
Or loll amid its crypts with outstretched limb;
I fling abroad my arms, and lo!
Thy wanton waves curl slyly round me;
But ere their loose chains have well bound me,
Again they burst away and let me go!

O sun-loved river! wherefore dost thou hum,
Hum, hum alway, thy strange, deep, mystic song
Unto the rocks and strands?—for they are dumb,
And answer nothing as thou flowest along.
Why singest so all hours of night and day?
Ah, river! my best river! thou, I guess, art seeking
Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking
With nature in her own old wondrous way!

Lo! highest heaven looms far below me here;
I see it in thy waters, as they roll,
So beautiful, so blue, so clear,
'Twould seem, O river mine, to be thy very soul!
Oh, could I hence dive down to such a sky,
Might I but bathe my spirit in that glory,
So far outshining all in ancient fairy story,
I would indeed have joy to die!

What on cold earth is deep as thou? Is aught?
Love is as deep, love only is as deep:
Love lavisheth all, yet loseth, lacketh naught;
Like thee, too, love can neither pause nor sleep.
Roll on, thou loving river, thou! Lift up
Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing!
Thou makest me immortal! I am quaffing
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup!

At last thou bearest me, with soothing tone,
Back to thy bank of rosy flowers:
Thanks, then, and fare thee well! Enjoy thy bliss alone!
And through the year's melodious hours
Echo forever from thy bosom broad
All glorious tales that sun and moon be telling;
And woo down to their soundless fountain dwelling
The holy stars of God!

TWO LOVERS

A SKIFF swam down the Danube's tide;
Therein a bridegroom sate, and bride,—
He one side, she the other.

"Tell me, my dearest heart," said she,
"What present shall I make to thee?"

And back her little sleeve she stripped,
And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,
And laughed and jested with his bride:

"Fair lady Danube, give me here
Some pretty gift to please my dear."

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,
Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair;
She looks a princess, sitting there.

"Fair lady Danube, give me here,
Some pretty gift to please my dear!"

Once more she'll try what she can feel;
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,
Fished up a golden comb the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight;
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave:
They must atone for't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in heaven did stand,
The lovers floated dead to land,
He one side, she the other.

AN HOUR ERE BREAK OF DAY

From 'Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and other German Poets': G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Translated by Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892, by Frances Hellman.

As I once sleeping lay,
An hour ere break of day,
Sang near the window, on a tree,
A little bird, scarce heard by me
An hour ere break of day.

"Give heed to what I say:
Thy sweetheart false doth play
Whilst I am singing this to thee,
He hugs a maiden, cozily,
An hour ere break of day."

"Alas! no further say!
Hush! I'll not hear thy lay!
Fly off, away fly from my tree,—
Ah! love and faith are mockery
An hour ere break of day."

JOHN MORLEY

(1838–)

THE not infrequent union in English public life of the man of letters with the politician, is illustrated in the career of John Morley. In an address on the study of literature, delivered by him in 1887 to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, he refers to the fact that he has strayed from literature into the region of politics, adding that he is "not at all sure that such a journey conduces to the aptness of one's judgment on literary subjects." Had Mr. Morley's essays in criticism been concerned exclusively with literature, his political life might not have been of profit to him as a man of letters. As it is, his 'Miscellanies'—studies of men and their times—and his biographies witness to the fruitful influence of actual contact with present-day affairs upon the critical spirit. Mr. Morley has enriched his literary products through his public life. The biographer of Richard Cobden, of Edmund Burke, and of Horace Walpole was certainly aided in his estimates of these statesmen by his own political experience; and in his estimates of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, by contact with the social-philosophic and humanitarian spirit of the extreme Gladstone party. It is significant that Mr. Morley chose as subjects of political biography, men identified with the more liberal tendencies of modern English statesmanship. He himself is a radical and a scientific idealist, who places his reliance upon the future rather than upon the past. His political career did not open, however, until he was well established as a writer and editor. Born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, he was educated at Cheltenham, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained his B. A. in 1859. Ten years later he was an unsuccessful candidate to Parliament for his native place. In the mean time he had undertaken the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a position which he held from 1867 to 1882. Mr. Morley's sound literary sense, and his well-developed critical faculty, were put to valuable use in the conduct of

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this important periodical. He drew to his aid men like George Henry Lewes, Bagehot, and Cairnes. The apparently insignificant innovation of signing articles was due to his influence. His editorial qualifications were further exhibited in his conduct of the Pall Mall Gazette from 1880 to 1883, and of Macmillan's Magazine from 1883 to 1885. From 1883, however, he was drawn more and more into a purely political career. In that year he had been a successful candidate for Newcastle-on-Tyne; and in 1886 he was appointed chief secretary for Ireland, an office to which he was reappointed in 1892.

In Morley's essays and biographies he exhibits the same spirit of radicalism which has governed his political career. He is drawn naturally to a consideration of those writers, thinkers, and statesmen whose influence upon their times has been in the direction of essentially modern ideals of government and social constitution, or who have stood as representatives of a new order in opposition to the old. For this reason Mr. Morley has found congenial subjects of critical biography in the French philosophers and thinkers of the eighteenth century. His studies of Vauvenargues, of Turgot, of Condorcet, of Diderot, are written in a spirit of sympathetic criticism which witnesses to his divination of the dominating social and political forces of a given era, and to his recognition of the concrete expression of these forces in the individual. In this sense his life of Rousseau is a study of French politics in the eighteenth century. The author of the 'Social Contract,' although more of a vaporist and dreamer than a politician, exerted a strong influence upon the political temper of his own and later times. Mr. Morley traces this influence through the social and political confusions of the Revolution, and into the readjusting forces of the nineteenth century, where it gives birth to those "schemes of mutualism, and all other shapes of collective action for a common social good, which have possessed such commanding attraction for the imagination of large classes of good men in France ever since." In his elaborate analysis of the 'Social Contract,' Mr. Morley displays his own insight into difficult problems of society and of politics. His modern habit of mind is shown in his appreciation of the time-spirit as the most reliable interpreter of the phenomena of history. He is indeed a historical critic rather than a creator in the domain of literature. He has used the essay more as a vehicle for his political reflections than for itself as a literary product. He possesses, however, ideals of style which are high, exacting, and comprehensive. These are expressed in his clear, strong English, compactly fitted to his thought. He has given to the literature of his century a not inconsiderable body of vigorous and well-tempered prose.

ROUSSEAU AT MONTMORENCY

From 'Rousseau'

THE many conditions of intellectual productiveness are still hidden in such profound obscurity that we are as yet unable to explain why in certain natures a period of stormy moral agitation seems to be the indispensable antecedent of their highest creative effort. Byron is one instance, and Rousseau is another, in which the current of stimulating force made rapid way from the lower to the higher parts of character, only expending itself after having traversed the whole range of emotion and faculty, from their meanest, most realistic, most personal forms of exercise, up to the summit of what is lofty and ideal. No man was ever involved in such an odious complication of moral maladies as beset Rousseau in the winter of 1758. Within three years of this miserable epoch he had completed not only the 'New Heloïsa,' which is the monument of his fall, but the 'Social Contract,' which was the most influential, and 'Emilius,' which was perhaps the most elevated and spiritual of all the productions of the prolific genius of France in the eighteenth century. A poor light-hearted Marmontel thought that the secret of Rousseau's success lay in the circumstance that he began to write late; and it is true that no other author so considerable as Rousseau waited until the age of fifty for the full vigor of his inspiration. No tale of years, however, could have ripened such fruit without native strength and incommunicable savor; nor can the splendid mechanical movement of those characters which keep the balance of the world even, impart to literature the peculiar quality, peculiar but not the finest, that comes from experience of the black and unlighted abysses of the soul.

The period of actual production was externally calm. The 'New Heloïsa' was completed in 1759, and published in 1761. The 'Social Contract' was published in the spring of 1762, and 'Emilius' a few weeks later. Throughout this period Rousseau was, for the last time in his life, at peace with most of his fellows; that is to say, though he never relented from his antipathy to the Holbachians, for the time it slumbered, until a more real and serious persecution than any which he imputed to them transformed his antipathy into a gloomy frenzy.

The new friends whom he made at Montmorency were among the greatest people in the kingdom. The Duke of Luxembourg

(1702–64) was a marshal of France, and as intimate a friend of the King as the King was capable of having. The Maréchale de Luxembourg (1707–87) had been one of the most beautiful, and continued to be one of the most brilliant leaders of the last aristocratic generation that was destined to sport on the slopes of the volcano. The former seems to have been a loyal and homely soul; the latter, restless, imperious, penetrating, unamiable. Their dealings with Rousseau were marked by perfect sincerity and straightforward friendship. They gave him a convenient apartment in a small summer lodge in the park, to which he retreated when he cared for a change from his narrow cottage. He was a constant guest at their table, where he met the highest names in France. The marshal did not disdain to pay him visits, or to walk with him, or to discuss his private affairs. Unable as ever to shine in conversation, yet eager to show his great friends that they had to do with no common mortal, Rousseau bethought him of reading the 'New Heloïsa' aloud to them. At ten in the morning he used to wait upon the maréchale, and there by her bedside he read the story of the love, the sin, the repentance of Julie, the distraction of Saint Preux, the wisdom of Wolmar, and the sage friendship of Lord Edward, in tones which enchanted her both with his book and its author for all the rest of the day, as all the women in France were so soon to be enchanted. This, as he expected, amply reconciled her to the uncouthness and clumsiness of his conversation, which was at least as maladroit and as spiritless in the presence of a duchess as it was in presences less imposing.

One side of character is obviously tested by the way in which a man bears himself in his relations with persons of greater consideration. Rousseau was taxed by some of his plebeian enemies with a most unheroic deference to his patrician friends. He had a dog whose name was Duc. When he came to sit at a duke's table, he changed his dog's name to Turc. Again, one day in a transport of tenderness he embraced the old marshal — the duchess embraced Rousseau ten times a day, for the age was effusive: «Ah, monsieur le maréchal, I used to hate the great before I knew you, and I hate them still more, since you make me feel so strongly how easy it would be for them to have themselves adored.» On another occasion he happened to be playing at chess with the Prince of Conti, who had come to visit him in his cottage. In spite of the signs and grimaces of the attendants, he

insisted on beating the prince in a couple of games. Then he said with respectful gravity, "Monseigneur, I honor your Serene Highness too much not to beat you at chess always." A few days after, the vanquished prince sent him a present of game, which Rousseau duly accepted. The present was repeated; but this time Rousseau wrote to Madame de Boufflers that he would receive no more, and that he loved the prince's conversation better than his gifts. He admits that this was an ungracious proceeding; and that to refuse game "from a prince of the blood who throws so much good feeling into the present, is not so much the delicacy of a proud man bent on preserving his independence, as the rusticity of an unmannerly person who does not know his place." Considering the extreme virulence with which Rousseau always resented gifts even of the most trifling kind from his friends, we find some inconsistency in this condemnation of a sort of conduct to which he tenaciously clung; unless the fact of the donor being a prince of the blood is allowed to modify the quality of the donation, and that would be a hardly defensible position in the austere citizen of Geneva. Madame de Boufflers, the intimate friend of our sage Hume, and the yet more intimate friend of the Prince of Conti, gave him a judicious warning when she bade him beware of laying himself open to a charge of affectation, lest it should obscure the brightness of his virtue, and so hinder its usefulness. "Fabius and Regulus would have accepted such marks of esteem without feeling in them any hurt to their disinterestedness and frugality." Perhaps there is a flutter of self-consciousness that is not far removed from this affectation, in the pains which Rousseau takes to tell us that after dining at the castle, he used to return home gleefully to sup with a mason who was his neighbor and his friend. On the whole, however, and so far as we know, Rousseau conducted himself not unworthily with these high people. His letters to them are for the most part marked by self-respect and a moderate graciousness; though now and again he makes rather too much case of the difference of rank, and asserts his independence with something too much of protestation. Their relations with him are a curious sign of the interest which the members of the great world took in the men who were quietly preparing the destruction both of them and their world. The Maréchale de Luxembourg places this squalid dweller in a hovel on her estate in the place of honor at her table, and embraces his Theresa.

The Prince of Conti pays visits of courtesy, and sends game to a man whom he employs at a few sous an hour to copy manuscript for him. The Countess of Boufflers, in sending him the money, insists that he is to count her his warmest friend. When his dog dies, the countess writes to sympathize with his chagrin, and the prince begs to be allowed to replace it. And when persecution and trouble and infinite confusion came upon him, they all stood as fast by him as their own comfort would allow. Do we not feel that there must have been in the unhappy man, besides all the recorded pettinesses and perversities which revolt us in him, a vein of something which touched men, and made women devoted to him, until he drove both men and women away? With Madame d'Epinay and Madame d'Houdetot, as with the dearer and humbler patroness of his youth, we have now parted company. But they are instantly succeeded by new devotees. And the lovers of Rousseau, in all degrees, were not silly women led captive by idle fancy. Madame de Boufflers was one of the most distinguished spirits of her time. Her friendship for him was such, that his sensuous vanity made Rousseau against all reason or probability confound it with a warmer form; and he plumes himself in a manner most displeasing on the victory which he won over his own feelings on the occasion. As a matter of fact he had no feelings to conquer, any more than the supposed object of them ever bore him any ill-will for his indifference, as in his mania of suspicion he afterwards believed.

There was a calm about the too few years he passed at Montmorency, which leaves us in doubt whether this mania would ever have afflicted him, if his natural irritation had not been made intense and irresistible by the cruel distractions that followed the publication of 'Emilius.' He was tolerably content with his present friends. The simplicity of their way of dealing with him contrasted singularly, as he thought, with the never-ending solicitudes, as importunate as they were officious, of the patronizing friends whom he had just cast off. Perhaps, too, he was soothed by the companionship of persons whose rank may have flattered his vanity, while unlike Diderot and his old literary friends in Paris, they entered into no competition with him in the peculiar sphere of his own genius. Madame de Boufflers, indeed, wrote a tragedy; but he told her gruffly enough that it was a plagiarism from Southerne's 'Oroonoko.' That Rousseau was thoroughly capable of this hateful emotion of sensitive literary

jealousy is proved, if by nothing else, by his readiness to suspect that other authors were jealous of him. No one suspects others of a meanness of this kind, unless he is capable of it himself. The resounding success which followed the 'New Heloïsa' and 'Emilius' put an end to this apprehension, for it raised him to a pedestal in popular esteem as high as that on which Voltaire stood triumphant. This very success unfortunately brought troubles which destroyed Rousseau's last chance of ending his days in full reasonableness.

Meanwhile he enjoyed his last interval of moderate wholesomeness and peace. He felt his old healthy joy in the green earth. One of the letters commemorates his delight in the great scudding southwest winds of February, soft forerunners of the spring, so sweet to all who live with nature. At the end of his garden was a summer-house, and here even on wintry days he sat composing or copying. It was not music only that he copied. He took a curious pleasure in making transcripts of his romance, which he sold to the Duchess of Luxembourg and other ladies for some moderate fee. Sometimes he moved from his own lodging to the quarters in the park which his great friends had induced him to accept. "They were charmingly neat; the furniture was of white and blue. It was in this perfumed and delicious solitude, in the midst of woods and streams and choirs of birds of every kind, with the fragrance of the orange-flower poured round me, that I composed in a continual ecstasy the fifth book of 'Emilius.' With what eagerness did I hasten every morning at sunrise to breathe the balmy air! What good coffee I used to take under the porch in company with my Theresa! My cat and my dog made the rest of our party. That would have sufficed for all my life, and I should never have known weariness." And so to the assurance, so often repeated under so many different circumstances, that here was a true heaven upon earth, where if fate had only allowed, he would have known unbroken innocence and lasting happiness.

CONDORCET

From 'Critical Miscellanies'

Of the illustrious thinkers and writers who for two generations had been actively scattering the seed of revolution in France, only Condorcet survived to behold the first bitter ingathering of the harvest. Those who had sown the wind were no more; he only was left to see the reaping of the whirlwind, and to be swiftly and cruelly swept away by it. Voltaire and Diderot, Rousseau and Helvétius, had vanished; but Condorcet both assisted at the Encyclopædia and sat in the Convention,—the one eminent man of those who had tended the tree, who also came in due season to partake of its fruit,—at once a precursor, and a sharer in the fulfillment. In neither character has he attracted the good-will of any of those considerable sections and schools into which criticism of the Revolution has been mainly divided. As a thinker he is roughly classed as an Economist; and as a practical politician he figured first in the Legislative Assembly, and next in the Convention. Now, as a rule, the political parties that have most admired the Convention have had least sympathy with the Economists; and the historians who are most favorable to Turgot and his followers are usually most hostile to the actions and associations of the great revolutionary chamber successively swayed by a Vergniaud, a Danton, a Robespierre. Between the two, Condorcet's name has been allowed to lie hidden for the most part in a certain obscurity, or else has been covered with those taunts and innuendoes which partisans are wont to lavish on men of whom they do not know exactly whether they are with or against them.

Generally, the men of the Revolution are criticized in blocks and sections, and Condorcet cannot be accurately placed under any of these received schools. He was an Economist, but he was something more; for the most characteristic article in his creed was a passionate belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature. He was more of a Girondin than a Jacobin, yet he did not always act, any more than he always thought, with the Girondins; and he did not fall when they fell, but was proscribed by a decree specially leveled at himself. Isolation of this kind is assuredly no merit in political action, but it explains the coldness with which Condorcet's memory has been treated; and it flowed from some marked singularities both of character and opinion,

which are of the highest interest, if we consider the position of the man, and the lustre of that ever-memorable time. «Condorcet,» said D'Alembert, «is a volcano covered with snow.» Said another, less picturesquely, «He is a sheep in a passion.» «You may say of the intelligence of Condorcet in relation to his person,» wrote Madame Roland, «that it is a subtle essence soaked in cotton.» The curious mixture disclosed by sayings like these, of warm impulse and fine purpose with immovable reserve, only shows that he of whom they were spoken belonged to the class of natures which may be called non-conducting. They are not effective, because without this effluence of power and feeling from within, the hearer or onlooker is stirred by no sympathetic thrill. They cannot be the happiest, because consciousness of the inequality between expression and meaning, between the influence intended and the impression conveyed, must be as tormenting as to one who dreams is the vain effort to strike a blow. If to be of this non-conducting temperament is impossible in the really greatest sorts of men, like St. Paul, St. Bernard, or Luther, at least it is no proper object of blame; for it is constantly the companion of lofty and generous aspiration. It was perhaps unfortunate that Condorcet should have permitted himself to be drawn into a position where his want of that magical quality by which even the loathed and loathsome Marat could gain the sympathies of men, should be so conspicuously made visible. Frankly, the character of Condorcet, unlike so many of his contemporaries, offers nothing to the theatrical instinct. None the less on this account should we weigh the contributions which he made to the stock of science and social speculation, and recognize the fine elevation of his sentiments, his noble solicitude for human well-being, his eager and resolute belief in its indefinite expansion, and the devotion which sealed his faith by a destiny that was as tragical as any in those bloody and most tragical days.

I

Until the outbreak of the Revolution, the circumstances of Condorcet's life were as little externally disturbed or specially remarkable as those of any other geometer and thinker of the time. He was born in a small town in Picardy, in the year 1743. His father was a cavalry officer; but as he died when his son was only three years old, he could have exerted no influence upon the

future philosopher, save such as comes of transmission through blood and tissue. Condillac was his uncle, but there is no record of any intercourse between them. His mother was a devout and trembling soul, who dedicated her child to the Holy Virgin, and for eight years or more made him wear the dress of a little girl, by way of sheltering him against the temptations and unbelief of a vile world. So long as women are held by opinion and usage in a state of educational and political subjection which prevents the growth of a large intelligence, made healthy and energetic by knowledge and by activity, we may expect to read of pious extravagances of this kind. Condorcet was weakened physically by much confinement and the constraint of cumbrous clothing; and not even his dedication to the Holy Virgin prevented him from growing up the most ardent of the admirers of Voltaire. His earliest instructors, as happened to most of the skeptical philosophers, were the Jesuits, then within a few years of their fall. That these adroit men, armed with all the arts and traditions which their order had acquired in three centuries, and with the training of the nation almost exclusively in their hands, should still have been unable to shield their persons from proscription and their creed from hatred, is a remarkable and satisfactory instance how little it avails ecclesiastical bodies to have a monopoly of official education, if the spirit of their teaching be out of harmony with those most potent agencies which we sum up as the spirit of the time. The Jesuits were the great official teachers of France for the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1764 the order was thrust forth from the country, and they left behind them an army of the bitterest enemies Christianity has ever had. To do them justice, they were destroyed by weapons which they had themselves supplied. The intelligence which they had so honorably developed and sharpened, turned inevitably against the incurable faults in their own system. They were admirable teachers of mathematics. Condorcet, instructed by the Jesuits at Rheims, was able, when he was only fifteen years old, to go through such performances in analysis as to win especial applause from illustrious judges like D'Alembert and Clairaut. It was impossible, however, for Jesuits, as it has ever been for all enemies of movement, to constrain within prescribed limits the activity which has once been effectively stirred. Mathematics has always been in the eyes of the Church a harmless branch of knowledge; but the mental energy that mathematics first touched

is sure to turn itself by-and-by to more complex and dangerous subjects in the scientific hierarchy.

At any rate, Condorcet's curiosity was very speedily drawn to problems beyond those which geometry and algebra pretend to solve. "For thirty years," he wrote in 1790, "I have hardly ever passed a single day without meditating on the political sciences." Thus, when only seventeen, when the ardor of even the choicest spirits is usually most purely intellectual, moral and social feeling was rising in Condorcet to that supremacy which it afterwards attained in him to so admirable a degree. He wrote essays on integral calculus, but he was already beginning to reflect upon the laws of human societies and the conditions of moral obligation. At the root of Condorcet's nature was a profound sensibility of constitution. One of his biographers explains his early enthusiasm for virtue and human welfare as the conclusion of a kind of syllogism. It is possible that the syllogism was only the later shape into which an instinctive impulsé threw itself by way of rational intrenchment. This sensibility caused Condorcet to abandon the barbarous pleasures of the chase, which had at first powerfully attracted him. To derive delight from what inflicts pain on any sentient creature revolted his conscience and offended his reason; because he perceived that the character which does not shrink from associating its own joy with the anguish of another, is either found or left mortally blunted to the finest impressions of humanity. It was this same sensibility, fortified by reason, which drove him while almost still at school to reflect, as he confided to Turgot he had done, on the moral ideas of virtue and justice.

It is thus assured that from the beginning Condorcet was unable to satisfy himself with the mere knowledge of the specialist, but felt the necessity of placing social aims at the head and front of his life, and of subordinating to them all other pursuits. That he values knowledge only as a means to social action, is one of the highest titles to our esteem that any philosopher can have. Such a temper of mind has penetrated no man more fully than Condorcet, though there are other thinkers to whom time and chance have been more favorable in making that temper permanently productive. There is a fine significance in his words, after the dismissal of the great and virtuous Turgot from office: "We have had a delightful dream, but it was too brief. Now I mean to apply myself to geometry. It is terribly cold to be for

the future laboring only for the *gloriole*, after flattering oneself for a while that one was working for the public weal.» It is true that a geometer, too, works for the public weal; but the process is tardier, and we may well pardon an impatience that sprung of reasoned zeal for the happiness of mankind. There is something much more attractive about Condorcet's undisguised disappointment at having to exchange active public labor for geometrical problems, than in the affected satisfaction conventionally professed by statesmen when driven from place to their books. His correspondence shows that even when his mind seemed to be most concentrated upon his special studies, he was incessantly on the alert for every new idea, book, transaction, that was likely to stimulate the love of virtue in individuals, or to increase the strength of justice in society. It would have been, in one sense, more fortunate for him to have cared less for high social interests, if we remember the contention of his latter days, and the catastrophe which brought them to so frightful a close. But Condorcet was not one of those natures who can think it happiness to look passively out from the tranquil literary watch-tower upon the mortal struggles of a society in a state of revolution. In measuring other men of science — as his two volumes of Eloges abundantly show — one cannot help being struck by the eagerness with which he seizes on any trait of zeal for social improvement, of anxiety that the lives and characters of our fellows should be better worth having. He was himself too absolutely possessed by this social spirit to have flinched from his career, even if he had foreseen the martyrdom which was to consummate it. «You are very happy,» he once wrote to Turgot, «in your passion for the public good, and your power to satisfy it; it is a great consolation, and of an order very superior to that of study.»

In 1769, at the age of six-and-twenty, Condorcet became connected with the Academy; to the mortification of his relations, who hardly pardoned him for not being a captain of cavalry, as his father had been before him. About the same time or a little later, he performed a pilgrimage of a kind that could hardly help making a mark upon a character so deeply impressible. In company with D'Alembert, he went to Ferney and saw Voltaire. To the position of Voltaire in Europe in 1770 there has never been any other man's position in any age wholly comparable. It is true that there had been one or two of the great popes, and a

great ecclesiastic like St. Bernard, who had exercised a spiritual authority, pretty universally submitted to, or even spontaneously invoked, throughout western Europe. But these were the representatives of a powerful organization and an accepted system. Voltaire filled a place before men's eyes in the eighteenth century as conspicuous and as authoritative as that of St. Bernard in the twelfth. The difference was that Voltaire's place was absolutely unofficial in its origin, and indebted to no system nor organization for its maintenance. Again, there have been others, like Bacon or Descartes, destined to make a far more permanent contribution to the ideas which have extended the powers and elevated the happiness of men; but these great spirits for the most part labored for the generation that followed them, and won comparatively slight recognition from their own age. Voltaire, during his life, enjoyed to the full not only the admiration that belongs to the poet, but something of the veneration that is paid to the thinker, and even something of the glory usually reserved for captains and conquerors of renown. No other man before or since ever hit so exactly the mark of his time on every side, so precisely met the conditions of fame for the moment, nor so thoroughly dazzled and reigned over the foremost men and women who were his contemporaries. Wherever else intellectual fame has approached the fame of Voltaire, it has been posthumous. With him it was immediate and splendid. Into the secret of this extraordinary circumstance we need not here particularly inquire. He was an unsurpassed master of the art of literary expression in a country where that art is more highly prized than anywhere else; he was the most brilliant of wits among a people whose relish for wit is a supreme passion; he won the admiration of the lighter souls by his plays, of the learned by his interest in science, of the men of letters by his never-ceasing flow of essays, criticisms, and articles, not one of which lacks vigor and freshness and sparkle; he was the most active, bitter, and telling foe of what was then the most justly abhorred of all institutions,—the Church. Add to these remarkable titles to honor and popularity that he was no mere declaimer against oppression and injustice in the abstract, but the strenuous, persevering, and absolutely indefatigable champion of every victim of oppression or injustice whose case was once brought under his eye.

THE CHURCH AND THE 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA'

From 'Diderot and the Encyclopædists'

The Church had known how to deal with intellectual insurgents, from Abélard in the twelfth century down to Giordano Bruno and Vanini in the seventeenth. They were isolated; they were for the most part submissive; and if they were not, the arm of the Church was very long, and her grasp mortal. And all these meritorious precursors were made weak by one cardinal defect, for which no gifts of intellectual acuteness could compensate. They had the scientific idea, but they lacked the social idea. . . .

After the middle of the last century, the insurrection against the pretensions of the Church, and against the doctrines of Christianity, was marked in one of its most important phases by a new and most significant feature. In this phase it was animated at once by the scientific idea and by the social idea. . . . Its leaders surveyed the entire field with as much accuracy, and with as wide a range, as their instruments allowed; and they scattered over the world a set of ideas which at once entered into energetic rivalry with the ancient scheme of authority. The great symbol of this new comprehensiveness in the insurrection was the 'Encyclopædia.'

The 'Encyclopædia' was virtually a protest against the old organization, no less than against the old doctrine. Broadly stated, the great central moral of it all was this: that human nature is good, that the world is capable of being made a desirable abiding-place, and that the evil of the world is the fruit of bad education and bad institutions. This cheerful doctrine now strikes on the ear as a commonplace and a truism. A hundred years ago in France it was a wonderful gospel, and the beginning of a new dispensation. It was the great counter-principle to asceticism in life and morals, to formalism in art, to absolutism in the social ordering, to obscurantism in thought. Every social improvement since has been the outcome of that doctrine in one form or another. The conviction that the character and lot of man are indefinitely modifiable for good, was the indispensable antecedent to any general and energetic endeavor to modify the conditions that surround him.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834–1896)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

WILLIAM MORRIS was a man of such varied activities and exuberant vitality, that an account of his career as a man of letters can give but an inadequate impression of his personality. The present sketch, however, must be restricted to the single aspect of his life by virtue of which he won a place among the greatest English writers of the nineteenth century; and may mention, thereafter only to ignore them, his epoch-making work as a decorative designer, his revival of the well-nigh lost art of printing beautiful books, and the socialist propaganda which he carried on for so many years, and with so much of fiery energy. All of these things belong to the character of the man rather than of the poet; and it is with the poet alone that we are now concerned.

WILLIAM MORRIS

With a volume entitled 'The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems,' published in 1858, Morris made his first appearance in literature. At this time the fame of Tennyson as the greatest of Victorian poets was fully established; the fame of Browning, with fifteen volumes already to his credit, was rapidly growing; and the chief poetical work of Matthew Arnold had already been produced. The affinities of the new poet were, however, with none of these masters, but rather with two men whose voices were yet to be heard. It was not until 1861 that Swinburne published 'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamund,' to be followed in 1864 by 'Atalanta in Calydon,' in 1865 by 'Chastelard,' and in 1866 by the famous first series of 'Poems and Ballads.' As for Rossetti, while it is true that some of the most characteristic of his youthful pieces had appeared in the Germ as early as 1850, yet it was not until 1870 that the manuscript collection of his 'Poems' was exhumed from the grave of his wife, and given to the world.

Thus we see that Morris must be considered the pioneer of the poetical movement with which these three men are chiefly identified. Whether we give them the vague title of Pre-Raphaelites, or of apostles of mediævalism, or of representatives of the stained-glass school of poetry, it is evident that they were united, at least in their earlier years, by the possession of common ideals and a common inspiration. The fact is also worth noting that 'The Defence of Guenevere,' a considerable section of which deals with material taken from the cycle of Arthurian legend, was published in the year that gave birth to the first group of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' A comparison of these two volumes is instructive; for it shows how divergent were the aims of Tennyson's exquisite but sophisticated art and the simpler and bolder art of the new poet. In diction, in emotional color, and in envisagement of the period with which both are concerned, the two works are very sharply contrasted: that of Tennyson embodies the last and most subtle refinement of a continuous literary tradition, while that of Morris harks back to earlier modes of thought and expression, and sacrifices the conventional trappings of modern song in order to reproduce with more of vital truthfulness the spirit of a vanished past. This point must be insisted upon, because it differentiates, not merely the two singers that have been named, but the two groups to which they respectively belong; and because it offers what justification there may be for the epithet «Pre-Raphaelite» so frequently applied to one of the groups. As the genius of Morris developed, his art became far finer; but it retained to the last those qualities of simplicity and sincerity that had informed it in its beginnings.

The distinctive achievement of Morris in English poetry is that of a story-teller by right divine — such a story-teller as Chaucer alone had been before him. But although the poet himself pays tribute to

> «— that mastery
> That from the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent
> Through these five hundred years such songs have sent
> To us, who, meshed within this smoky net
> Of unrejoicing labor, love them yet,»

yet the parallel may not be carried very far. Morris lacks the wit, the shrewdness, the practical good sense, and the dramatic faculty of Chaucer: he has instead the sentiment of romance in a heightened degree, the sense of pure beauty in nature and in life, the melancholic strain of a «dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,» and taking refuge in an idealized golden age of the past from a vain effort «to set the crooked straight» in this modern workaday world. As a story-teller in verse, Morris conquered the public with 'The

Life and Death of Jason' (1867), and 'The Earthly Paradise' (1868–70). 'The Earthly Paradise' is a cycle of twenty-four narrative poems with a prologue. "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," so runs the argument, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it: and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some Western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people." The land in which these "mariners of Norway" found their final haven was inhabited by a people descended from the ancient Greeks, and inheriting the poetical traditions of their race. After their guests had tarried with them for a while, they were thus addressed by the chief priest of the land:—

> "Dear guests, the year begins to-day;
> And fain are we, before it pass away,
> To hear some tales of that now altered world,
> Wherefrom our fathers in old time were hurled
> By the hard hands of fate and destiny.
> Nor would ye hear perchance unwillingly
> How we have dealt with stories of the land
> Wherein the tombs of our forefathers stand;
> Wherefore henceforth two solemn feasts shall be
> In every month, at which some history
> Shall crown our joyance."

The scheme is thus provided for the story-telling; and for a whole year the elders of the land alternate with the wanderers in recounting legendary tales. The former choose for their themes such stories as those of Atalanta, Alcestis, Cupid and Psyche, and Pygmalion and Galatea; the latter explore the rich fields of mediæval romance, and tell of Ogier the Dane, Gudrun and her lovers, the search for "the land east of the sun and west of the moon," and the fateful history of Tannhäuser. The twenty-four tales thus linked together are given in a variety of poetical forms, and differ greatly in length. They are "full of soft music and familiar olden charm," to use Mr. Stedman's felicitous phrase; they blend clearness of poetic vision with the sense of wonder; they are fresh, pathetic, vividly picturesque, and the loveliness of their best passages is beyond all praise. Of the earlier 'Life and Death of Jason' it should be said that the poem was originally planned to fill a place in 'The Earthly Paradise,' but so outgrew the author's purpose as to make a volume of itself.

The poetical work subsequently produced by Morris comprises the following volumes: 'Love is Enough, a Morality' (1872), 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs' (1876), and 'Poems by the Way' (1892). In the opinion of Morris himself, as well as in

that of most of his critics, the epic of 'Sigurd' is the greatest of his works. Mr. William Sharp has written of this poem in the following terms:—

"In this great work we come upon William Morris as the typical sagaman of modern literature. The breath of the North blows across these billowy lines as the polar wind across the green waves of the North Sea. The noise of waters, the splashing of oars, the whirling of swords, the conflict of battle, cries and heroic summons to death, re-echo in the ears. All the romance which gives so wonderful an atmosphere to his earlier poems, all the dreamy sweetness of 'The Earthly Paradise' and creations such as 'Love is Enough,' are here also; but with them are a force, a vigor and intensity, of which, save in his translation of the 'Odyssey,' there are few prior indications."

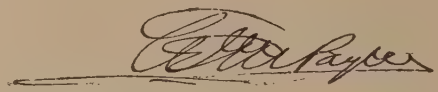
The eight or ten volumes of imperishably beautiful verse thus far described, constitute one of the chief glories of the Victorian era; but they still represent only a part of the prodigious literary achievement of William Morris. Another phase of his genius, second in importance only to the one just under discussion, is illustrated by the series of romances in prose and verse that were produced during the last seven years of his life. Having lived so long in the world of mediæval romancers and sagamen, he began in 1889 to write sagas and mediæval romances of his own; and may almost be said to have enriched English literature with a new form of composition. The more important of these works are—'The House of the Wolfings' (1889), 'The Roots of the Mountains' (1890), 'The Story of the Glittering Plain' (1891), 'The Wood Beyond the World' (1894), and 'The Well at the World's End' (1896). Two others—'The Water of the Wondrous Isles' and 'The Sundering Flood'—were left for posthumous publication. These romances show, even better than his poetry, how deeply Morris penetrated into the essential spirit of mediævalism. As far as material goes, they are pure inventions; and the reader marvels at the imaginative wealth which they display. Sometimes, as in 'The House of the Wolfings,' they afford an insight into that early life of our Teutonic ancestors of which Tacitus gives us a few glimpses; but their scenes for the most part are laid in some land "east of the sun and west of the moon," to which the poet alone has access. They take us back to the springtime of the world, as the sagamen and the romancers conceived of it; and unfold to us vistas of sheer delight. They tell us of noble men and lovely women, of perilous guests and heroic deeds; they are tinged with the melancholy that must ever be a residuum in the contemplative modern mind, however objective its grasp; but the subtle perplexities of modern life are left far behind. In form, they mingle actual verse with a sort of poetic prose that is not marred by cæsuric effects; having, as Mr. Watts-Dunton says, "the concrete figures and

impassioned diction that are the poet's vehicle," but entering into no competition with works of acknowledged metrical structure.

If Morris were not a great original poet and romancer, his fame would still be secure as one of the greatest of English translators. He gave us the 'Æneid' in 1876, the 'Odyssey' in 1887, 'Béowulf' in 1895, and a long series of Icelandic sagas during the last quarter-century of his life. He held with Pope that "the fire of a poem is what a translator should principally regard"; and in dealing with a foreign masterpiece, he felt that his first duty was to convert it into an English poem. Hence his Virgil has little value as a "crib," and his Homer is almost as free as Chapman's version. But he was more completely in his element when dealing with Teutonic materials, and his 'Béowulf' and Icelandic sagas must be reckoned among the classics of English translation. His Icelandic work includes the 'Grettis Saga' (1869), the 'Völsunga Saga' (1870), 'Three Northern Love Stories and Other Tales' (1875), and the volumes of 'The Saga Library,' prepared in collaboration with Professor Eirikr Magnusson. This 'Library' was begun in 1891, and projected upon a liberal scale. Five volumes were published; the first of which includes three of the shorter sagas, the second gives us 'The Story of the Ere-Dwellers' (Eyrbyggja Saga) and 'The Story of the Heath-Slayings,' while the remaining three contain a nearly complete translation of the 'Heimskringla' of Snorri Sturluson,—'The Stories of the Kings of Norway Called the Round World.' In these translations we have a fortunate union of Professor Magnusson's exact scholarship with the literary instinct of Morris—an instinct trained by long association with Icelandic themes, and long practice in the semi-archaic diction which is so happily made use of in these remarkable versions. Besides these translations, mention must be made, among the poet's miscellaneous writings, of 'Hopes and Fears for Art' (1881), 'A Dream of John Ball' (1888), 'News from Nowhere' (1892), and the work called 'Socialism, its Growth and Outcome,' which was written in conjunction with Mr. Belfort Bax.

In the creative work which constitutes, after all, the great bulk of the literary output of William Morris, one is most impressed by the insistence with which the note of pure beauty is sounded. The poet was not insensible of "problems," as his socialistic writing amply shows; but literature took him clean away from them, and into a world which he might shape "nearer to the heart's desire" than this modern world of restless striving after more or less ignoble ends. When we get into the region of 'The Earthly Paradise' or of the prose romances, it is, to use Whitman's fine phrase, "as if no artifice of business, fashion, politics, had ever been." It is a world in which we may find the beguilement of all weariness, and refresh our

faith in the simpler virtues and the unsophisticated life. It is good for the spirit to take refuge at times in such a world; and those who have once breathed its healing airs will not fail in gratitude to the magician who led them to its confines, and bade them enter into its delights.



SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed:
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day;
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,—
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast,
Sir John, the Knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,

With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turned gray;
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,—
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly passed;
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you, pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true;
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

HALLBLITHE DWELLETH IN THE WOOD ALONE

From 'The Story of the Glittering Plain'

On the morrow they arose betimes, and broke their fast on that woodland victual, and then went speedily down the mountain-side; & Hallblithe saw by the clear morning light that it was indeed the Uttermost House which he had seen across the green waste. So he told the seekers; but they were silent and heeded naught, because of a fear that had come upon them, lest they should die before they came into that good land. At the foot of the mountain they came upon a river, deep but not wide, with low grassy banks; and Hallblithe, who was an exceeding strong swimmer, helped the seekers over without much ado, and there they stood upon the grass of that goodly waste. Hallblithe looked on them to note if any change should come over them, and he deemed that already they were become stronger and of more avail. But he spake naught thereof, and strode on toward the Uttermost House, even as that other day he had stridden away from it. Such diligence they made, that it was but little after noon when they came to the door thereof.

Then Hallblithe took the horn and blew upon it, while his fellows stood by murmuring, "It is the Land! It is the Land!" So came the Warden to the door clad in red scarlet, and the elder went up to him and said, "Is this the Land?" "What Land?" said the Warden. "Is it the Glittering Plain?" said the second of the seekers. "Yea, forsooth," said the Warden. Said the sad man, "Will ye lead us to the King?" "Ye shall come to the King," said the Warden. "When, oh, when?" cried they out all three. "The morrow of to-morrow, maybe," said the Warden. "Oh! if to-morrow were but come!" they cried. "It will come," said the red man: "enter ye the house. and eat and drink and rest you."

So they entered, and the Warden heeded Hallblithe nothing. They ate and drank and then went to their rest; and Hallblithe lay in a shut-bed off from the hall, but the Warden brought the seekers otherwhere, so that Hallblithe saw them not after he had gone to bed; but as for him, he slept and forgot that aught was. In the morning when he awoke he felt very strong and well-liking; and he beheld his limbs that they were clear of skin and sleek and fair; and he heard one hard by in the hall caroling and singing joyously. So he sprang from his bed with the wonder of sleep yet in him, and drew the curtains of the shut-bed and looked forth into the hall: and lo! on the high-seat a man of thirty winters by seeming, tall, fair of fashion, with golden hair and eyes as gray as glass, proud and noble of aspect; and anigh him sat another man of like age to look on, —a man strong and burly, with short curling brown hair and a red beard, and ruddy countenance, and the mien of a warrior. Also, up & down the hall, paced a man younger of aspect than these two, tall and slender, black-haired & dark-eyed, amorous of countenance; he it was who was singing a snatch of song as he went lightly on the hall pavement,—a snatch like to this:

FAIR is the world, now autumn's wearing,
And the sluggard sun lies long abed;
Sweet are the days, now winter's nearing,
And all winds feign that the wind is dead.

Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yellow,
Bright as the blossoms of the spring;
Dumb is the close where the pears grow mellow,
And none but the dauntless redbreast sing.

Fair was the spring, but amidst his greening
Gray were the days of the hidden sun;
Fair was the summer, but overweening,
So soon his o'er-sweet days were done.

Come then, love, for peace is upon us;
Far off is failing, and far is fear,
Here where the rest in the end hath won us
In the garnering tide of the happy year.

Come from the gray old house by the water,
Where, far from the lips of the hungry sea,
Green groweth the grass o'er the field of the slaughter,
And all is a tale for thee and me.

So Hallblithe did on his raiment and went into the hall; & when those three saw him, they smiled upon him kindly and greeted him; and the noble man at the board said: "Thanks have thou, O Warrior of the Raven, for thy help in our need; thy reward from us shall not be lacking." Then the brown-haired man came up to him, and clapped him on the back and said to him: "Brisk man of the Raven, good is thy help at need; even so shall be mine to thee henceforward." But the young man stepped up to him lightly, and cast his arms about him, and kissed him, and said: "O friend and fellow, who knoweth but I may one day help thee as thou hast holpen me? though thou art one who, by seeming mayst well help thyself. And now mayst thou be as merry as I am to-day!" Then they all three cried out joyously: "It is the Land! It is the Land!" So Hallblithe knew that these men were the two elders and the sad man of yesterday, and that they had renewed their youth. Joyously now did those men break their fast; nor did Hallblithe make any grim countenance, for he thought, "That which these dotards and drivelers have been mighty enough to find, shall I not be mighty enough to flee from?" Breakfast done, the seekers made little delay, so eager as they were to behold the King, and to have handsel of their new sweet life. So they got them ready to depart, and the once-captain said: "Art thou able to lead us to the King, O Raven-son, or must we seek another man to do so much for us?" Said Hallblithe: "I am able to lead you so nigh unto Wood-end (where, as I deem, the King abideth) that ye shall not miss him." Therewith they went to the door,

and the Warden unlocked to them, & spake no word to them when they departed, though they thanked him kindly for the guesting. When they were without the garth, the young man fell to running about the meadow, plucking great handfuls of the rich flowers that grew about, singing & caroling the while. But he who had been king looked up and down and round about, and said at last: "Where be the horses and the men?" But his fellow with the red beard said: "Raven-son, in this land when they journey, what do they as to riding or going afoot?" Said Hallblithe: "Fair fellows, ye shall wot that in this land folk go afoot for the most part, both men and women; whereas they weary but little, and are in no haste." Then the once-captain clapped the once-king on the shoulder, and said: "Hearken, lord, and delay no longer, but gird up thy gown, since here is no mare's son to help thee; for fair is to-day that lies before us, with many a fair new day beyond it." So Hallblithe led the way inward, thinking of many things, yet but little of his fellows. Albeit they, and the younger man especially, were of many words; for this black-haired man had many questions to ask, chiefly concerning the women, what they were like to look on, and of what mood they were. Hallblithe answered thereto as long as he might, but at last he laughed and said: "Friend, forbear thy questions now; for meseemeth in a few hours thou shalt be as wise hereon as is the god of love himself."

So they made diligence along the road, and all was tidingless till on the second day at even they came to the first house off the waste. There had they good welcome, and slept. But on the morrow when they arose, Hallblithe spake to the seekers, and said: "Now are things much changed betwixt us since the time when we first met; for then I had all my desire, as I thought, and ye had but one desire, and well-nigh lacked hope of its fulfillment. Whereas now the lack hath left you and come to me. Wherefore even as time agone ye might not abide even one night at the House of the Raven, so hard as your desire lay on you,—even so it fareth with me to-day, that I am consumed with my desire, and I may not abide with you; lest that befall which befalleth betwixt the full man and the fasting. Wherefore now I bless you & depart." They abounded in words of goodwill to him, and the once-king said: "Abide with us, and we shall see to it that thou have all the dignities that a man may think of." And the once-captain said: "Lo, here is mine

hand that hath been mighty; never shalt thou lack it for the accomplishment of thine uttermost desire: abide with us."

Lastly said the young man: "Abide with us, Son of the Raven! Set thine heart on a fair woman, yea even were it the fairest, and I will get her for thee; yea, even were my desire set on her." But he smiled on them, and shook his head, and said: "All hail to you! but mine errand is yet undone." And therewith he departed. He skirted Wood-end and came not to it, but got him down to the side of the sea, not far from where he first came aland, but somewhat south of it. A fair oak-wood came down close to the beach of the sea; it was some four miles endlong and over-thwart. Thither Hallblithe betook him, and in a day or two got him woodwright's tools from a house of men a little outside the wood, three miles from the sea-shore. Then he set to work and built him a little frame house on a lawn of the wood beside a clear stream; for he was a very deft woodwright. Withal he made him a bow & arrows, and shot what he would of the fowl and the deer for his livelihood; and folk from that house and otherwhence came to see him, & brought him bread and wine and spicery and other matters which he needed. And the days wore, and men got used to him, and loved him as if he had been a rare image which had been brought to that land for its adornment; & now they no longer called him the Spearman, but the Wood-lover. And as for him, he took all in patience, abiding what the lapse of days should bring forth.

ICELAND FIRST SEEN

LO FROM our loitering ship
a new land at last to be seen;
Toothed rocks down the side of the firth,
on the east guard a weary wide lea,
And black slope the hillsides above,
striped adown with their desolate green:
And a peak rises up on the west
from the meeting of cloud and sea,
Foursquare from base unto point
like the building of gods that have been,—
The last of that waste of the mountains
all cloud-wreathed and snow-flecked and gray,
And bright with the dawn that began
just now at the ending of day.

Ah! what came we forth for to see,
that our hearts are so hot with desire?
Is it enough for our rest,
the sight of this desolate strand,
And the mountain waste voiceless as death
but for winds that may sleep not nor tire?
Why do we long to wend forth
through the length and breadth of a land
Dreadful with grinding of ice
and record of scarce hidden fire,
But that there 'mid the gray grassy dales
sore scarred by the ruining streams
Lives the tale of the Northland of old
and the undying glory of dreams?

O land, as some cave by the sea
where the treasures of old have been laid,
The sword it may be of a king
whose name was the turning of fight;
Or the staff of some wise of the world
that many things made and unmade;
Or the ring of a woman, maybe,
whose woe is grown wealth and delight:
No wheat and no wine grows above it,
no orchard for blossom and shade:
The few ships that sail by its blackness
but deem it the mouth of a grave;
Yet sure when the world shall awaken,
this too shall be mighty to save.

Or rather, O land, if a marvel
it seemeth that men ever sought
Thy wastes for a field and a garden
fulfilled of all wonder and doubt,
And feasted amidst of the winter
when the fight of the year had been fought,
Whose plunder all gathered together
was little to babble about,
Cry aloud from thy wastes, O thou land,
"Not for this nor for that was I wrought.
Amid waning of realms and of riches
and death of things worshiped and sure,
I abide here the spouse of a God,
and I made and I make and endure."

O Queen of the grief without knowledge,
of the courage that may not avail,
Of the longing that may not attain,
of the love that shall never forget,
More joy than the gladness of laughter
thy voice hath amidst of its wail;
More hope than of pleasure fulfilled
amidst of thy blindness is set;
More glorious than gaining of all
thine unfaltering hand that shall fail:
For what is the mark on thy brow
but the brand that thy Brynhild doth bear?
Lone once, and loved and undone
by a love that no ages outwear.

Ah! when thy Balder comes back
And bears from the heart of the sun
Peace and the healing of pain,
and the wisdom that waiteth no more;
And the lilies are laid on thy brow
'mid the crown of the deeds thou hast done;
And the roses spring up by thy feet
that the rocks of the wilderness wore:
Ah! when thy Balder comes back
and we gather the gains he hath won,
Shall we not linger a little
to talk of thy sweetness of old,
Yea, turn back awhile to thy travail
whence the Gods stood aloof to behold?

INTRODUCTION TO 'THE EARTHLY PARADISE'

OF HEAVEN or hell I have no power to sing;
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,—

Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names rememberèd,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an idle day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines arow,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

FROM 'L'ENVOI' OF 'THE EARTHLY PARADISE'

HERE are we for the last time face to face,
Thou and I, Book, before I bid thee speed
Upon thy perilous journey to that place
For which I have done on thee pilgrim's weed,
Striving to get thee all things for thy need.
. . . . . .
Though what harm if thou die upon the way,
Thou idle singer of an empty day?

But though this land desired thou never reach,
Yet folk who know it mayst thou meet or death;
Therefore a word unto thee would I teach
To answer these, who, noting thy weak breath,
Thy wandering eyes, thy heart of little faith,
May make thy fond desire a sport and play,
Mocking the singer of an empty day.

That land's name, say'st thou? and the road thereto?
Nay, Book, thou mockest, saying thou know'st it not;
Surely no book of verse I ever knew
But ever was the heart within him hot
To gain the Land of Matters Unforgot:
There, now we both laugh — as the whole world may,
At us poor singers of an empty day.

Nay, let it pass, and hearken! Hast thou heard
That therein I believe I have a friend,
Of whom for love I may not be afeard?
It is to him indeed I bid thee wend;
Yea, he perchance may meet thee ere thou end,
Dying so far off from the hedge of bay,
Thou idle singer of an empty day!

Well, think of him, I bid thee, on the road,
And if it hap that midst of thy defeat,
Fainting beneath thy follies' heavy load,
My Master, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, thou do meet,
Then shalt thou win a space of rest full sweet;
Then be thou bold, and speak the words I say,
The idle singer of an empty day! . . .

Fearest thou, Book, what answer thou may'st gain,
Lest he should scorn thee, and thereof thou die?
Nay, it shall not be.— Thou may'st toil in vain,
And never draw the House of Fame anigh;
Yet he and his shall know whereof we cry,—
Shall call it not ill done to strive to lay
The ghosts that crowd about life's empty day.

Then let the others go! and if indeed
In some old garden thou and I have wrought,
And made fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,
And fragrance of old days and deeds have brought
Back to folk weary,— all was not for naught.
No little part it was for me to play —
The idle singer of an empty day.

THE BLUE CLOSET

The Damozels

Lady Alice, Lady Louise,
Between the wash of the tumbling seas
We are ready to sing, if so ye please;
So lay your long hands on the keys:
Sing, "*Laudate pueri.*"

And ever the great bell overhead
Boomed in the wind a knell for the dead,—
Though no one tolled it, a knell for the dead.

Lady Louise

Sister, let the measure swell
Not too loud; for you sing not well
If you drown the faint boom of the bell:
He is weary, so am I.

And ever the chevron overhead
Flapped on the banner of the dead.
(*Was he asleep, or was he dead?*)

Lady Alice

Alice the Queen, and Louise the Queen,
Two damozels wearing purple and green,
Four lone ladies dwelling here
From day to day and year to year;
And there is none to let us go,—
To break the locks of the doors below,
Or shovel away the heaped-up snow;
And when we die, no man will know
That we are dead: but they give us leave,
Once every year on Christmas Eve,
To sing in the Closet Blue one song;
And we should be so long, so long,
If we dared, in singing: for dream on dream,
They float on in a happy stream;
Float from the gold strings, float from the keys,
Float from the opened lips of Louise:
But alas! the sea-salt oozes through
The chinks of the tiles of the Closet Blue;

And ever the great bell overhead
Booms in the wind a knell for the dead,—
The wind plays on it a knell for the dead.

[*They sing all together.*]

How long ago was it, how long ago,
He came to this tower with hands full of snow?
"Kneel down, O love Louise, kneel down," he said,
And sprinkled the dusty snow over my head.

He watched the snow melting,—it ran through my hair,
Ran over my shoulders, white shoulders and bare.

"I cannot weep for thee, poor love Louise,
For my tears are all hidden deep under the seas:

"In a gold and blue casket she keeps all my tears,
But my eyes are no longer blue as in old years;

"Yea, they grow gray with time, grow small and dry:
I am so feeble now, would I might die."

And in truth the great bell overhead
Left off his pealing for the dead,—
Perchance because the wind was dead.

Will he come back again, or is he dead?
Oh, is he sleeping, my scarf round his head?

Or did they strangle him as he lay there,
With the long scarlet scarf I used to wear?

Only I pray thee, Lord, let him come here!
Both his soul and his body to me are most dear.

Dear Lord, that loves me, I wait to receive
Either body or spirit this wild Christmas Eve.

Through the floor shot up a lily red,
With a patch of earth from the land of the dead,—
For he was strong in the land of the dead.

What matter that his cheeks were pale,
His kind kissed lips all gray?
"O love Louise, have you waited long?"
"O my lord Arthur, yea."

What if his hair that brushed her cheek
Was stiff with frozen rime?
His eyes were grown quite blue again,
As in the happy time.

"O love Louise, this is the key
Of the happy golden land!"
"O sisters, cross the bridge with me,—
My eyes are full of sand.
What matter that I cannot see,
If he take me by the hand?"

And ever the great bell overhead
And the tumbling seas mourned for the dead;
For their song ceased, and they were dead.

THE DAY IS COMING

COME hither lads and hearken,
for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming,
when all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country,
a land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England
in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand,
in the days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
some joy of the ancient home.

For then—laugh not, but listen
to this strange tale of mine—
All folk that are in England
shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his hand;
Nor yet come home in the even
too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming
shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning,
and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
that no man then shall be glad

Of his fellow's fall and mishap,
to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth
shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
by him that sowed no seed.

Oh, strange new wonderful justice!
But for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labor in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us,
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market,
and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder,
and the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living,
in the days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!
But what are the deeds of to-day,
In the days of the years we dwell in,
that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak:
We will it, and what is the foeman
but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

Oh, why and for what are we waiting,
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens
a wasted life goes by?

How long shall they reproach us,
where crowd on crowd they dwell,—
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,
the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored,
in sordid grief they died,—
Those sons of a mighty mother,
those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it,
nor save our souls from the curse:
But many a million cometh,
and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten,
and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent,—
We must give it voice and wisdom
till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come then, since all things call us,
the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle
a glimmering light is shed.

Come then, let us cast off fooling,
and put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy
till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle
wherein no man can fail,

Where whoso fadeth and dieth,
yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling,
for this, at least, we know:
That the dawn and the day is coming,
and forth the banners go.

KIARTAN BIDS FAREWELL TO GUDRUN

From 'The Lovers of Gudrun'

So passed away
Yule-tide at Herdholt, cold day following day,
Till spring was gone, and Gudrun had not failed
To win both many days where joy prevailed,
And many a pang of fear; till so it fell
That in the summer whereof now we tell,
Upon a day in blithe mood Kiartan came
To Bathstead not as one who looks for blame,
And Bodli with him, sad-eyed, silent, dull,
Noted of Gudrun, who no less was full
Of merry talk,—yea, more than her wont was.
But as the hours toward eventide did pass,
Said Kiartan:—

"Love, make we the most of bliss,
For though, indeed, not the last day this is
Whereon we twain shall meet in such a wise,
Yet shalt thou see me soon in fighting guise,
And hear the horns blow up our *Loth to go;*
For in White-River—"

"Is it even so,"
She broke in, "that these feet abide behind?
Men call me hard, but thou hast known me kind;
Men call me fair—my body give I thee;
Men call me dainty—let the rough salt sea
Deal with me as it will, so thou be near!
Let me share glory with thee, and take fear
That thy heart throws aside!"

Hand joined to hand,
As one who prays, and trembling, did she stand
With parted lips, and pale and weary-faced.
But up and down the hall-floor Bodli paced

With clanking sword, and brows set in a frown,
And scarce less pale than she. The sun low down
Shone through the narrow windows of the hall,
And on the gold upon her dress did fall,
And gilt her slim clasped hands.
There Kiartan stood
Gazing upon her in strange wavering mood,
Now longing sore to clasp her to his heart,
And pray her, too, that they might ne'er depart,
Now well-nigh ready to say such a word
As cutteth love across as with a sword;
So fought love in him with the craving vain
The love of all the wondering world to gain,
Though such he named it not. And so at last
His eyes upon the pavement did he cast,
And knit his brow as though some word to say:
Then fell her outstretched hands; she cried,
"Nay, nay!
Thou need'st not speak: I will not ask thee twice
To take a gift, a good gift, and be wise;
I know my heart, thou know'st it not: farewell,—
Maybe that other tales the Skalds shall tell
Than of thy great deeds."
Still her face was pale,
As with a sound betwixt a sigh and wail
She brushed by Bodli, who aghast did stand
With open mouth and vainly stretched-out hand;
But Kiartan followed her a step or two,
Then stayed, bewildered by his sudden woe;
But even therewith, as nigh the door she was,
She turned back suddenly, and straight did pass,
Trembling all over, to his side, and said
With streaming eyes:—
"Let not my words be weighed
As man's words are! O fair love, go forth
And come thou back again,—made no more worth
Unto this heart, but worthier it may be
To the dull world, thy worth that cannot see.
Go forth, and let the rumor of thee run
Through every land that is beneath the sun;
For know I not, indeed, that everything
Thou winnest at the hands of lord or king,
Is surely mine, as thou art mine at last?"
Then round about his neck her arms she cast,

And wept right sore: and, touched with love and shame,
Must Kiartan offer to leave hope of fame,
And noble life; but 'midst her tears she smiled,—
"Go forth, my love, and be thou not beguiled
By woman's tears,—I spake but as a fool;
We of the north wrap not our men in wool,
Lest they should die at last: nay, be not moved
To think that thou a faint-heart fool hast loved!"

For now his tears fell too; he said, "My sweet,
Ere the ship sails we yet again shall meet
To say farewell, a little while; and then,
When I come back to hold my place 'mid men,
With honor won for thee—how fair it is
To think on now, the sweetness and the bliss!"

Some little words she said no pen can write,
Upon his face she laid her fingers white,
And 'midst of kisses with his hair did play;
Then, smiling through her tears, she went away.
Nor heeded Bodli aught.
Men say the twain,
Kiartan and Gudrun, never met again
In loving wise; that each to each no more
Their eyes looked kind on this side death's dark shore;
That 'midst their tangled life they must forget,
Till they were dead, that ere their lips had met.

MOSCHUS

(Third Century B. C.)

Of Moschus it is commonly said that he was the friend or disciple of the Alexandrian grammarian, Aristarchus. In this fact we may possibly find the keynote of his poetic manner, and a just estimate of his value. For his poems are completely wrought-out work, marked now and then by a rare felicity of expression. They are what would naturally be produced by the educated man of poetic feeling, whose eye and ear had been trained by the rules and literary conventions of the greatest critic of his time.

The writer of the 'Elegy on Bion' asserts that he was Bion's pupil; and that while the master left his goods to others, his song he left to him. This relationship would make Moschus — to whom the elegy is commonly assigned — a younger contemporary of both Theocritus and Bion, who flourished about B. C. 275. Although a native of Syracuse, he is said to have lived much at Alexandria.

To him is also commonly ascribed the authorship of 'Love the Runaway,' a poem of exquisite grace after the manner of Anacreon, in which Cypris sketches her runaway boy, and offers a reward to the one who will bring him back. Three other idyls and a few slight pieces are also supposed to be his.

But the fame of Moschus rests upon the lament for Bion. It is a poem of only one hundred and thirty-three lines, but withal most elaborate, delicate, clear, and luxuriant in its imagery. All nature laments Bion's death; and this very exuberance and poetic excess have led critics to think the poem forced and affected, as Dr. Johnson pronounced 'Lycidas' to be. But considering that this very element of appeal to nature is in the heart of us all at times of great grief, when the imagination is awakened and the judgment often passive,— with this consideration, such elegies are more natural, direct, and simple. Sorrow, which acts physiologically as a stimulus to nerve action, brings out the inconsistency of human nature, and shows that inconsistency to be real consistency. We must abandon ourselves to the writer's attitude of mind in order to apprehend it. It is in the ebb of grief that the poetic impulse comes, not in its full tide and freshness. "To publish a sorrow," says Lowell, . . . "is in some sort to advertise its unreality; for I have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively

hides its face with its hands and is silent. Depend upon it, . . . Petrarch [loved] his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of the clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss, you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all elegies hateful;"—if not hateful, certainly inadequate for expression of the deeper grief of life.

The undoubted model for this idyl of Moschus was Bion's lament for Adonis, which is quoted under the article on Bion. Like that exquisite poem, Moschus's threnody is an outburst over the eternal mystery of death. Death means to us the loss of the departed one from our affectionate association. And above all, with true Greek feeling there is felt the loss to him of all that sweet life held,—the piping by the waters, the care of his flock, the soft airs of bucolic Sicily. The song is a touching lamentation upon the giving up of joyous life, and going down to "the senseless earth" and the shades of Orcus.

The remains of Moschus have been edited by H. L. Ahrens in 'Reliquiæ Bucolicorum Græcorum' (1861), and also by Brunck, Boissonade, and others. They have been turned into English by Fawkes (Chalmers's English Poets) and also by Messrs. Polwhele, Chapman, and Banks.

THE LAMENTATION FOR BION

MOAN with me, moan, ye woods and Dorian waters,
And weep, ye rivers, the delightful Bion;
Ye plants, now stand in tears; murmur, ye graves
Ye flowers, sigh forth your odors with sad buds;
Flush deep, ye roses and anemones;
And more than ever now, O hyacinth, show
Your written sorrows: the sweet singer's dead.
Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Ye nightingales, that mourn in the thick leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse,
Bion the shepherd's dead; and that with him
Melody's dead, and gone the Dorian song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian swans,
And utter forth a melancholy song,
Tender as his whose voice was like your own;
And say to the Œagrian girls, and say

To all the nymphs haunting in Bistany,
The Doric Orpheus is departed from us.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
No longer pipes he to the charmèd herds,
No longer sits under the lonely oaks
And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethean verse: and so the hills
Are voiceless; and the cows that follow still
Beside the bulls, low and will not be fed.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Apollo, Bion, wept thy sudden fate;
The Satyrs too, and the Priapuses
Dark-veiled, and for that song of thine the Pans
Groaned; and the fountain-nymphs within the woods
Mourned for thee, melting into tearful waters;
Echo too mourned among the rocks that she
Must hush, and imitate thy lips no longer;
Trees and the flowers put off their loveliness;
Milk flows not as 'twas used; and in the hive
The honey molders,—for there is no need,
Now that thy honey's gone, to look for more.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Not so the dolphins mourned by the salt sea,
Not so the nightingale among the rocks,
Not so the swallow over the far downs,
Not so Ceyx called for his Halcyone,
Not so in the eastern valleys Memnon's bird
Screamed o'er his sepulchre for the Morning's son,
As all have mourned for the departed Bion.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Ye nightingales and swallows, every one
Whom he once charmed and taught to sing at will,
Plain to each other midst the green tree boughs,
With other birds o'erhead. Mourn too, ye doves.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Who now shall play thy pipe, O most desired one!
Who lay his lip against thy reeds? who dare it?
For still they breathe of thee and of thy mouth,
And Echo comes to seek her voices there.
Pan's be they, and even he shall fear perhaps
To sound them, lest he be not first hereafter.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
And Galatea weeps, who loved to hear thee,
Sitting beside thee on the calm sea-shore:
For thou didst play far better than the Cyclops,
And him the fair one shunned: but thee, but thee,
She used to look at sweetly from the water;
But now, forgetful of the deep, she sits
On the lone sands, and feeds thy herd for thee.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
The Muses' gifts all died with thee, O shepherd:
Men's admiration, and sweet woman's kisses.
The Loves about thy sepulchre weep sadly;
For Venus loved thee, much more than the kiss
With which of late she kissed Adonis, dying.
Thou too, O Meles, sweetest voiced of rivers,
Thou too hast undergone a second grief;
For Homer first, that sweet mouth of Calliope,
Was taken from thee; and they say thou mourned'st
For thy great son with many-sobbing streams,
Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.
And now again thou weepest for a son,
Melting away in misery. Both of them
Were favorites of the fountain-nymphs: one drank
The Pegasean fount, and one his cup
Filled out of Arethuse; the former sang
The bright Tyndarid lass, and the great son
Of Thetis, and Atrides Menelaus;
But he, the other, not of wars or tears
Told us, but intermixed the pipe he played
With songs of herds, and as he sung he fed them;
And he made pipes, and milked the gentle heifer,
And taught us how to kiss, and cherished love
Within his bosom, and was worthy of Venus.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Every renownèd city and every town
Mourns for thee, Bion: Ascra weeps thee more
Than her own Hesiod; the Bœotian woods
Ask not for Pindar so, nor patriot Lesbos
For her Alcæus; nor the Ægean isle
Her poet; nor does Paros so wish back
Archilochus; and Mitylene now,
Instead of Sappho's verses, rings with thine.
All the sweet pastoral poets weep for thee:—

Sicelidas the Samian; Lycidas,
Who used to look so happy; and at Cos,
Philetas; and at Syracuse, Theocritus,
All in their several dialects; and I,
I too, no stranger to the pastoral song,
Sing thee a dirge Ausonian, such as thou
Taughtest thy scholars, honoring us as all
Heirs of the Dorian Muse. Thou didst bequeath
Thy store to others, but to me thy song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Alas! when mallows in the garden die,
Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill,
They live again, and flower another year;
But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
When once we die, sleep in the senseless earth
A long, an endless, unawakable sleep.
Thou too in earth must be laid silently;
But the nymphs please to let the frog sing on;
Nor envy I, for what he sings is worthless.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth;
Thou didst feel poison; how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turned to sweet!
Who could be so delightless as to mix it,
Or bid be mixed, and turn him from thy song!

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
But justice reaches all; and thus, meanwhile,
I weep thy fate. And would I could descend
Like Orpheus to the shades, or like Ulysses,
Or Hercules before him: I would go
To Pluto's house, and see if you sang there,
And hark to what you sang. Play to Proserpina
Something Sicilian, some delightful pastoral;
For she once played on the Sicilian shores,
The shores of Ætna, and sang Dorian songs, —
And so thou wouldst be honored; and as Orpheus
For his sweet harping had his love again,
She would restore thee to our mountains, Bion.
Oh, had I but the power, I, I would do it!

Translation of Leigh Hunt.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

(1797–1835)

THE short life of William Motherwell was involved in much that was uncongenial to his nature and obstructive to his talent; else his sensibility and imagination, and his lyric gift, might have found fuller expression. Several of his Scotch ballads are unexcelled for sweetness and pathos. The reflective poems show exquisite delicacy of feeling. 'The Battle Flag of Sigurd,' 'The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi,' ring with manliness. The collection as a whole shows a wide range of poetic power.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

His other noteworthy work, 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern' (1827), displays his taste and critical ability. The essay upon ancient minstrelsy with which he prefaced the collection attracted the admiring attention of Sir Walter Scott, and remains an authority upon the subject.

But the gifted Scotchman, who was born in Glasgow in 1797, hid under his outward reserve a sensitively artistic nature, that suffered from contact with the practicalities of life. Much of his childhood was passed in Edinburgh, where he spent happy days roaming about the old town; and where, in Mr. Lennie's private school, he met the pretty Jeanie Morrison of his famous ballad. He was a dreamy, unstudious lad, with little taste for science or the classics, although passionately fond of imaginative literature.

At fifteen he was placed to study law in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley, where he was made in time deputy sheriff-clerk, and principal clerk of the county of Renfrew. But he was always inclined toward a literary career; and beginning very young to contribute poems and sketches to various periodicals, he gradually drifted into journalism, with which he was still connected at the time of his death in 1835. A man peculiarly alive to outside impressions, he was thus for years subjected to the unpoetic details of editorial work; and this, acting upon his constitutional inertia, made the poetic creation of which he was capable especially difficult.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED EARTH AM SLEEPING

WHEN I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make,—
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small,—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned,—
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed;
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart:

And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,
«Sad one, depart!»

JEANIE MORRISON

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule—
Twa bairns and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jennie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,

Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young.
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled,—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee

As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE

MY HEID is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane;
Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met;
Oh, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame,—
But oh, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see;
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps' shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be,—
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

MAY MORN SONG

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'Tis early prime:
And hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity.
No witness there,
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

J. L. MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(1814–1877)

BY JOHN FRANKLIN JAMESON

PRESCOTT, in the preface to his 'Philip the Second,' dated in 1855, after speaking of the revolt of the Netherlands as an episode in his narrative well deserving to be made the theme of an independent work, adds with characteristic generosity:—"It is gratifying to learn that before long such a history may be expected from the pen of our accomplished countryman Mr. J. Lothrop Motley. No one acquainted with the fine powers of mind possessed by this scholar, and the earnestness with which he has devoted himself to his task, can doubt that he will do full justice to his important but difficult subject." Aside from what these kindly words toward a possible rival reveal of the lovable Prescott, they show us plainly that in 1855, when Motley was forty-one years old, his brilliant talents still remained unknown save to a relatively small circle. Froude, reviewing the 'Dutch Republic' a year later, said: "Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic." But if Motley came suddenly and somewhat late to his high fame as a historian, there had never been room for doubting his unusual gifts, nor his vocation to literature; he had had, however, a long period of uncertainty and experiment, touching the stops of various quills until at last he struck his true note. Born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, (now a part of Boston,) on April 15th, 1814, he had a good inheritance of mental qualities. His father, a Boston merchant of North-of-Ireland descent, was a handsome, genial, and witty man, with a taste for letters; his mother, a woman of singular beauty and charm, was the descendant of several Puritan clergymen, who had enjoyed literary repute in colonial and post-Revolutionary Boston. He was a handsome, genial, and straightforward boy, imaginative and impetuous, fond of reading though not of hard study. The most important part of his school life was spent at Round Hill, Northampton, where Joseph G. Cogswell and George Bancroft had established a famous school, and conducted it after a manner likely to give a quick-minded boy, along with his preparation for college, a taste for European literature and culture.

From Round Hill Motley went to Harvard College, and was graduated there in 1831. Wendell Phillips and Thomas G. Appleton were his classmates. He did not win academic distinction, and appeared to lack application and industry, being indeed only a boy when he completed his course. But he was exceedingly clever; and his classmates were not surprised when later he became famous, though they were surprised that his fame was won in a branch of literature involving so much laborious drudgery. His first appearance in print was a translation from the German, which came out in a little college magazine. But he did not often contribute to the college publications, and indeed kept somewhat apart from most of his classmates, partly from shyness perhaps, partly from youthful pride. A few months after his graduation he went to Germany. To go to a German university to continue one's studies was not then a common thing among American young men; but Bancroft and others at Cambridge had lately given an impulse in that direction. Motley thoroughly enjoyed his two years of life at Göttingen and Berlin. He followed lectures in the civil law chiefly; but was by no means wholly engrossed in study, as may be guessed from the fact that one of his most intimate companions at both places was the youthful Bismarck. A year of travel in Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and England followed; and in the autumn of 1835 Motley returned to Boston, and resumed the study of the law. In March 1837 he married Mary Benjamin, sister of Park Benjamin; a lovely woman, who for thirty-seven years was a constant source of happiness to him.

Motley's legal studies had never so preoccupied his mind as to turn it away from the love of literature and from literary ambitions. Two years after his marriage he made his first venture in the literary world, publishing a novel entitled 'Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Young Provincial,' of which the scene is the America of Revolutionary times. The book was wholly unsuccessful. Indeed, it had the gravest defects of plan and general form. Yet it had a certain distinction of style, and contained, among its loosely woven scenes, not a few passages of sufficient merit to justify those friends who still prophesied final success in spite of an unpromising beginning. Like many another first novel, 'Morton's Hope' is manifestly in part autobiographic. It reveals to us a young man of brilliant gifts, a strong appetite for reading, a marked inclination toward history, a mind somewhat self-centred, an impetuous temperament, and an intense but vague and unfixed ambition for literary distinction.

For a time, Motley's ambition was not even confined to literature exclusively; he dallied with diplomacy and politics. In 1841, when the Whigs for the first time had a chance at the federal offices, a new minister was sent out to St. Petersburg, and Motley went with

him as secretary of legation. He remained there less than three months, and then abandoned the diplomatic career and returned to Boston, his books, and his dearly loved family. In the campaign of 1844 he made some political speeches, and in 1849 he was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. But he derived little satisfaction from his connection with politics, and felt a passionate disgust with the rule of the politicians.

A second novel, 'Merry Mount,' published in 1849, was of much more merit than the first; and showed a liveliness of imagination and a power of description that gave promise of success near at hand, if not to be attained in precisely this direction. The field of work for which he was best fitted had already been made manifest to the writer and his friends by the striking excellences of certain historical essays which he had of late contributed to American magazines, especially an essay on Peter the Great in the North American Review for October 1845. By the next year his mind was already possessed with one great historical subject, that of the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain, the subject which he has forever associated with his name. "It was not," he afterward wrote, "that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one particular history." Hearing that Prescott was preparing a history of Philip II., he thought of abandoning the ground; but Prescott generously encouraged him. After three or four years of serious study, Motley concluded that no satisfactory work of the kind he planned could be written save upon the basis laid by thorough researches in Europe, especially in European archives. Accordingly in 1851 he went to Europe with his wife and family, there to labor at his absorbing task, and as it proved, there to spend most of his remaining days.

Destroying what he had already written, Motley immersed himself for nearly three years in the libraries and archives of Dresden, The Hague, and Brussels, and so produced the three volumes of the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' The great Murray declined the book; and it was published in England at the author's expense by Chapman & Hall, and in New York by Harper & Brothers, in April 1856. Its success was immediate, and for the production of an almost unknown author, prodigious. Nearly all the reviews, both British and American, praised it in most flattering terms. The author had written to his father that he should be surprised if a hundred copies of the English edition had been sold at the end of a year; in point of fact the number sold within a year was seventeen thousand.

The theme of that famous book is the revolt of the Dutch, and the struggle by which they won their independence from Spain. Its narrative opens with the abdication of Charles V. in 1555, and closes with the assassination of William of Orange in 1584. It relates the

story of Spanish misgovernment, tyranny, and religious persecution under Philip II.: the uprising of the provinces, both northern and southern, against the cruelty of the Duke of Alva; the efforts of the Prince of Orange to keep the provinces united and to maintain the war; the heroic sieges of Haarlem and Leyden; the wars and negotiations by which, under the guidance of a great statesman, the seven northern Dutch provinces raised themselves from the condition of dependents upon a foreign despot into that of an independent and permanent republic. No wonder that the theme took possession of Motley's imagination with haunting power; for the story is an inspiring and stirring one even in the pages of the sober annalists whom he succeeded and superseded, or in the formal documents upon which his work was based. It appealed moreover to higher qualities than his imagination. It is plain that the main source of his interest in the story is a generous love of liberty, and the warm sympathy of an ardent and noble nature with all exhibitions of individual and national heroism.

It is this enthusiasm and warmth of feeling which have given the 'Dutch Republic,' to most minds, its chief charm; which have done more than anything else to make it, in the estimation of the world at large, one of the most interesting historical books ever written in any language. But it has also many elements of technical perfection. It is written with great care. Many of the sentences are exquisite in felicity and finish. The style is dignified, yet rich with the evidences of literary cultivation and fertile fancy. The larger matters of composition are managed with taste and power. Rarely has any historian in the whole history of literature so united laborious scholarship with dramatic intensity. His pages abound in vivid descriptions, and in narrations instinct with life and force and movement. Through all runs that current of generous ardor which makes the work essentially an epic, having William of Orange as its hero, and fraught, like the 'Æneid,' with the fortunes of a noble nation. No doubt this epic sweep interfered with the due consideration of many important and interesting elements in Dutch history. The historians of that generation were mostly political and not constitutional. Prescott confessed that he hated "hunting latent, barren antiquities." Though Motley's early legal studies had made him more apt in these constitutional inquiries, so essential in Dutch history, his predilection was always rather toward the history of men than toward the history of institutions. Neither did Motley entirely escape those dangers of partiality which beset the dramatic historian. Under his hands William of Orange, a character undeniably heroic, became almost faultless; while Philip and those Netherlanders who continued to adhere to him were treated with somewhat less than justice. But much was

forgiven, and rightly, to one who had endowed literature with a book so interesting and so brilliant,—so full of life and color that it seemed to have caught something from the canvases of Rubens and Rembrandt.

Uncertain as to the reception of a large book by an unknown author, Motley had paused after the completion of the manuscript of the 'Dutch Republic,' had spent a year with his family in Switzerland, and another in Italy, and had made a brief visit to Boston. In the summer of 1857 he returned to Europe, and began the preparation of a work continuing the history of the Netherlands from the date of William's death. From that time the history of the Netherlands widens into a broader stream, constantly associated with that of several other countries. Motley was obliged to make more extensive researches, delving in the archives of London, Paris, Brussels, and The Hague. He was in London during the London seasons of 1858, 1859, and 1860; a famous author now, fêted everywhere, and everywhere enjoying with genial appreciation the best of English society. In the two intervening winters, in Rome and in England, he wrote the first two volumes of the 'History of the United Netherlands from the Death of William the Silent,' which in 1860 were published by Murray and by Harper. A few months before, the author had received from the University of Oxford the honorary degree of D. C. L.

The two volumes now published dealt with the history of five years only, but they were years of the greatest moment to the young republic. In 1584 the mainstay of the Dutch had been taken from them; and Philip's general, the Prince of Parma, was soon to recover both Ghent and Antwerp. By 1589 the great Armada had been destroyed, the chief of dangers had been removed, and the republic, with Henry of Navarre on the throne of France, was assured of independent existence. During these critical years the relations of the Dutch with England were so close, that to describe duly the diplomatic intercourse, the governor-generalship of Leicester, and the alliance in defense against the Armada, Motley was obliged to become almost as much the historian of England as of the Netherlands. Measured by the technical standards of the scholar, the tale was more difficult than that which had preceded it, and the achievement more distinguished. But Motley felt the lack of a hero; and the new volumes could not, from the nature of the case, possess the epic quality in the same form which had marked the 'Dutch Republic.' No doubt the book has been less widely read than its predecessor. Yet the epic quality was present nevertheless; and the story of a brave nation conquering for itself an equal place among the kingdoms of the world was inspiring to the reader and deeply instructive to the writer.

Immediately there came an opportunity for Motley's inborn love of liberty, and that appreciation of heroic national action which his recent work had brought him, to expend themselves on the objects of real and present life. At the beginning of the American Civil War, stirred deeply by the prevalent misunderstanding and want of sympathy in England, he wrote to the London Times an elaborate letter, afterward signally influential as a pamphlet, explaining clearly and comprehensively the character of the American Union, and the real causes of the war. Unable to remain away from his country in such a crisis, he returned to the United States, but was presently sent by Mr. Lincoln as minister to Austria. Here he made it his chief occupation to promote in Europe a right knowledge of American conditions and of the aims of the Union party at home, and to awaken and sustain European sympathy. In the two delightful volumes of his 'Correspondence' (published in 1889) nothing is more interesting, nothing contributes more to the reader's high appreciation of the man, than the series of letters written from Vienna during war-time. They show us a gifted and noble American passing through that transformation which came over many another of his countrymen, through the heart-straining experiences of those wonderful days. He who not many years before had looked upon the public affairs of his country with fastidious scorn, as the prey of low-minded politicians, was now warmed into ardent and even flaming patriotism by the peril of the Union, the struggle and the victory.

Official life in Vienna did not often leave much leisure for historical composition; but in 1867 Motley saw through the press the two volumes which concluded his 'History of the United Netherlands.' They continued the narrative at a more rapid rate than had seemed appropriate to the critical years previously treated, and brought it down to the conclusion of the Twelve Years' Truce between the Netherlands and Spain, arranged in 1609. Twenty years of Dutch history — war against Spain, negotiation with France and England — were embraced in these two volumes. With Elizabeth and Philip II. giving place to James I. and Philip III., these years were not so interesting nor so important as those which had preceded; but Motley's eloquence, and his extraordinary skill in presentation, prevented the new volumes from seeming inferior to the old. Moreover, to an imaginative American mind, a new element of interest was added as the young republic began to be a naval power, and, prosperous and energetic, launched out into brilliant projects of commerce and colonial expansion in the remote regions of the East and of the New World.

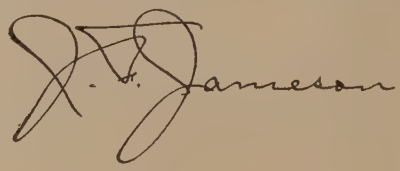
Meanwhile, however, Motley's official connection with his own country had ceased. Some one wrote to President Johnson a letter

slandering Motley. Though the letter might well have passed unnoticed, Secretary Seward requested explanations. Motley, sensitive and impulsive, accompanied his denials of the slanders with the tender of his resignation. It was accepted; and he left the diplomatic service with an acute sense of the indignity. Returning to America in 1868, he was, by the favor of President Grant and of Senator Sumner, appointed in 1869 to the high post of minister to Great Britain. A year later he was asked to resign, and refusing to do so, was recalled. A biographical sketch in a book of literature is doubtless not the place in which to discuss the merits or demerits of political actions of recent times, still warmly debated. It has been said on the one side that the minister had departed from his instructions in the important matter of the Alabama claims, to a degree that impaired his usefulness to his government; on the other side, that the action of President Grant and Secretary Fish was but an angry move in their quarrel with Senator Sumner. What is certain is, that to the high-spirited minister, wholly unconscious of any but the most faithful and patriotic service, this second blow was crushing. Indeed, it may be said to have been ultimately fatal.

The plan which Motley had had in mind while writing the 'History of the United Netherlands' had been to continue that narrative through the period of the Twelve Years' Truce, and then to widen it into a history of the Thirty Years' War, or of the war so called in Germany, and the thirty remaining years of warfare between the Dutch and Spain, both ending with the peace of Westphalia in 1648. The only part of this extensive plan which he succeeded in carrying out was that relating to the period of the truce. Throughout those twelve years the leading matter of Dutch history is the contest between John van Oldenbarneveld and Count Maurice of Nassau. Not neglecting other aspects of the time,—the death of Henry IV., the struggle over Jülich and Cleves, the preparation for the Thirty Years' War,—Motley gave to the two volumes which he published in 1874 a biographical form, and the title of 'The Life and Death of John of Barneveld.' Thorough and conscientious, interesting and valuable as the book is, it is not to be denied that it takes sides with Oldenbarneveld, and that it is written with less freshness and brilliancy than the earlier volumes. His proud and sensitive spirit had received a lacerating wound, and his health had begun to fail. At the end of this year his dearly loved wife was taken from him. He wrote no more; and on May 29th, 1877, he died near Dorchester in England.

It is a familiar thought that history must be written over again for the uses of each new generation. The present world of historians, critics, and readers is attentive to many things which in Motley's time were less valued. It has grown more strenuous in insisting upon perfect objectivity in the treatment of international and civil

conflicts. Where forty years ago, in all countries, history was chiefly the work of men more or less engaged in public affairs, or at least the offspring of political minds, it now in all countries, whether for good or for ill, springs mainly from professors or from minds professorial. Its fashions change. But it is difficult to imagine that any changes of fashion can seriously diminish either Motley's general popularity or the force of his appeal to cultivated minds. His books, while nowise lacking in most of the highest qualities of scholarship, are also literature,—eloquent, glowing, and powerful,—and have, one must think, that permanent value which belongs to every finished product of fine art.



THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V. OF SPAIN

From 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.' Copyright 1855, by John Lothrop Motley. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers

On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels. They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication which Charles V. had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. The Emperor, like many potentates before and since, was fond of great political spectacles. He knew their influence upon the masses of mankind. Although plain even to shabbiness in his own costume, and usually attired in black, no one ever understood better than he how to arrange such exhibitions in a striking and artistic style. We have seen the theatrical and imposing manner in which he quelled the insurrection at Ghent, and nearly crushed the life forever out of that vigorous and turbulent little commonwealth. The closing scene of his long and energetic reign he had now arranged with profound study, and with an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the requisite effects were to be produced. The termination of his own career, the opening of his beloved Philip's, were to be dramatized in a manner worthy the august characters of the actors, and the importance of the great stage where they played their parts. The eyes of the whole world were directed upon that day towards Brussels;

for an imperial abdication was an event which had not, in the sixteenth century, been staled by custom.

The gay capital of Brabant — of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "joyful entrance" — was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and at that day numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old. Unlike most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure — cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile cornfields — flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Senne, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircles and stairways of an amphitheatre. Nearly in the heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the town-house, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height; a miracle of needlework in stone, rivaling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above a façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemburg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right. The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls. The population, as thrifty, as intelligent, as prosperous as that of any city in Europe, was divided into fifty-two guilds of artisans, among which the most important were the armorers, whose suits of mail would turn a musket-ball; the gardeners, upon whose gentler creations incredible sums were annually lavished; and the tapestry-workers, whose gorgeous fabrics were the wonder of the world. Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. The number seven was a magic number in Brussels; and was supposed at that epoch — during which astronomy was in its

infancy and astrology in its prime — to denote the seven planets which governed all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences. Seven noble families, springing from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the seven senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates; and upon the occasion of the present ceremony, it was observed by the lovers of wonderful coincidences that seven crowned heads would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city.

The palace where the states-general were upon this occasion convened had been the residence of the Dukes of Brabant since the days of John the Second, who had built it about the year 1300. It was a spacious and convenient building, but not distinguished for the beauty of its architecture. In front was a large open square, inclosed by an iron railing; in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fish-ponds and game preserves, fountains and promenades, race-courses and archery grounds. The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful and symmetrical chapel. The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations. It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were held. Its walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool," vouchsafed to that renowned champion, the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands. At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces. Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction. In the rear of these were other benches for the members of the three great councils. In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs. All the seats upon the platform were vacant; but the benches below, assigned to the deputies of the provinces, were already filled. Numerous representatives from all

the States but two — Gelderland and Overyssel — had already taken their places. Grave magistrates in chain and gown, and executive officers in the splendid civic uniforms for which the Netherlands were celebrated, already filled every seat within the space allotted. The remainder of the hall was crowded with the more favored portion of the multitude, which had been fortunate enough to procure admission to the exhibition. The archers and hallebardiers of the body-guard kept watch at all the doors. The theatre was filled, the audience was eager with expectation, the actors were yet to arrive. As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange. They came from the chapel, and were immediately followed by Philip the Second and Queen Mary of Hungary. The Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and other great personages came afterwards, accompanied by a glittering throng of warriors, councillors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece.

Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped, as if by premeditated design, upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall forever upon the mightiest Emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle,— the serene and smiling priest, whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight mustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy,— such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face, and fan-shaped beard,— a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; those other twins in doom, the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny; the Baron

Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who at least never served but one party; the Duke of Arschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all,—a splendid seignior, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, but a poor creature, who traced his pedigree from Adam according to the family monumental inscriptions at Louvain, but who was better known as grandnephew of the Emperor's famous tutor Chièvres; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanor; the infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise; the distinguished soldiers Meghen and Aremberg,—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There too was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent,—a small, brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez,—or as he was familiarly called, "Re y Gomez" (King and Gomez),—a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes in part it will be our humble duty to narrate; how many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious gloom! some to perish on public scaffolds, some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field; nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves!

All the company present had risen to their feet as the Emperor entered. By his command, all immediately after resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited, —with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King, and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition,

it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper, that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous in consequence of this original defect; which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of a habitual invalid. He seemed so little upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale

admirer adds that "his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face he was the living image of his father; having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced: he had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness, which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy, such of the audience as had seats provided for them now took their places, and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, arose at the Emperor's command, and made a long oration. He spoke of the Emperor's warm affection for the provinces, as the land of his birth; of his deep regret that his broken health and failing powers, both of body and mind, compelled him to resign his sovereignty, and to seek relief for his shattered frame in a more genial climate. Cæsar's gout was then depicted in energetic language, which must have cost him a twinge as he sat there and listened to the councilor's eloquence. "'Tis a most truculent executioner," said Philibert: "it invades the whole body, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, leaving nothing untouched. It contracts the nerves with intolerable anguish, it enters the bones, it freezes the marrow, it converts the lubricating fluids of the joints into chalk; it pauses not until, having exhausted and debilitated the whole

body, it has rendered all its necessary instruments useless, and conquered the mind by immense torture." Engaged in mortal struggle with such an enemy, Cæsar felt himself obliged, as the councilor proceeded to inform his audience, to change the scene of the contest from the humid air of Flanders to the warmer atmosphere of Spain. He rejoiced, however, that his son was both vigorous and experienced, and that his recent marriage with the Queen of England had furnished the provinces with a most valuable alliance. He then again referred to the Emperor's boundless love for his subjects; and concluded with a tremendous, but superfluous, exhortation to Philip on the necessity of maintaining the Catholic religion in its purity. After this long harangue, which has been fully reported by several historians who were present at the ceremony, the councilor proceeded to read the deed of cession, by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular king of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles of the Burgundian property, including of course the seventeen Netherlands.

As De Bruxelles finished, there was a buzz of admiration throughout the assembly, mingled with murmurs of regret that in the present great danger upon the frontiers, from the belligerent King of France and his warlike and restless nation, the provinces should be left without their ancient and puissant defender. The Emperor then rose to his feet. Leaning on his crutch, he beckoned from his seat the personage upon whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall. A tall, handsome youth of twenty-two came forward: a man whose name from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been and will be more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders. At that day he had rather a southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiseled, and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark brown, as were also his mustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already prematurely engraved with the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened, and expressive of profound reflection. He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. His presence being considered indispensable at this great ceremony, he had been

summoned but recently from the camp on the frontier, where, notwithstanding his youth, the Emperor had appointed him to command his army in chief against such antagonists as Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Nevers.

Thus supported upon his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange, the Emperor proceeded to address the States, by the aid of a closely written brief which he held in his hand. He reviewed rapidly the progress of events from his seventeenth year up to that day. He spoke of his nine expeditions into Germany, six to Spain, seven to Italy, four to France, ten to the Netherlands, two to England, as many to Africa, and of his eleven voyages by sea. He sketched his various wars, victories, and treaties of peace; assuring his hearers that the welfare of his subjects and the security of the Roman Catholic religion had ever been the leading objects of his life. As long as God had granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning; but now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests, required his departure. Instead of a decrepit man with one foot in the grave, he presented them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigor of health. Turning toward Philip, he observed that for a dying father to bequeath so magnificent an empire to his son was a deed worthy of gratitude; but that when the father thus descended to the grave before his time, and by an anticipated and living burial sought to provide for the welfare of his realms and the grandeur of his son, the benefit thus conferred was surely far greater. He added that the debt would be paid to him and with usury, should Philip conduct himself in his administration of the province with a wise and affectionate regard to their true interests. Posterity would applaud his abdication, should his son prove worthy of his bounty; and that could only be by living in the fear of God, and by maintaining law, justice, and the Catholic religion in all their purity, as the true foundation of the realm. In conclusion, he entreated the estates, and through them the nation, to render obedience to their new prince, to maintain concord, and to preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; begging them, at the same time, to pardon him all errors or offenses which he might have committed towards them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to

that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.

Such brave words as these, so many vigorous asseverations of attempted performance of duty, such fervent hopes expressed of a benign administration in behalf of the son, could not but affect the sensibilities of the audience, already excited and softened by the impressive character of the whole display. Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. The Fleece Knights on the platform and the burghers in the background were all melted with the same emotion. As for the Emperor himself, he sank almost fainting upon his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child. Even the icy Philip was almost softened, as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly upon his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity. Then raising him in his arms he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a lifelong labor would enable him to support. Philip now uttered a few words expressive of his duty to his father and his affection for his people. Turning to the orders, he signified his regret that he was unable to address them either in the French or Flemish language, and was therefore obliged to ask their attention to the Bishop of Arras, who would act as his interpreter. Antony Perrenot accordingly arose, and in smooth, fluent, and well-turned commonplaces, expressed at great length the gratitude of Philip towards his father, with his firm determination to walk in the path of duty, and to obey his father's counsels and example in the future administration of the provinces. This long address of the prelate was responded to at equal length by Jacob Maas, member of the Council of Brabant, a man of great learning, eloquence, and prolixity; who had been selected to reply on behalf of the States-General, and who now, in the name of these bodies, accepted the abdication in an elegant and complimentary harangue. Queen Mary of Hungary — the "Christian widow" of Erasmus, and Regent of the Netherlands during the past twenty-five years — then rose to resign her office, making a brief address expressive of her affection for the people,

her regrets at leaving them, and her hopes that all errors which she might have committed during her long administration would be forgiven her. Again the redundant Maas responded, asserting in terms of fresh compliment and elegance the uniform satisfaction of the provinces with her conduct during her whole career.

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor, leaning on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and of the Count de Buren, slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the same passage into the chapel.

THE SPANISH ARMADA APPROACHES ENGLAND

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THE blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires, from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them. Almost at that very instant, intelligence had been brought from the court to the Lord Admiral at Plymouth that the Armada, dispersed and shattered by the gales of June, was not likely to make its appearance that year; and orders had consequently been given to disarm the four largest ships and send them into dock. Even Walsingham, as already stated, had participated in this strange delusion.

Before Howard had time to act upon this ill-timed suggestion, — even had he been disposed to do so, — he received authentic intelligence that the great fleet was off the Lizard. Neither he nor Francis Drake were the men to lose time in such an emergency; and before that Friday night was spent, sixty of the best English ships had been warped out of Plymouth harbor.

On Saturday, 30th July, the wind was very light at southwest, with a mist and drizzling rain; but by three in the afternoon the two fleets could descry and count each other through the haze.

By nine o'clock, 31st July, about two miles from Looe on the Cornish coast, the fleets had their first meeting. There were one hundred and thirty-six sail of the Spaniards, of which ninety

were large ships; and sixty-seven of the English. It was a solemn moment. The long-expected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant, in honor of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their gaudy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the channel, with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the golden duke, stood in his private shot-proof fortress, on the deck of his great galleon the St. Martin, surrounded by generals of infantry and colonels of cavalry, who knew as little as he did himself of naval matters. The English vessels, on the other hand,— with a few exceptions light, swift, and easily handled,— could sail round and round those unwieldy galleons, hulks, and galleys rowed by fettered slave gangs. The superior seamanship of free Englishmen, commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins,— from infancy at home on blue water,— was manifest in the very first encounter. They obtained the weather-gage at once, and cannonaded the enemy at intervals with considerable effect; easily escaping at will out of range of the sluggish Armada, which was incapable of bearing sail in pursuit, although provided with an armament which could sink all its enemies at close quarters. «We had some small fight with them that Sunday afternoon,» said Hawkins.

Medina Sidonia hoisted the royal standard at the fore; and the whole fleet did its utmost, which was little, to offer general battle. It was in vain. The English, following at the heels of the enemy, refused all such invitations, and attacked only the rear-guard of the Armada, where Recalde commanded. That admiral, steadily maintaining his post, faced his nimble antagonists, who continued to tease, to maltreat, and to elude him, while the rest of the fleet proceeded slowly up the Channel closely followed by the enemy. And thus the running fight continued along the coast, in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually arriving to the English ships, until the battle had drifted quite out of reach of the town.

Already in this first «small fight» the Spaniards had learned a lesson, and might even entertain a doubt of their invincibility. But before the sun set there were more serious disasters. Much powder and shot had been expended by the Spaniard to very little

purpose, and so a master-gunner on board Admiral Oquendo's flag-ship was reprimanded for careless ball-practice. The gunner, who was a Fleming, enraged with his captain, laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and threw himself into the sea. Two decks blew up. The great castle at the stern rose into clouds, carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large portion of treasure, and nearly two hundred men. The ship was a wreck, but it was possible to save the rest of the crew. So Medina Sidonia sent light vessels to remove them, and wore with his flag-ship to defend Oquendo, who had already been fastened upon by his English pursuers. But the Spaniards, not being so light in hand as their enemies, involved themselves in much embarrassment by this manœuvre; and there was much falling foul of each other, entanglement of rigging, and carrying away of yards. Oquendo's men, however, were ultimately saved and taken to other ships.

Meantime Don Pedro de Valdez, commander of the Andalusian squadron, having got his galleon into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried away his fore-mast close to the deck, and the wreck had fallen against his main-mast. He lay crippled and helpless, the Armada was slowly deserting him, night was coming on, the sea was running high, and the English, ever hovering near, were ready to grapple with him. In vain did Don Pedro fire signals of distress. The captain-general — even as though the unlucky galleon had not been connected with the Catholic fleet — calmly fired a gun to collect his scattered ships, and abandoned Valdez to his fate. "He left me comfortless in sight of the whole fleet," said poor Pedro; "and greater inhumanity and unthankfulness I think was never heard of among men."

Yet the Spaniard comported himself most gallantly. Frobisher, in the largest ship of the English fleet, the Triumph of eleven hundred tons, and Hawkins in the Victory of eight hundred, cannonaded him at a distance, but night coming on, he was able to resist; and it was not till the following morning that he surrendered to the Revenge.

Drake then received the gallant prisoner on board his flag-ship, — much to the disgust and indignation of Frobisher and Hawkins, thus disappointed of their prize and ransom money, — treated him with much courtesy, and gave his word of honor that he and his men should be treated fairly like good prisoners

of war. This pledge was redeemed; for it was not the English, as it was the Spanish custom, to convert captives into slaves, but only to hold them for ransom. Valdez responded to Drake's politeness by kissing his hand, embracing him, and overpowering him with magnificent compliments. He was then sent on board the Lord Admiral, who received him with similar urbanity, and expressed his regret that so distinguished a personage should have been so coolly deserted by the Duke of Medina. Don Pedro then returned to the Revenge, where, as the guest of Drake, he was a witness to all subsequent events up to the 10th of August; on which day he was sent to London with some other officers, Sir Francis claiming his ransom as his lawful due.

Here certainly was no very triumphant beginning for the Invincible Armada. On the very first day of their being in presence of the English fleet — then but sixty-seven in number, and vastly their inferior in size and weight of metal — they had lost the flag-ships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with a general-admiral, four hundred and fifty officers and men, and some one hundred thousand ducats of treasure. They had been outmanœuvred, outsailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonists, and they had been unable to inflict a single blow in return. Thus the "small fight" had been a cheerful one for the opponents of the Inquisition, and the English were proportionally encouraged. . . .

Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that long, low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships — the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world — lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

Farther along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sandbanks off the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising-ground between Dunkirk and Walcheren. Those fleets of Holland and Zeeland, numbering some one hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and fly-boats, under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, De Moor,

and Rosendael, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport, or Gravelines, or Sluys, or Flushing, or Dunkirk; and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma, so soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.

It was a pompous spectacle that midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland — upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvos of anticipated triumph and filling the air with strains of insolent music — would they not, by day-break, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

That English fleet, too, which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch — would that swarm of nimble, lightly handled, but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes, be able to cope with their great antagonist, now that the moment had arrived for the death grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins be swept out of the straits at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zeelanders cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows dare to maintain their post, now that the terrible "Holofernes," with his invincible legions, was resolved to come forth? . . .

And the impatience of the soldiers and sailors on board the fleet was equal to that of their commanders. There was London almost before their eyes,— a huge mass of treasure, richer and more accessible than those mines beyond the Atlantic which had so often rewarded Spanish chivalry with fabulous wealth. And there were men in those galleons who remembered the sack of Antwerp eleven years before; men who could tell, from personal experience, how helpless was a great commercial city when once in the clutch of disciplined brigands; men who in that dread "fury of Antwerp" had enriched themselves in an hour with the accumulations of a merchant's lifetime, and who had slain fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brides and bridegrooms, before each other's eyes, until the number of inhabitants

butchered in the blazing streets rose to many thousands, and the plunder from palaces and warehouses was counted by millions, before the sun had set on the "great fury." Those Spaniards, and Italians, and Walloons were now thirsting for more gold, for more blood; and as the capital of England was even more wealthy and far more defenseless than the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands had been, so it was resolved that the London "fury" should be more thorough and more productive than the "fury of Antwerp," at the memory of which the world still shuddered. And these professional soldiers had been taught to consider the English as a pacific, delicate, effeminate race; dependent on good living, without experience of war, quickly fatigued and discouraged, and even more easily to be plundered and butchered than were the excellent burghers of Antwerp.

And so these southern conquerors looked down from their great galleons and galeasses upon the English vessels. More than three quarters of them were merchantmen. There was no comparison whatever between the relative strength of the fleets. In number they were about equal, being each from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty strong; but the Spaniards had twice the tonnage of the English, four times the artillery, and nearly three times the number of men. . . .

As the twilight deepened, the moon became totally obscured, dark cloud masses spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of an approaching tempest became distinctly audible. Such indications of a westerly gale were not encouraging to those cumbrous vessels, with the treacherous quicksands of Flanders under their lee.

At an hour past midnight, it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practiced eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint drip of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. A few moments afterwards the sea became suddenly luminous; and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them before the wind and tide.

There were men in the Armada who had been at the siege of Antwerp only three years before. They remembered with horror the devil-ships of Gianibelli,— those floating volcanoes which had seemed to rend earth and ocean, whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers dead at a blow, and which had shattered the bridge and floating forts of Farnese as though they had

been toys of glass. They knew too that the famous engineer was at that moment in England.

In a moment one of those horrible panics which spread with such contagious rapidity among large bodies of men, seized upon the Spaniards. There was a yell throughout the fleet — "The fireships of Antwerp! the fire-ships of Antwerp!" and in an instant every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by each galleon and galeasse to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled with each other. Two others were set on fire by the flaming vessels and were consumed. Medina Sidonia, who had been warned, even before his departure from Spain, that some such artifice would probably be attempted, and who had even, early that morning, sent out a party of sailors in a pinnace to search for indications of the scheme, was not surprised or dismayed. He gave orders — as well as might be — that every ship, after the danger should be passed, was to return to its post and await his further orders. But it was useless in that moment of unreasonable panic to issue commands. The despised Mantuan, who had met with so many rebuffs at Philip's court, and who — owing to official incredulity — had been but partially successful in his magnificent enterprise at Antwerp, had now, by the mere terror of his name, inflicted more damage on Philip's Armada than had hitherto been accomplished by Howard and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher combined.

So long as night and darkness lasted, the confusion and uproar continued. When the Monday morning dawned, several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving towards the Flemish coast. The threatened gale had not yet begun to blow; but there were fresh squalls from the W. S. W., which, to such awkward sailors as the Spanish vessels, were difficult to contend with. On the other hand, the English fleet were all astir, and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North Sea.

THE ARMADA DESTROYED

From the 'History of the United Netherlands'

The battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious; for now there was no excuse for retreat on the part of the Spaniards, but on the contrary, it was the intention of the captain-general to return to his station off Calais, if it were within his power. Nevertheless, the English still partially maintained the tactics which had proved so successful, and resolutely refused the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves alongside. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards on their part found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action, not an English ship was destroyed, and not a hundred men were killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through; and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a northwest wind still drifting them towards the fatal sandbanks of Holland, they labored heavily in a chopping sea, firing wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. Not even master-gunner Thomas could complain that day of "blind exercise" on the part of the English, with "little harm done" to the enemy. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely; for nearly all were engaged in that memorable action off the sands of Gravelines. The captain-general himself, Admiral Recalde, Alonzo de Leyva, Oquendo, Diego Flores de Valdez, Bertendona, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego de Pimentel, Telles Enriquez, Alonzo de Luzon, Garibay, with most of the great galleons and galeasses, were in the thickest of the fight; and one after the other each of these huge ships were disabled. Three sank before the fight was over; many others were soon drifting helpless wrecks towards a hostile shore; and before five o'clock in the afternoon, at least sixteen of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada, therefore, having been disabled or damaged,—according to a Spanish eye-witness,—

and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia reluctantly gave orders to retreat. The captain-general was a bad sailor; but he was a chivalrous Spaniard of ancient Gothic blood, and he felt deep mortification at the plight of his invincible fleet, together with undisguised resentment against Alexander Farnese, through whose treachery and incapacity he considered the great Catholic cause to have been so foully sacrificed. Crippled, maltreated, and diminished in number as were his ships, he would have still faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on a lee-shore; and the pilots, one and all, assured him that it would be inevitable destruction to remain. After a slight and very ineffectual attempt to rescue Don Diego de Pimentel in the St. Matthew — who refused to leave his disabled ship — and Don Francisco de Toledo, whose great galleon the St. Philip was fast driving, a helpless wreck, towards Zeeland, the Armada bore away N. N. E. into the open sea, leaving those who could not follow, to their fate. . . .

But Howard decided to wrestle no further pull. Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, 12th of August, as far as the latitude of 56° 17′, the Lord Admiral called a council. It was then decided, in order to save English lives and ships, to put into the Frith of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be past the Isles of Scotland." But the next day, as the wind shifted to the northwest, another council decided to take advantage of the change, and bear away for the North Foreland, in order to obtain a supply of powder, shot, and provisions.

Up to this period the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate. During the week which succeeded the eventful night off Calais, neither the Armada nor the English ships had been much impeded in their manœuvres by storms or heavy seas. But on the following Sunday, 14th of August, there was a change. The wind shifted again to the southwest; and during the whole of that day and the Monday, blew a tremendous gale. "'Twas a more violent storm," said Howard, "than was ever seen before at this time of the year." The retreating English fleet was scattered, many ships were in peril "among the ill-favored sands off Norfolk," but within four or five days all arrived safely in Margate roads.

Far different was the fate of the Spaniards. Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway

between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track, gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas; with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish viceroyalty.

Through the remainder of the month of August there was a succession of storms. On the 2d of September a fierce south-wester drove Admiral Oquendo in his galleon, together with one of the great galeasses, two large Venetian ships (the Ratta and the Balauzara), and thirty-six other vessels, upon the Irish coast, where nearly every soul on board perished; while the few who escaped to the shore — notwithstanding their religious affinity with the inhabitants — were either butchered in cold blood, or sent coupled in halters from village to village, in order to be shipped to England. A few ships were driven on the English coast; others went ashore near Rochelle.

Of the four galeasses and four galleys, one of each returned to Spain. Of the ninety-one great galleons and hulks, fifty-eight were lost and thirty-three returned. Of the tenders and zabras, seventeen were lost and eighteen returned. Of one hundred and thirty-four vessels which sailed from Coruña in July, but fifty-three, great and small, made their escape to Spain; and these were so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The Invincible Armada had not only been vanquished but annihilated.

Of the thirty thousand men who sailed in the fleet, it is probable that not more than ten thousand ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. Medina Sidonia reached Santander in October, and as Philip for a moment believed, "with the greater part of the Armada," although the King soon discovered his mistake. Recalde, Diego Flores de Valdez, Oquendo, Maldonado, Bobadilla, Manriquez, either perished at sea, or died of exhaustion immediately after their return.

Pedro de Valdez, Vasco de Silva, Alonzo de Sayas, Pimentel, Toledo, with many other nobles, were prisoners in England and Holland. There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning; so that, to relieve the universal gloom, an edict was published forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a merchant of Lisbon, not yet reconciled to the Spanish conquest of his country, permitted himself some tokens of hilarity at the defeat of the Armada, and was immediately hanged by express command of Philip. Thus — as men said — one could neither cry nor laugh within the Spanish dominions.

This was the result of the invasion, so many years preparing, and at an expense almost incalculable. In the year 1588 alone, the cost of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six millions of ducats; and there was at least as large a sum on board the Armada itself, although the Pope refused to pay his promised million. And with all this outlay, and with the sacrifice of so many thousand lives, nothing had been accomplished; and Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to all the world, had become ridiculous.

THE FATE OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD

From the 'Life and Death of John of Barneveld.' Copyright 1874, by John Lothrop Motley. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers

BARNEVELD was about to enter the judges' chamber as usual, but was informed that the sentence would be read in the great hall of judicature. They descended accordingly to the basement story, and passed down the narrow flight of steps which then as now connected the more modern structure, where the Advocate had been imprisoned and tried, with what remained of the ancient palace of the Counts of Holland. In the centre of the vast hall — once the banqueting chamber of those petty sovereigns, with its high vaulted roof of cedar which had so often in ancient days rung with the sounds of mirth and revelry — was a great table at which the twenty-four judges and the three prosecuting officers were seated, in their black caps and gowns of office. The room was lined with soldiers, and crowded with a dark surging mass of spectators, who had been waiting there all night.

A chair was placed for the prisoner. He sat down, and the clerk of the commission, Pots by name, proceeded at once to read

the sentence. A summary of this long, rambling, and tiresome paper has been already laid before the reader. If ever a man could have found it tedious to listen to his own death sentence, the great statesman might have been in that condition as he listened to Secretary Pots.

During the reading of the sentence the Advocate moved uneasily on his seat, and seemed about to interrupt the clerk at several passages which seemed to him especially preposterous. But he controlled himself by a strong effort, and the clerk went steadily on to the conclusion.

Then Barneveld said:—

"The judges have put down many things which they have no right to draw from my confession. Let this protest be added."

"I thought too," he continued, "that my lords the States-General would have had enough in my life and blood, and that my wife and children might keep what belongs to them. Is this my recompense for forty-three years' service to these provinces?"

President de Voogd rose:—

"Your sentence has been pronounced," he said. "Away! away!" So saying, he pointed to the door into which one of the great windows at the southeastern front of the hall had been converted.

Without another word the old man rose from his chair and strode, leaning on his staff, across the hall, accompanied by his faithful valet and the provost, and escorted by a file of soldiers. The mob of spectators flowed out after him at every door into the inner court-yard in front of the ancient palace.

In the beautiful village-capital of the "Count's Park," commonly called The Hague, the most striking and picturesque spot then as now was that where the transformed remains of the old moated castle of those feudal sovereigns were still to be seen. A three-storied range of simple, substantial buildings, in brown brickwork picked out with white stone, in a style since made familiar both in England and America, and associated with a somewhat later epoch in the history of the House of Orange, surrounded three sides of a spacious inner paved quadrangle called the Inner Court, the fourth or eastern side being overshadowed by a beechen grove. A square tower flanked each angle; and on both sides of the southwestern turret extended the commodious apartments of the Stadtholder. The great gateway

on the southwest opened into a wide open space called the Outer Court-yard. Along the northwest side a broad and beautiful sheet of water, in which the walls, turrets, and chapel-spires of the inclosed castle mirrored themselves, was spread between the mass of buildings and an umbrageous promenade called the Vyverberg, consisting of a sextuple alley of lime-trees, and embowering here and there a stately villa. A small island, fringed with weeping willows, and tufted all over with lilacs, laburnums, and other shrubs then in full flower, lay in the centre of the miniature lake; and the tall solid tower of the Great Church, surmounted by a light openwork spire, looked down from a little distance over the scene.

It was a bright morning in May. The white swans were sailing tranquilly to and fro over the silver basin; and the mavis, blackbird, and nightingale, which haunted the groves surrounding the castle and the town, were singing as if the daybreak were ushering in a summer festival.

But it was not to a merry-making that the soldiers were marching, and the citizens thronging so eagerly from every street and alley towards the castle. By four o'clock the Outer and Inner Courts had been lined with detachments of the Prince's Guard, and companies of other regiments to the number of twelve hundred men. Occupying the northeastern side of the court rose the grim, time-worn front of the ancient hall, consisting of one tall pyramidal gable of ancient gray brickwork flanked with two tall slender towers; the whole with the lancet-shaped windows and severe style of the twelfth century, excepting a rose-window in the centre, with the decorated mullions of a somewhat later period.

In front of the lower window, with its Gothic archway hastily converted into a door, a shapeless platform of rough, unhewn planks had that night been rudely patched together. This was the scaffold. A slight railing around it served to protect it from the crowd, and a heap of coarse sand had been thrown upon it. A squalid, unclean box of unplaned boards, originally prepared as a coffin for a Frenchman,— who some time before had been condemned to death for murdering the son of Goswyn Meurskens, a Hague tavern-keeper, but pardoned by the Stadtholder,— lay on the scaffold. It was recognized from having been left for a long time, half forgotten, at the public execution place of The Hague.

Upon this coffin now sat two common soldiers of ruffianly aspect playing at dice, betting whether the Lord or the Devil would get the soul of Barneveld. Many a foul and ribald jest at the expense of the prisoner was exchanged between these gamblers, some of their comrades, and a few townsmen who were grouped about at that early hour. The horrible libels, caricatures, and calumnies which had been circulated, exhibited, and sung in all the streets for so many months, had at last thoroughly poisoned the minds of the vulgar against the fallen statesman.

The great mass of the spectators had forced their way by daybreak into the hall itself to hear the sentence, so that the Inner Court-yard had remained comparatively empty.

At last, at half-past nine o'clock, a shout arose, "There he comes! there he comes!" and the populace flowed out from the hall of judgment into the court-yard like a tidal wave.

In an instant the Binnenhof was filled with more than three thousand spectators.

The old statesman, leaning on his staff, walked out upon the scaffold and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, "O God! what does man come to!" Then he said bitterly once more, "This, then, is the reward of forty years' service to the State!"

La Motte, who attended him, said fervently: "It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God."

"Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?" said Barneveld, looking around him.

The provost said he would send for one; but the old man knelt at once on the bare planks. His servant, who waited upon him as calmly and composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held him by the arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man, true stoics and Hollanders both, shed a single tear upon the scaffold.

La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, the Advocate remaining on his knees.

He then rose and said to John Franken, "See that he does not come near me," pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background grasping his long double-handed sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. "Make haste! make haste!" said his master.

The statesman then came forward, and said in a loud, firm voice to the people:—

"Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally as a good patriot, and as such I shall die."

The crowd was perfectly silent.

He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went forward towards the sand, saying:—

"Christ shall be my guide. O Lord, my Heavenly Father, receive my spirit."

As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the provost said:—

"My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face."

He knelt accordingly with his face towards his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner:—

"Be quick about it. Be quick."

The executioner then struck his head off at a single blow.

Many persons from the crowd now sprang, in spite of all opposition, upon the scaffold, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, cut wet splinters from the boards, or grubbed up the sand that was steeped in it; driving many bargains afterwards for these relics to be treasured, with various feelings of sorrow, joy, glutted or expiated vengeance.

It has been recorded, and has been constantly repeated to this day, that the Stadtholder, whose windows exactly faced the scaffold, looked out upon the execution with a spy-glass; saying as he did so:—

"See the old scoundrel, how he trembles! He is afraid of the stroke."

But this is calumny. Colonel Hauterive declared that he was with Maurice in his cabinet during the whole period of the execution; that by order of the prince all the windows and shutters were kept closed; that no person wearing his livery was allowed to be abroad; that he anxiously received messages as to the proceedings, and heard of the final catastrophe with sorrowful emotion.

JOHN MUIR

(1836–)

JOHN MUIR, an explorer and naturalist, whose field of work has been particularly the western and northwestern mountain regions of America,—where at least one great glacier now bears his name,—was born at Dunbar, Scotland, in 1836. With his parents and a large flock of brothers and sisters, he came to the United States in 1850, after some good common-schooling in Dunbar. He began his study of nature in the region near Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin, with an ever increasing interest and delight in whatever belongs to the world of creatures, plants, and stones, particularly in the waving solitudes of forests and rock-and-snow tracts of the northwestern Sierras.

JOHN MUIR

Muir's freedom to devote himself to a life of observation and record was delayed: and in the story of his years of manual work as a farmer, mechanic, lumberman, sheep-herder, and what not besides, there comes surprise at his power to find time and energy for other pursuits in the nature of an avocation; and with the surprise we have a sense of pleasure that a man of untiring muscles and mind could win free of all that checked his natural preferences. He studied grammar and mathematics while a farm hand, and read through a library of books when in the fields. He earned enough as a young man to give himself four years of special scientific study in the University of Wisconsin. Then began an independent life, in which he alternated seasons of hard work, wholly or much alone; partly through the circumstances of his wanderings, partly by his own choice. It is said that during ten years of mountaineering in the remoter Sierras, he met no men except one band of Mono tribesmen.

For some ten summers and winters prior to 1876, Mr. Muir was settled near the Yosemite district. In the year named he became a member of the Geodetic Survey of the Great Basin, and attempted much botanical work. During 1879 and subsequently, after he reached Alaska, he explored and charted its vast mountain ranges, discovered

Glacier Bay and the Muir Glacier system; and with that expedition and the two succeeding tours he became the foremost authority on Alaska's geologic and other natural aspects. He also visited the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers, and traversed the cañon country of California. He was of the party on board the Corwin in 1881, sent out to trace the lost Jeannette, which enterprise added largely to his sketches and notes for scientific use. Since 1879, the year of his marriage, Mr. Muir has had his home in California; but to find him in it at other than a given time, is somewhat an accident, so indefatigable is his industry as a naturalist. He is as ready to-day for an alpine excursion of weeks or months as in the early period of a naturalistic career exceptionally arduous and fruitful.

Mr. Muir has written much less than his explorations would suggest: but as a contributor to the highest class of American and foreign periodicals, and the author of volumes dealing with his experiences, impressions, and discoveries, he is a writer of distinct and unusual individuality. He is less a man of letters in his manner than he is the direct, graphic, and sincere observer, whose aim is to write down simply what he sees or feels, to put the reader in the quickest and closest touch with a topic or a scene. But the simplicity and personal effect of his style give it a peculiar vigor and eloquence. He has been spoken of as a naturalist whose observations "have the force of mathematical demonstration." In the study of glacial conditions, botanic life, the fauna of the Northwest, and kindred subjects, he is reckoned a specialist by the first scientists of the day; and his personal traits have won him the esteem of the army of scientists who have visited the Western country where he lives and works. His most popular volume, 'The Mountains of California,' promises to become a classic; his editorial contributions in Picturesque California are thoroughly effective; and he has won wide favor through descriptive pages, splendid for spontaneous and vivid prose pictures of great scenery,—studies of the wind's movement of a pine forest, or a delicate flower of California, or a wild-bird's lonely nest.

A WIND-STORM IN THE FORESTS

From 'The Mountains of California.' Copyright 1894, by The Century Company

THE mountain winds, like the dew and rain, sunshine and snow, are measured and bestowed with love on the forests, to develop their strength and beauty. However restricted the scope of other forest influences, that of the winds is universal. The snow bends and trims the upper forests every winter, the

lightning strikes a single tree here and there, while avalanches mow down thousands at a swoop as a gardener trims out a bed of flowers. But the winds go to every tree, fingering every leaf and branch and furrowed bole; not one is forgotten: the Mountain Pine towering with outstretched arms on the rugged buttresses of the icy peaks, the lowliest and most retiring tenant of the dells,—they seek and find them all, caressing them tenderly, bending them in lusty exercise, stimulating their growth, plucking off a leaf or limb as required, or removing an entire tree or grove, now whispering and cooing through the branches like a sleepy child, now roaring like the ocean; the winds blessing the forests, the forests the winds, with ineffable beauty and harmony as the sure result.

After one has seen pines six feet in diameter bending like grasses before a mountain gale, and ever and anon some giant falling with a crash that shakes the hills, it seems astonishing that any, save the lowest thick-set trees, could ever have found a period sufficiently stormless to establish themselves; or once established, that they should not sooner or later have been blown down. But when the storm is over, and we behold the same forests tranquil again, towering fresh and unscathed in erect majesty, and consider what centuries of storms have fallen upon them since they were first planted: hail, to break the tender seedlings; lightning, to scorch and shatter; snow, winds, and avalanches, to crush and overwhelm,—while the manifest result of all this wild storm-culture is the glorious perfection we behold: then faith in Nature's forestry is established, and we cease to deplore the violence of her most destructive gales, or of any other storm implement whatsoever.

There are two trees in the Sierra forests that are never blown down, so long as they continue in sound health. These are the Juniper and the Dwarf Pine of the summit peaks. Their stiff, crooked roots grip the storm-beaten ledges like eagles' claws; while their lithe, cord-like branches bend round compliantly, offering but slight holds for winds, however violent. The other alpine conifers—the Needle Pine, Mountain Pine, Two-leaved Pine, and Hemlock Spruce—are never thinned out by this agent to any destructive extent, on account of their admirable toughness and the closeness of their growth. In general the same is true of the giants of the lower zones. The kingly Sugar Pine, towering aloft to a height of more than two hundred feet,

offers a fine mark to storm-winds; but it is not densely foliaged, and its long horizontal arms swing round compliantly in the blast, like tresses of green, fluent algæ in a brook: while the Silver Firs in most places keep their ranks well together in united strength.

The Yellow or Silver Pine is more frequently overturned than any other tree on the Sierra, because its leaves and branches form a larger mass in proportion to its height; while in many places it is planted sparsely, leaving open lanes through which storms may enter with full force. Furthermore, because it is distributed along the lower portion of the range, which was the first to be left bare on the breaking up of the ice-sheet at the close of the glacial winter, the soil it is growing upon has been longer exposed to post-glacial weathering, and consequently is in a more crumbling, decayed condition than the fresher soils farther up the range, and therefore offers a less secure anchorage for the roots. While exploring the forest zones of Mount Shasta, I discovered the path of a hurricane strewn with thousands of pines of this species. Great and small had been uprooted or wrenched off by sheer force, making a clean gap, like that made by a snow avalanche. But hurricanes capable of doing this class of work are rare in the Sierra; and when we have explored the forests from one extremity of the range to the other, we are compelled to believe that they are the most beautiful on the face of the earth, however we may regard the agents that have made them so.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied water-like flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, especially those of the conifers. By no other trees are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible; not even by the lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze. The waving of a forest of the giant Sequoias is indescribably impressive and sublime; but the pines seem to me the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving golden-rods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little, however, of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly alpine portion of the forests. The burly Juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rocks on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the

Dwarf Pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Hemlock Spruce, however, and the Mountain Pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the Two-leaved species, bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed in the Sierra occurred in December 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure: one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping out, as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of the pines, and setting free a steam of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like birds pursued. But there was not the slightest dustiness; nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes: some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young Sugar Pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and

shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglas Spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hilltops. The madroños in the dells, with their red bark and large glossy leaves tilted every way, reflected the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the Silver Pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires two hundred feet in height waved like supple golden-rods chanting and bowing low as if in worship; while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire. The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots, with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fibre of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees,—Spruce, and Fir, and Pine, and leafless Oak,—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. The coniferous woods of Canada and the Carolinas and Florida are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among Oaks and Elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other in the world. And in them we find, not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked individuality in almost every tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees, to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Æolian music of its topmost

needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglas Spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about a hundred feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one; and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees; but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried —bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows—without breaking a fibre. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piny hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hillside, like sea waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows, there was nothing sombre in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, notwithstanding this

was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow; the laurel groves, with the pale under sides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate color from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madroños; while the ground on the hillsides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like waterfalls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf,—all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a distance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors and the way they reflected the light. All seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree; no deprecation: but rather an invincible gladness, as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. The fragrance of the woods was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but from the chafing of resiny branches against each other, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources, there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves, then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast mountains, then across the

golden plains, up the purple foot-hills, and into these piny woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years: then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion; and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the High Sierra, the fact is sometimes published with flying snow-banners a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending pines from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirling in eddies, or escaping over the edges of the whirls, soaring aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossing on flame-like crests. Smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, sing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal

plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in bowlder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches — after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the mountain woods.

We all travel the Milky Way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys; not extensive ones, it is true; but our own little journeys, away and back again, are only little more than tree-wavings — many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten; and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

ELISHA MULFORD

(1833–1885)

WHEN the Civil War drew to its close, there was a general idea that the stress of emotional feeling through which we had passed, the quickening of the national consciousness by the season of national peril, and the remembrance of countless instances of heroism and adventure, would result in the production of a distinct type of national literature, from which the note of either provincialism or cosmopolitanism should be absent.

This anticipation has been realized, but within different limits and in different forms from those expected by the generation which took part in the struggle. There is a body of war literature, in which General Grant's 'Memoirs' perhaps ranks highest; but it is seen that this literature is still but material from which, as from "old chronicles of wasted time," future generations must draw the inspiration for higher forms, perhaps of song or sustained poem, perhaps of drama or historical novel. The war, however, did inspire contemporary writings. In no case is this more evident than in Mulford's 'Nation,' which glows with a lofty and impassioned idea of patriotism. In the preface the writer says that he has "sought, however imperfectly, to give expression to the thought of the people in the late war, and that conception of the nation which they who were so worthy, held worth living and dying for."

Elisha Mulford was born in Montrose, Pennsylvania, in 1833, from the stock of those Puritans who settled the eastern end of Long Island. He was graduated at Yale in 1855; and after a year in Germany was admitted, in 1862, to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. A slight infirmity of deafness interfered with his usefulness as a parish priest; and after a settlement in South Orange, New Jersey, he spent his life in literary and philosophical study, first at Friendsville, Pennsylvania, and afterwards at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1862 he married Rachel Carmalt, daughter of Caleb Carmalt, a prominent member of the Society of Friends of Northern Pennsylvania. His book 'The Nation' secured him a recognized place among the profound and original minds of his generation, and was published in 1871; and his other book, 'The Republic of God, an Institute in Theology,' in 1881. This last holds something of the position in the Episcopal Church that Dr. Bushnell's writings do in

the Congregational Church, and is characterized by the lofty spirituality which belonged to the great ages of the Church.

In both of his books, Mulford's philosophical standpoint is that of Hegel, especially in regarding every human institution as the embodiment of an idea which virtually constitutes its soul or proper life. The nation and the church he talks about are our ideal, and the outward form is the government; the church organizations are of little consequence except as the visible body of the metaphysical entity behind them. This tone of thought is not in favor at present: his writings are highly valued but by a chosen few; and his philosophy seems mystical or impractical to many. Mulford's literary style is marred by the saturation of his mind with the mannerisms of the German metaphysicians. Nevertheless, there is a weight and dignity in it which is found only in the pages of the writers of the greatest periods, and there are many passages which in rhythm and power are hardly to be matched in American prose.

Mr. Mulford was of singularly attractive and unselfish character. His gifts as a conversationalist and occasional speaker were of a high order, for he never failed to idealize the subject in hand in a peculiarly felicitous manner. Many of his sermons were of singular beauty and elevation, but only the memory of them remains. At the time of his death in 1885 he had projected several important works. His grave is in the cemetery at Concord, not far from the graves of Emerson and Hawthorne.

As a political thinker, Mr. Mulford won recognition from those to whom the thought-element, the moral in the highest sense, is regarded as the basis of the nature of the State. President Garfield, Charles Sumner, Wayne MacVeagh, President Angell, Professor Diman, F. D. Maurice, and Dean Stanley, among others, testified warmly to their appreciation of the force and elevation of 'The Nation.' The austere dignity which characterizes the 'Republic of God' has strengthened the faith and comforted the hearts of many who have come to feel that theology was a "baseless fabric," or at best a metaphysical system resting on traditionary assumptions. It can hardly be doubted that when the present tendency to exalt the concrete both in philosophy and worship shall have spent its force, the 'Republic of God' will be turned to by sincere Christians as one of the great modern "Institutes in Theology."

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THE NATION IS A CONTINUITY

From 'The Nation'

IT NO more exists complete in a single period of time than does the race; it is not a momentary existence, as if defined in some circumstance. It is not composed of its present occupants alone, but it embraces those who are, and have been, and shall be. There is in it the continuity of the generations; it reaches backward to the fathers and onward to the children, and its relation is manifest in its reverence for the one and its hope for the other.

The evidence of this continuity is in the consciousness of a people. It appears in the apprehension of the nation as an inheritance received from the fathers, to be transmitted unimpaired to the children. This conviction, that has held the nation as a heritage worth living and worth dying for, has inspired the devotion and sacrifice of a people.

The evidence of this continuity is also in the fact that the spirit of a people always contemplates it. The nation has never existed which placed a definite termination to its existence—a period when its order was to expire and the obligation to its law to cease. It cannot anticipate a time when it shall be resolved into its elements, but contends with the intensity of life against every force which threatens dissolution. Those who have represented the State as a compact, have yet held it to be a perpetual one, in which the children are bound by the acts of their fathers.

This continuity is the condition of the existence of the nation in history. The nation persists through a form of outward circumstance. Judea was the same under the judges and under the kings; Rome was the same under the kings and under the consuls. The elements of the being of the nation subsist in this continuity. In it, also, the products of human effort are conserved, and the law of human production conforms to it. The best attainments pass slowly from their germ to their perfectness, as in the growth of the language and the law, the arts and the literature of a people. Chaucer and Spenser, through intervals of

slow advance, precede Shakespeare, as Giotto and Perugino lead the way to Michael Angelo and Raphael.

The nation is a continuity, as also in itself the product of succeeding generations. It transcends the achievement of a single individual or a separate age. The life of the individual is not its measure. In its fruition there is the work of the generations; and even in the moments of its existence, the expression of their spirit,—the blending of the strength of youth, the resolve of manhood, and the experience of age—the hope and the inspiration of the one, the wisdom and repose of the other. There is the spirit which is always young, and yet always full of years; and even in its physical course the correspondence to an always renewed life.

This continuity has found expression in the highest political thought. Shakespeare has it in his historical plays: the continuity of the nation is represented as existing through the years with the vicissitudes of the people, in the changes of scene, with the coming and going of men; and there is, as in the nation, the unity of the drama in which so many actors move, and whose events revolve from age to age; and thus these plays hold an attraction apart from the separate scenes and figures which present some isolated ideal for the poet to shape. Burke has represented this continuity in the nation as moving through generations, in a life which no speculative schemes and no legal formulas may compass: «The nation is indeed a partnership, but a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born.»

THE NATION THE REALIZATION OF FREEDOM

From 'The Nation'

There is always a tendency in those withdrawn from the battle, and its "confused noise and garments rolled in blood," to bear its issues into some ideal and abstract sphere. Thus the war is represented as the immediate conflict of the antagonistic ideas, freedom and slavery. The reality is other than this: the hosts are mustered in no intellectual arena, and the forces called into its field are other than spectral ideas. This tendency to resolve history into the conflict and progress of

abstract ideas, or the development of what is called an intellectual conception, can apprehend nothing of the real passion of history. It knows not what, with so deep significance, is called the burden of history. It enters not into the travail of time, it discerns not the presence of a living Person in the judgments which are the crises of the world. It comprehends only some intellectual conflict in the issue of necessary laws, but not the strife of a living humanity. The process of a legal formula, the evolution of a logical sequence, the supremacy of abstract ideas,—this has nothing to compensate for the agony and the suffering and the sacrifice of the actual battle, and it discerns not the real glory of the deliverance of humanity, the real triumph borne through but over death. There was in the war, in the issue which came upon us, "even upon us," and in the sacrifice of those who were called, the battle of the nation for its very being; and it was the nation which met slavery in mortal strife. The inevitable conflict was of slavery with the life of the nation.

There is no vague rhetoric, but a deep truth, in the words "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." They are worthy to live upon the lips of the people, for there can be no union without freedom, since slavery has its necessary result in the dissolution of the being of the nation; and there can be no freedom without union, for it is only in the being of the nation that freedom becomes real.

THE PEOPLE AND THE LAND

From 'The Nation'

But in the existence of the nation, which is the substance of civilization, there is a power higher than the necessary process of the physical world. It exists in the order of the moral world. This cannot be determined by physical elements. The history of the world cannot be deduced from its geography. In the political course of the nation the land is a necessary element, but it is not the creative nor the controlling element. The future of the nation will not be concluded by its relative nearness to the equator. The nation exists historically in the realization of the freedom of man, and his consequent dominion over nature. Mr. Buckle, when he stood in Judea, avowed that his

only interest was in the agriculture of the country: but the soil is the same upon which a people lived who stood in the continuity of a nation, which long captivity in strange lands and under strange skies did not destroy, whose unity was lost in the grandeur of no imperialism, and whose lines of kings and prophets looked to the coming of One in whom was the hope of humanity; but the physical process of nature does not renew that life. The mountains of Attica are the same upon which the Parthenon was built, and their quarries the same which furnished marble for the sculpture of Athene, and the windy plains are the same upon which an army was mustered at Marathon, and the sea is the same whose waves were parted by their ships at Salamis; but the conflict which in its moral interest made these names immortal, has closed.

THE PERSONALITY OF MAN

From 'The Republic of God'

The personality of man is not to be represented as a reflection of the personality of God. It is no remote imitation and no faint impression of the personality of God. It is real. It has the strength of the free spirit. It moves among the fleeting forms and fading images of the finite, where shadow pursues shadow, but it is not of them. In the accident of time it is conscious of a life "builded far from accident."

The personality of God is the ground of his relation with the personality of man. Without personality in God, he would, so far as the knowledge of man goes, be lower than man; and without personality in man, there would be no ground of relation to God.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD

From 'The Republic of God'

The personality of God is the postulate of the knowledge of God. In this human life and these human relations, in the knowledge of a person by a person, there are elements of strength and love, elements of freedom which are deeper than those which exist in the knowledge of the physical world. The knowledge of the physical process is the result of observation

and comparison; it is the fruit of research: but in human relations there are other elements. There is a knowledge which is not the result of experiment, and yet may come through experience. Thus, for instance, one will not experiment on a friend, and sympathy and love are not among the results of research. There may be in the words, *I know Him in whom I have believed*, a deeper knowledge than that which man obtains through the external observation of phenomena.

THE TELEOLOGICAL ARGUMENT

From 'The Republic of God'

THE conditions of this process are those of conflict, a struggle for existence; it is "the rack of this tough world," and one form passes beyond another form by survival. There are in nature elements of subsistence for production and for destruction. One race to subsist must prey with ravin upon another race. There is the adaptation of the wing of the crow and of the tooth of the shark. There is a strange intermingling in the poison that fills the chalice of the most beautiful flower, the malaria that is borne upon the softest airs, the colors that gleam resplendently in the sinuous folds of the serpent. There is the fair light that illumines the dawn and empurples the evening, but throws its radiance over mists and exhalations. There are smooth waters that bear the reflection of the clouds which hold the tempest, and are changed with the clouds which burst over them into the rage of cruel seas. The tides rise and fall with almost changeless precision; but they are swept by the storm that marks their lines with wreck. By the cleft and broken strata of the rocks, one may still seem to hear "the sea rehearse its ancient song of chaos." There is in nature that which is beautiful, and that which is fantastic and monstrous. These aspects of nature become more apparent in tropical countries, where there is a stronger movement of the impulse, the passion of nature, with more impetuous energies. Thus in India there are more images and shrines of supplication to Siva the destroyer, than to Brahma the creator and Vishnu the preserver.

THE SCRIPTURES

From ‹The Republic of God›

THE Bible is a book written in literal forms, subject to the ordinary rules of construction, as defined in the science of grammar.

The Bible is a book written in languages, as the Hebraic, the Chaldaic, the Greek, or Græco-Hebraic; subject to the ordinary rules of derivation and distinction, as defined in the science of comparative philology.

The Bible is a book written in manuscripts; which require in their transcription and authentication the critical study which belongs to the science which — in comparing, for instance, the uncial with other styles — is the science which deals with scriptory forms.

The Bible is a book which has been subject to the mutations of literature. It is written in manuscripts of unequal value, no one of which is entirely perfect in itself, so as to displace all others, and none are free from obscure or various readings. It has suffered simply the mutations of literature, and has had no exemptions from them.

It embraces the most varied forms of literature; as genealogies, laws, histories, records of legislative and judicial procedure, methods of sanitary, civil, and military administration. There is legend and myth. There are various forms of poetry: the ode, as in the antiphone of Moses and Miriam; the drama, as in the Book of Job; the idyl, as in the Song of Solomon; the lyric, as in the Book of the Psalms, and the opening pages of the Gospel of St. Luke; and in the writings of St. Paul, citations from the Greek comedy, as from Menander.

These Scriptures embraced, in substance, all the literature that the ancient Hebrew people possessed. Their productions in art and music always remained rude and simple, and in architecture they were the common adaptations of a primitive mode of life, or often the reproduction of forms copied from Egypt, or imported from Phœnicia.

There are traces in these writings of the races, countries, and ages in which they appeared, and of climatic conditions with respect to languages, customs, and laws. There is a popular element, as in the stories of Samson and Ruth; and there is also a priestly and a kingly element, as in the Books of the

Chronicles and Kings. In some books there are the traces of reflective phases of thought, as in the Book of Ecclesiastes; and in some there are traces of Asiatic forms and Asiatic institutions.

These Scriptures were written by various writers in various ages, and bear the note and accent of the individuality of these writers in their modes of expression. If it needs to be said, the literary forms of the older parts rise often to great dignity of expression, as the later chapters of Isaiah and the books of Hosea and Job; and they have, in this quality, a comparative excellence in the literature of the world. There is in the New Testament not an indifference to literary form, but no distinction of literary form. These writings are simply narrative; in a biographical arrangement, or in the style of letters that are few and direct and very unequal in their expression. There is a historical narrative of a discursive character, apparently embracing the work of various writers. The Epistle to the Hebrews has a singular finish, with an antithetic expression, and an elaborate detail of historical portraiture, that indicates the culture of the writer in the schools of rhetoric in his age. The evangel of St. Luke is commended for the diligence and thoroughness of its research. The writings of St. Paul, in the Epistles, which may be distinctively called catholic, indicate more plainly the modifications to which the Greek language was subject when it became the instrument for the expression of Hebrew forms of thought; and they indicate also, in their illustrative expression, the influence of a knowledge of Roman law in an age of great Roman lawyers. But the writings of St. Paul have no literary form to commend them,—to bring them into comparison, in Greek with the consummate beauty of phrase in Æschylus, or the repose in the style of Plato, or the sustained strength of the masterful style of Aristotle. There is often, from language of great elevation, a lapse to some digressive phrase; as, for an extreme instance, in the thirty-third verse of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which drops and moves on with a quotation from the Greek comedy. They lack the form which belongs to the great hymns of the Vedas, and the constructive unity and consonance with a formal system which belongs to the Koran. The Koran is also better preserved, and has suffered less in transcription, with proportionately fewer obscure or various readings. The style has no distinctive quality: but they who, in

common parlance with religious society, speak of their beautiful liturgy, suggest a comparison with the hymns of the Vedas; and they who write of the poetry of the Bible must draw their parallel with Æschylus and Shakespeare, and the masters of the literary art to which they invite attention.

The Bible has a unity which is deeper than any structural form, however various and complete. This prevails with a continuous and continually increasing manifestation through the whole. It is not merely the unity which appears in the literature of a people, as the Latin or the English literature: it is that, but it is more and other than that. It is not merely the unity which attaches to the continuous history, the institutions, laws, customs, wars of a people: it is that, but it is more and other than that.

The Bible is the record of the revelation of God. It is the record of a revelation of God in man and to the world. It is testamentary to the revelation of God to and through the world. This revelation, and not a literature nor a body of traditions, is the ground of the unity which it discovers. It is the record of the revelation of God, in his revelation with humanity; in the fulfillment of his eternal purpose, which was before the foundation of the world; in the righteousness in which he manifests his own being, and in the life which he has given for the world. It is of the coming of his kingdom, in which the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of Christ. It is of a revelation in an order in the world, of the family and the nation. It is of a revelation of and in the Christ.

FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER

(1823–)

BY HENRY A. STIMSON

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has told an incident that occurred early in his Oxford life, which not only fixes his parentage but introduces us to the rare literary circle that opened to him in England, and which did so much for his future career.

He was invited to meet Thackeray at a little dinner. Müller had as yet mastered English but imperfectly, and was moreover somewhat awed by the great man. A fine fish, a John Dory, was brought on; when Thackeray turned his large spectacled eyes upon the stranger, and said, "Are you going to eat your own ancestor?" Everybody stared in silence; looking very grave and learned, Thackeray said, "Surely you are the son of the Dorian Müller—the Müller who wrote that awfully learned book on the Dorians: and was not John Dory the ancestor of all the Dorians?" In the laugh that followed, Müller replied that he was not the son of Ottfried Müller, who wrote on the Dorians, but of Wilhelm Müller the poet, who wrote 'Die Homerische Vorschule'; and as to John Dory being his ancestor, that was impossible, as the original John Dory was *il Janitore*,—that is, St. Peter,—and he had no wife. After which quick repartee the young scholar was well launched.

F. MAX MÜLLER

He was then but twenty-five years of age. He was born at Dessau, December 6th, 1823. After studying in Leipzig and Berlin, taking his degree in 1843, and publishing his first Sanskrit work in 1844, he went to Paris to study with the great Orientalist, Burnouf. Recognizing his abilities, Burnouf helped him to decide upon a career, and directed him to England; whither he went in 1846 to collate manuscripts for an edition of the Rig-Veda, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins.

In London he introduced himself to the Prussian Minister, Baron Bunsen, who became his lifelong friend, and by whose good offices

the East India Company was induced to bear the expense of the first edition of the 'Rig-Veda.' The troubled state of affairs on the Continent made it more easy for the student, whose life work was to be so largely among cumbersome and illegible manuscripts, to take advantage of the quiet seclusion of England. He went at once to Oxford, and that became his future home.

It is no strange thing for foreign scholars to visit London and the English universities, but it is not easy for them to become domesticated there. Erasmus tried it for a year; Taine, with all his admiration for things English, was never more than a visitor; and such Orientalists as Renan, Darmesteter, and Burnouf did not make the attempt. In "the don city," where, as Bunsen warned him, "every English idiosyncrasy strengthens itself, and buries itself in coteries," Müller settled with such success that ten years later, in 1858, Bunsen wrote to him: "Without ceasing to be a German, you have appropriated all that is excellent and superior in English life; and of that there is much."

Oxford was very hospitable to him. He was invited to lecture before the University in 1850, made honorary M. A. of Christ Church in 1851, elected Taylorian professor in 1854, curator of the Bodleian Library in 1856, fellow of All Souls in 1858; and in 1868 was named in the act of convocation for the chair of comparative philology, the first professorship ever created by the University itself. He resigned this in 1875, but has since remained in Oxford, engaged by the University to edit a series of translations of the 'Sacred Books of the East.' He has been a prolific author on a large variety of subjects, and a frequent and welcomed lecturer.

His life work has been editing the text and furnishing translations of the Rig-Veda; and by this he would probably prefer to be remembered. But he is better known to the public, and has exerted a wide and powerful influence by his writings on 'The Science of Language,' 'The Science of Religion,' and collateral topics. His lectures on the Science of Language, delivered in 1861 and 1862 in the Royal Institution, London, attracted wide attention, passed through many editions when published, and are asserted to have made good for the first time the claims of philology to be ranked among the sciences. He carried out his theories in the realm of religion in the Gifford Lectures before the University of Glasgow in 1889, 1891, 1892, and 1893; and in the Hibbert Lectures, of which he was chosen to deliver the first series on the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religions of India, in the chapter house of Westminster in 1878.

His theories of the origin and growth of language have been strenuously combated, and his accuracy as an observer and collater

of facts sometimes discredited; notably by the accomplished American Orientalist, the late Professor W. D. Whitney of Yale University. He has been exposed to the danger of hasty and superficial generalizations: but his doctrine of myths as originating in the natural phenomena of the sky — the sun, the moon, the dawn — has awakened wide interest, and greatly stimulated intelligent investigation; while his effort to make a science of religion — with a law of growth, a steady absorption of new material, and a historical procedure — while still recognizing that religion is an aspiration, and in its essence what neither sense nor reason can supply, has done much to broaden Christian sympathies, and to open the way for those wider studies into the history of other religions, which are to-day laying surer foundations for religion itself. He modestly speaks of his labors in this department as "but a desire and a seed."

He has not been disappointed in his aim to help build again the bridge between the East and the West, which stood firm in earliest times, but which, while never altogether destroyed for the great nations of antiquity, has been broken in the course of the historic centuries. It is much to have been a leader in the labors of the distinguished band of Orientalists, as a result of which we are enabled to-day to read the thoughts, comprehend the motives, hear the prayers, understand the life, and know the business, the worship, the laws, the poetry, of a world buried from three to eight thousand years.

Professor Max Müller's command of a beautiful and virile English style has had much to do with his success. The captious Saturday Review has called him "really one of the best English writers of the day."

A passage to illustrate both his manner and his views may be taken from his inaugural address as president of the Congress of Orientalists in 1892:—

"What people call 'mere words' are in truth the monuments of the finest intellectual battles, triumphal arches of the grandest victories, won by the intellect of man. When man had found names for body and soul, for father and mother, and not till then, did the first act of human history begin. Not till there were names for right and wrong, for God and man, could there be anything worthy of the name of human society. Every new word was a discovery; and these early discoveries, if but properly understood, are more important to us than the greatest conquests of the Kings of Egypt and Babylon. Not one of our greatest explorers has unearthed with his spade or pickaxe more splendid palaces and temples, whether in Egypt or in Babylon, than the etymologist. Every word is the palace of a human thought; and in scientific etymology we possess the charm with which to call these ancient thoughts back to life. Languages mean speakers of language; and families of speech presuppose real families, or classes, or powerful confederacies, which have struggled for their existence, and held their ground against all enemies."

His marriage to Miss Grenfell, by which he became connected with the families of Charles Kingsley and of Froude, served only to widen and render more intimate the circle of literary and professional friends which has been so characteristic of Müller's life from the first. In Leipzig, Hermann, Haupt, and Brockhaus; in Berlin, Alexander von Humboldt and Boeckh; in Paris, Burnouf; in England, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough, Jowett, Ruskin,— and indeed almost every one of prominence in scientific and literary affairs,—have been his friends or have been helpful to his fame. This argues exceptional gifts of heart and person, as well as of intellect. His strong and beautiful face, now crowned with a wealth of snowy hair, shines with eager intelligence and the sweetness of thorough kindliness. As an instance of this kindliness, it is related that two young ladies, strangers, from some unknown motive wrote him asking advice in the choice of a language to study, of which no one in England knew anything. His answer reveals his amiability and genuine helpfulness. He writes:—

«It is by no means easy to reply to your inquiry. To take up any work in good earnest is a most excellent thing; and I should be the last person to find fault with anybody for fixing on learning a language, even for the mere sake of learning something. Yet it is right that our work should have some useful object beyond the mere pleasure of working. . . . I take it that literature would form an object to you in the choice of a language.»

Then he suggests several languages, giving reasons for each, ending with a pleasant wish for their perseverance and success.

He has directed his studies largely in the line of religion, because religion is to him a cherished personal possession. In his lecture on Missions delivered in Westminster Abbey, December 3d, 1873, he says:—

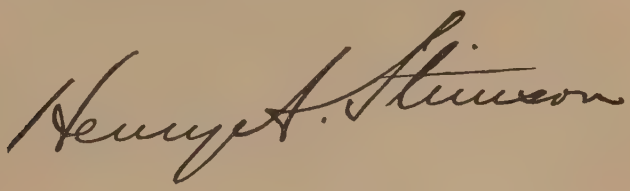
«There is one kind of faith that revels in words, there is another that can hardly find utterance: the former is like riches that come to us by inheritance, the latter is like the daily bread which each of us has to win by the sweat of his brow. The former we cannot expect from new converts; we ought not to expect it or exact it, for fear it might lead to hypocrisy and superstition. . . . We want less of creeds but more of trust, less of ceremony but more of work, less of solemnity but more of genial honesty, less of doctrine but more of love. There is a faith as small as a grain of mustard seed; but that grain alone can remove mountains, and more than that, it can move hearts.»

Theories are forgotten, and sciences are outgrown; but to have been the inspiring leader of many in the onward march of knowledge, and to have achieved a serene and rounded character, go far to amply crown any life.

«Denn wer den Besten seiner Zeit genug
Gethan, der hat gelebt für alle Zeiten.»

«That which lived
True life, lives on.»

But to have added to this that which should accompany old age,—«honor, love, and troops of friends,»—fills the cup of the most ambitious scholar, and leaves little in this world to be desired.



ON THE MIGRATION OF FABLES

From 'Chips from a German Workshop'

«COUNT not your chickens before they be hatched,» is a well-known proverb in English; and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine's delightful fable, 'La Laitière et le Pot au Lait.' We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs—so does Perrette; and alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband.

Did La Fontaine invent this fable? or did he merely follow the example of Sokrates, who, as we know from the 'Phædon,' occupied himself in prison, during the last days of his life, with turning into verse some of the fables—or as he calls them, the myths—of Æsop.

La Fontaine published the first six books of his fables in 1668; and it is well known that the subjects of most of these fables were taken from Æsop, Phædrus, Horace, and other classical fabulists,—if we may adopt this word «fabuliste,» which La Fontaine was the first to introduce into French.

In 1678 a second of these six books was published, enriched by five books of new fables; and in 1694 a new edition appeared, containing one additional book, thus completing the collection of his charming poems.

The fable of Perrette stands in the seventh book; and was published, therefore, for the first time in the edition of 1678. In the preface to that edition, La Fontaine says: "It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude, that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay, the Indian sage."

If then La Fontaine tells us himself that he borrowed the subjects of most of his new fables from Pilpay, the Indian sage, we have clearly a right to look to India in order to see whether, in the ancient literature of that country, any traces can be discovered of Perrette with the milk-pail.

Sanskrit literature is very rich in fables and stories; no other literature can vie with it in that respect; nay, it is extremely likely that fables, in particular animal fables, had their principal source in India. In the sacred literature of the Buddhists, fables held a most prominent place. The Buddhist preachers, addressing themselves chiefly to the people, to the untaught, the uncared-for, the outcast, spoke to them as we still speak to children, in fables and parables. Many of these fables and parables must have existed before the rise of the Buddhist religion; others, no doubt, were added on the spur of the moment, just as Sokrates would invent a myth or fable whenever that form of argument seemed to him most likely to impress and convince his hearers. But Buddhism gave a new and permanent sanction to this whole branch of moral mythology; and in the sacred canon, as it was settled in the third century before Christ, many a fable received, and holds to the present day, its recognized place. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, the Brahmans claimed the inheritance of their enemies, and used their popular fables for educational purposes. The best known of these collections of fables in Sanskrit is the 'Pañ*k*atantra,' literally the Pentateuch or Pentamerone. From it and from other sources another collection was made, well known to all Sanskrit scholars by the name of 'Hitopadeśa'; *i. e.*, Salutary Advice. Both these books have been published in England and Germany, and there are translations of them in English, German, French, and other languages.

JAPANESE MANUSCRIPT.

This is a fine specimen of the variety of Japanese writing called "Fira-Kana"—that is, equal or extended. This was a real tachygraphy or abbreviation of the Chinese signs. The signs of this Japanese syllabary number forty-seven. They are traced with a brush, and are written in columns from right to left.

第一篇の目録

西と迎け暮よをむづさ来と招迎ろ客よ多すろ客への
游楽の時まで暮よ立上ろ来とさし迎ろ人よ多すろ理
宿泊の真実の振舞よ付て古への暮人の教と引つとます
客ふ失さ注の為人とりくいひ宜むへし
古のひまよ付て不審の果さのます
古の新谷の

The first question which we have to answer refers to the date of these collections; and dates in the history of Sanskrit literature are always difficult points. Fortunately, as we shall see, we can in this case fix the date of the 'Pañ*k*atantra' at least, by means of a translation into ancient Persian, which was made about five hundred and fifty years after Christ, though even then we can only prove that a collection somewhat like the 'Pañ*k*atantra' must have existed at that time; but we cannot refer the book, in exactly that form in which we now possess it, to that distant period.

If we look for La Fontaine's fable in the Sanskrit stories of 'Pañ*k*atantra,' we do not find, indeed, the milkmaid counting her chickens before they are hatched, but we meet with the following story:—

"There lived in a certain place a Brâhman, whose name was Svabhâvak*ri*p*a*n*a*, which means 'a born miser.' He had collected a quantity of rice by begging [this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants], and after having dined off it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, 'Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then with the goats I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then with the cows I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brâhman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Soma*s*arman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and full of anger, I shall call to my wife, "Take the baby; take him!" But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot.' While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore I say, 'He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Soma*s*arman.'"

I shall at once proceed to read you the same story, though slightly modified, from the 'Hitopadeśa.' The 'Hitopadeśa' professes to be taken from the 'Pañkatantra' and some other books; and in this case it would seem as if some other authority had been followed. You will see, at all events, how much freedom there was in telling the old story of the man who built castles in the air.

"In the town of Devîkoṭṭa there lived a Brâhman of the name of Devaśarman. At the feast of the great equinox he received a plate full of rice. He took it, went into a potter's shop, which was full of crockery, and overcome by the heat, he lay down in a corner and began to doze. In order to protect his plate of rice he kept his stick in his hand, and began to think: 'Now, if I sell this plate of rice, I shall receive ten cowries [kapardaka]. I shall then, on the spot, buy pots and plates, and after having increased my capital again and again, I shall buy and sell betel-nuts and dresses till I become enormously rich. Then I shall marry four wives, and the youngest and prettiest of the four I shall make a great pet of. Then the other wives will be so angry, and begin to quarrel. But I shall be in a great rage, and take a stick, and give them a good flogging.' While he said this, he flung his stick away; the plate of rice was smashed to pieces, and many of the pots in the shop were broken. The potter, hearing the noise, ran into the shop, and when he saw his pots broken, he gave the Brâhman a good scolding, and drove him out of his shop. Therefore I say, 'He who rejoices over plans for the future will come to grief, like the Brâhman who broke the pots.'"

In spite of the change of a Brahman into a milkmaid, no one, I suppose, will doubt that we have here in the stories of the 'Pañkatantra' and 'Hitopadeśa' the first germs of La Fontaine's fable. But how did that fable travel all the way from India to France? How did it doff its Sanskrit garment, and don the light dress of modern French? How was the stupid Brahman born again as the brisk milkmaid, *cotillon simple et souliers plats?*

It seems a startling case of longevity, that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple children's story should have lived on, and maintained its place of honor and its undisputed sway in every school-room of the East and every nursery of the West. And yet it is a case of longevity so well

attested that even the most skeptical would hardly venture to question it. We have the passport of these stories viséd at every place through which they have passed, and as far as I can judge, *parfaitement en règle*. The story of the migration of these Indian fables from East to West is indeed wonderful; more wonderful and more instructive than many of the fables themselves. Will it be believed that we, in this Christian country, and in the nineteenth century, teach our children the first, the most important lessons of worldly wisdom,—nay, of a more than worldly wisdom,—from books borrowed from Buddhists and Brahmans, from heretics and idolaters; and that wise words spoken a thousand,—nay, two thousand—years ago, in a lonely village of India, like precious seed scattered broadcast over the world, still bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold in that soil which is most precious before God and man,—the soul of a child? No lawgiver, no philosopher, has made his influence felt so widely, so deeply, and so permanently as the author of these children's fables. But who was he? We do not know. His name, like the name of many a benefactor of the human race, is forgotten. We only know he was an Indian—a "nigger," as some people would call him—and that he lived at least two thousand years ago.

No doubt, when we first hear of the Indian origin of these fables, and of their migration from India to Europe, we wonder whether it can be so; but the fact is, that the story of this Indo-European migration is not, like the migration of the Indo-European languages, myths, and legends, a matter of theory, but of history; and that it was never quite forgotten, either in the East or in the West. Each translator, as he handed on his treasure, seems to have been anxious to show how he came by it.

Several writers who have treated of the origin and spreading of Indo-European stories and fables, have mixed up two or three questions which ought to be treated each on its own merits.

The first question is, whether the Aryans, when they broke up their pro-ethnic community, carried away with them, not only their common grammar and dictionary, but likewise some myths and legends, which we find that Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Slaves, when they emerge into the light of history, share in common? That certain deities occur in India, Greece, and Germany, having the same names and the same character, is a fact that can no longer be denied. That

certain heroes, too, known to Indians, Greeks, and Romans, point to one and the same origin, both by their name and by their history, is a fact by this time admitted by all whose admission is of real value. As heroes are in most cases gods in disguise, there is nothing very startling in the fact that nations who had worshiped the same gods should also have preserved some common legend of demigods or heroes,—nay, even, in a later phase of thought, of fairies and ghosts. The case however becomes much more problematical when we ask whether stories also—fables told with a decided moral purpose—formed part of that earliest Aryan inheritance? This is still doubted by many who have no doubts whatever as to common Aryan myths and legends; and even those who, like myself, have tried to establish by tentative arguments the existence of common Aryan fables, dating from before the Aryan separation, have done so only by showing a possible connection between ancient popular saws and mythological ideas, capable of a moral application. To any one, for instance, who knows how, in the poetical mythology of the Aryan tribes, the golden splendor of the rising sun leads to conceptions of the wealth of the Dawn in gold and jewels, and her readiness to shower them upon her worshipers, the modern German proverb "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde"* seems to have a kind of mythological ring; and the stories of benign fairies, changing everything into gold, sound likewise like an echo from the long-forgotten forest of our common Aryan home. . . .

In order to gain a commanding view of the countries traversed by these fables, let us take our position at Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century, and watch from that central point the movements of our literary caravan in its progress from the far East to the far West. In the middle of the eighth century, during the reign of the great Khalif Almansur, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa wrote his famous collection of fables, the 'Kalila and Dimnah,' which we still possess. The Arabic text of these fables has been published by Sylvestre de Sacy, and there is an English translation of it by Mr. Knatchbull, formerly professor of Arabic at Oxford. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa was a Persian by birth, who, after the fall of the Omeyyades, became a convert to Mohammedanism, and rose to high office at the court of the Khalifs. Being

*"The morning hour has gold in its mouth:"—"Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

in possession of important secrets of State, he became dangerous in the eyes of the Khalif Almansur, and was foully murdered. In the preface, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa tells us that he translated these fables from Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; and that they had been translated into Pehlevi (about two hundred years before his time) by Barzûyeh, the physician of Khosru Nushirvan, the King of Persia, the contemporary of the Emperor Justinian. The King of Persia had heard that there existed in India a book full of wisdom; and he had commanded his Vezier, Buzurjmihr, to find a man acquainted with the languages both of Persia and India. The man chosen was Barzûyeh. He traveled to India, got possession of the book, translated it into Persian, and brought it back to the court of Khosru. Declining all rewards beyond a dress of honor, he only stipulated that an account of his own life and opinions should be added to the book. This account, probably written by himself, is extremely curious. It is a kind of 'Religio Medici' of the sixth century; and shows us a soul dissatisfied with traditions and formularies, striving after truth, and finding rest only where many other seekers after truth have found rest before and after him,—in a life devoted to alleviating the sufferings of mankind.

There is another account of the journey of this Persian physician to India. It has the sanction of Firdûsi, in the great Persian epic, the 'Shah Nâmeh'; and it is considered by some as more original than the one just quoted. According to it, the Persian physician read in a book that there existed in India trees or herbs supplying a medicine with which the dead could be restored to life. At the command of the King he went to India in search of those trees and herbs; but after spending a year in vain researches, he consulted some wise people on the subject. They told him that the medicine of which he had read as having the power to restore men to life, had to be understood in a higher and more spiritual sense; and that what was really meant by it were ancient books of wisdom preserved in India, which imparted life to those who were dead in their folly and sins. Thereupon the physician translated these books, and one of them was the collection of fables,—the 'Kalila and Dimnah.'

It is possible that both these stories were later inventions; the preface also by Ali, the son of Alshah Farési, in which the names of Bidpai and King Dabshelim are mentioned for the

first time, is of later date. But the fact remains that Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, the author of the oldest Arabic collection of our fables, translated them from Pehlevi, the language of Persia at the time of Khosru Nushirvan; and that the Pehlevi text which he translated was believed to be a translation of a book brought from India in the middle of the sixth century. That Indian book could not have been the 'Pañkatantra' as we now possess it, but must have been a much larger collection of fables: for the Arabic translation, the 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' contains eighteen chapters instead of the five of the 'Pañkatantra'; and it is only in the fifth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth chapters that we find the same stories which form the five books of the Pañkatantra in the *textus ornatior*. . . .

In this Arabic translation, the story of the Brahman and the pot of rice runs as follows:—

"A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter [oil] and honey; of which, having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, 'I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats; which producing each of them a young one every five months, in addition to the produce of the kids as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a great flock.' He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should at this rate, in the course of two years, have more than four hundred goats. 'At the expiration of the term I will buy,' said he, 'a hundred black cattle, in the proportion of a bull or a cow for every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plow it with the beasts, and put it into tillage; so that before five years are over, I shall no doubt have realized a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female; and when my establishment is completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall receive the best masters that can be procured; and if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall

be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly offended parent.' At these words he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face."

You will have observed the coincidences between the Arabic and the Sanskrit versions; but also a considerable divergence, particularly in the winding up of the story. The Brahman and the holy man both build their castles in the air; but while the former kicks his wife, the latter only chastises his son. How this change came to pass we cannot tell. One might suppose that at the time when the book was translated from Sanskrit into Pehlevi, or from Pehlevi into Arabic, the Sanskrit story was exactly like the Arabic story, and that it was changed afterwards. But another explanation is equally admissible; viz., that the Pehlevi or the Arabic translator wished to avoid the offensive behavior of the husband kicking his wife, and therefore substituted the son as a more deserving object of castigation.

We have thus traced our story from Sanskrit to Pehlevi, and from Pehlevi to Arabic; we have followed it in its migrations from the hermitages of Indian sages to the court of the kings of Persia, and from thence to the residence of the powerful Khalifs at Bagdad. Let us recollect that the Khalif Almansur, for whom the Arabic translation was made, was a contemporary of Abderrahman, who ruled in Spain; and that both were but little anterior to Harun al Rashid and Charlemagne. At that time, therefore, the way was perfectly open for these Eastern fables, after they had once reached Bagdad, to penetrate into the seats of Western learning, and to spread to every part of the new empire of Charlemagne. They may have done so, for all we know; but nearly three hundred years pass before these fables meet us again in the literature of Europe. The Carlovingian empire had fallen to pieces, Spain had been rescued from the Mohammedans, William the Conqueror had landed in England, and the Crusades had begun to turn the thoughts of Europe towards the East, when, about the year 1080, we hear of a Jew of the name of Symcon, the son of Seth, who translated these fables from Arabic into Greek. He states in his preface that the book came originally from India, that it was brought to King Chosroes of Persia, and then translated into Arabic. . . . The Greek text has been

published, though very imperfectly, under the title of 'Stephanites and Ichnelates.' Here our fable is told as follows:—

"It is said that a beggar kept some honey and butter in a jar close to where he slept. One night he thought thus within himself: 'I shall sell this honey and butter for however small a sum; with it I shall buy ten goats, and these in five months will produce as many again. In five years they will become four hundred. With them I shall buy one hundred cows, and with them I shall cultivate some land. And what with their calves and the harvests, I shall become rich in five years, and build a house with four wings, ornamented with gold, and buy all kinds of servants and marry a wife. She will give me a child, and I shall call him Beauty. It will be a boy, and I shall educate him properly; and if I see him lazy, I shall give him such a flogging with this stick!' With these words he took a stick that was near him, struck the jar, and broke it, so that the honey and milk ran down on his beard."

This Greek translation might, no doubt, have reached La Fontaine; but as the French poet was not a great scholar, least of all a reader of Greek MSS., and as the fables of Symeon Seth were not published till 1697, we must look for other channels through which the old fable was carried along from East to West. . . .

The fact is, these fables had found several other channels, through which, as early as the thirteenth century, they reached the literary market of Europe, and became familiar as household words, at least among the higher and educated classes. . . .

But Perrette with the milk-pail has not yet arrived at the end of her journey. . . . Remember that in all our wanderings we have not yet found the milkmaid, but only the Brahman or the religious man. What we want to know is, who first brought about this metamorphosis.

No doubt La Fontaine was quite the man to seize on any jewel which was contained in the Oriental fables, to remove the cumbersome and foreign-looking setting, and then to place the principal figure in that pretty frame in which most of us have first become acquainted with it. But in this case the charmer's wand did not belong to La Fontaine, but to some forgotten worthy, whose very name it will be difficult to fix upon with certainty.

We have as yet traced three streams only, all starting from the Arabic translation of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa,—one in the

eleventh, another in the twelfth, a third in the thirteenth century,—all reaching Europe, some touching the very steps of the throne of Louis XIV., yet none of them carrying the leaf which contained the story of 'Perrette,' or of the 'Brahman,' to the threshold of La Fontaine's home. We must therefore try again.

After the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans, Arabic literature had found a new home in Western Europe; and among the numerous works translated from Arabic into Latin or Spanish, we find towards the end of the thirteenth century (1289) a Spanish translation of our fables, called 'Calila é Dymna.' In this the name of the philosopher is changed from Bidpai to Bundobel. This, or another translation from Arabic, was turned into Latin verse by Raimond de Beziers in 1313 (not published).

Lastly, we find in the same century another translation from Arabic straight into Latin verse, by Baldo, which became known under the name of 'Æsopus Alter.'

From these frequent translations, and translations of translations, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we see quite clearly that these Indian fables were extremely popular, and were in fact more widely read in Europe than the Bible, or any other book. They were not only read in translations, but having been introduced into sermons, homilies, and works on morality, they were improved upon, acclimatized, localized, till at last it is almost impossible to recognize their Oriental features under their homely disguises.

I shall give you one instance only.

Rabelais, in his 'Gargantua,' gives a long description of how a man might conquer the whole world. At the end of this dialogue, which was meant as a satire on Charles V., we read:—

"There was here present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars,—a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards,—named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said: 'J'ay grand peur que toute ceste entreprise sera semblable à la farce *du pot au laict* duquel un cordavanier se faisoit riche par resverie, puis le pot cassé, n'eut de quoy disner.'" (I fear me that this great undertaking will turn out like the farce of the pot of milk, which made the shoemaker rich in imagination till he broke the pot, and had to go without his dinner.)

This is clearly our story; only the Brahman has as yet been changed into a shoemaker only, and the pot of rice or the jar

of butter and honey into a pitcher of milk. Fortunately, we can make at least one step further,—a step of about two centuries. This step backwards brings us to the thirteenth century, and there we find our old Indian friend again, and this time really changed into a milkmaid The book I refer to is written in Latin, and is called 'Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus'; in English, the 'Dialogue of Creatures Moralized.' It was a book intended to teach the principles of Christian morality by examples taken from ancient fables. It was evidently a most successful book, and was translated into several modern languages. There is an old translation of it in English, first printed by Rastell, and afterwards reprinted in 1816. I shall read you from it the fable in which, as far as I can find, the milkmaid appears for the first time on the stage, surrounded already by much of that scenery which, four hundred years later, received its last touches at the hand of La Fontaine.

"Dialogo C.—For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in surete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as sayth Davyd, Psal. xciiii.: Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a *galon of mylke* to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne, the which shulde bringe forth chekyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravisshed inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chirche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her self: 'Goo we, goo we.' Sodaynlye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slypped, and she fell in the dyche, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have."

Here we have arrived at the end of our journey. It has been a long journey across fifteen or twenty centuries, and I am afraid our following Perrette from country to country, and from language to language, may have tired some of my hearers. I shall, therefore, not attempt to fill the gap that divides the fable of the thirteenth century from La Fontaine. Suffice it to say, that the

milkmaid, having once taken the place of the Brahman, maintained it against all comers. We find her as Doña Truhana in the famous 'Conde Lucanor,' the work of the Infante Don Juan Manuel who died in 1347; the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise; though himself not a king, yet more powerful than a king; renowned both by his sword and by his pen, and possibly not ignorant of Arabic, the language of his enemies. We find her again in the 'Contes et Nouvelles' of Bonaventure des Periers, published in the sixteenth century,—a book which we know that La Fontaine was well acquainted with. We find her, after La Fontaine, in all the languages of Europe.

You see now before your eyes the bridge on which our fables came to us from East to West. The same bridge which brought us Perrette brought us hundreds of fables, all originally sprung up in India, many of them carefully collected by Buddhist priests and preserved in their sacred canon, afterwards handed on to the Brahmanic writers of a later age, carried by Barzûyeh from India to the court of Persia, then to the courts of the Khalifs at Bagdad and Cordova, and of the Emperors at Constantinople. Some of them no doubt perished on their journey, others were mixed up together, others were changed till we should hardly know them again. Still, if you once know the eventful journey of Perrette, you know the journey of all the other fables that belong to this Indian cycle. Few of them have gone through so many changes; few of them have found so many friends, whether in the courts of kings or in the huts of beggars. Few of them have been to places where Perrette has not also been. This is why I selected her and her passage through the world as the best illustration of a subject which otherwise would require a whole course of lectures to do it justice.

WILHELM MÜLLER

(1794–1827)

"I LOVE no lyric poet excepting Goethe so much as Wilhelm Müller," wrote Heine; and indeed, as he himself gladly acknowledged, Heine owed to Müller many a tricksy lyric charm. Müller was born at Dessau on October 7th, 1794, and there he died on September 30th, 1827. In this brief space of thirty years he succeeded in leaving upon the hearts of the German people an impress of his poetic personality, that seems destined to last while songs are sung and nature still has charms. He died just as his genius was maturing. His spirit was preparing for higher flights when it passed from earth altogether. He is thus a poet for the young — for those who delight in "young love and old wine." The heart of youth finds in Müller's poems the expression of its own vague longings and undefined emotions; and the heart of the aged, if it has preserved its freshness, is quickened by the genial flow of his simple, passionate verse.

WILHELM MÜLLER

Müller, like thousands of spirits far less fine than his, was touched to patriotic issues at the time of the great uprising against Napoleon. He had begun the study of philology and history at Berlin when the wars for freedom broke out. During 1813 and 1814, following the call of the Prussian king, he served his country as a volunteer, as Kleist and Körner did. He then quietly resumed the study of Old German at the Berlin University. This taste for old Germanic lore reveals that tendency of mind which in his son, Professor Max Müller, has reached its scholarly fruition. In the father's case these studies were placed first of all at the service of the Muses; through them he acquired that intimate knowledge of the essential qualities of early German culture, which enabled him so perfectly to catch the tone of the German folk-song. In the circle of young Berlin poets, his talent found stimulus and encouragement. In 1815 this group of friends issued the 'Bundesblätter' (Leaves of Union), and here are to be found the earliest poems of Wilhelm Müller.

In 1817 there came to Müller, as to Geibel later, the ardently desired opportunity of standing upon classic soil. He went to Italy, and the literary result of his trip was the graceful book published in 1820, and entitled 'Rom, Römer, und Römerinnen' (Rome, and Roman Men and Women). Upon his return in 1819, he was called to his native city of Dessau as a teacher of ancient languages. At the same time he held the post of librarian of the newly founded Ducal Library. His philological works were chiefly contributions to encyclopædias and other compilations. He translated Marlowe's 'Faustus,' and Achim von Arnim wrote the preface; Fauriel's collection of modern Greek folk-songs he also put into German. Perhaps the most valuable of his scholarly undertakings was the 'Library of German Poets of the Seventeenth Century,' in ten volumes.

But it is not upon these things that Müller's fame rests. He was first of all a poet; and this became evident to the public at large when in 1821 he published 'Gedichte aus den Hinterlassenen Papieren eines Reisenden Waldhornisten' (Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Traveling Bugler). In the same year appeared the first of the famous 'Griechenlieder' (Songs of the Greeks), in which the profound sympathy of the German people with the Greek struggle for freedom found stirring expression. With his love for the heroes of ancient Greece he combined a splendid enthusiasm for Byron, Kanaris, and Marco Bozzaris. This uprising of Greece appealed to all poets, and the magic of Byron's name seemed to make it peculiarly their affair. All the bards of the land of song burst into impassioned verse in defense of the classic country and Pierian spring which had been the original source of their own inspiration. The 'Songs of the Greeks' aided powerfully in rousing indignation against the Turks; and just as Greek admirers of Byron had sent marble to be used for the poet's monument in London, so the Greek Parliament voted a ship-load of Pentelican marble for the monument which has been erected to Müller in Dessau.

If the 'Songs of the Greeks' are less well known to the world at large than two other series of Müller's lyrics, this is primarily due to Franz Schubert. The two cycles of exquisite lyrics entitled 'Die Schöne Müllerin' (The Pretty Maid of the Mill) and 'Die Winterreise' (The Winter Journey) caught the heart and ear of Schubert, and he wedded them to immortal music. We are made to share the fresh joy of the wandering miller, who, following the guidance of his beloved brook, finds the fickle beauty of the mill and loves her; and we share, too, his sorrow when her heart turns to the huntsman, clad in green, and her faithful lover buries his grief and love in the waters of the still singing brook. There is thus a dramatic interest that binds together these simple songs. In this cycle, as in the 'Winter Journey,' one feels the deep sustaining joy of the poet

in all outdoor nature: it is symbolized in the loving intimacy between the miller and the brook, between the wanderer and the linden-tree. Taken with the music, the two cycles form little lyric dramas; the words can no longer be recalled without the melody, and these combined creations of Müller and Schubert are among the most beautiful and delicate works of art that have sprung from the lyric genius of Germany. And so, although no poet voice had a more vigorous ring when it sang in the cause of freedom, it is probable that Müller will be chiefly remembered as the singer of winter journeys and wanderers' joys, of mill-stream melodies and the lays of love.

FROM 'THE PRETTY MAID OF THE MILL'

Translated by Charles Harvey Genung and Edward Breck

Wandering

To wander is the miller's joy,
To wander!
He must a wretched miller be
Who would not wander merrily,
And wander!

We learned it from the water brook,
The water!
It takes no rest by night or day,
But ever wends its laughing way,
The water!

We learn it from the mill-wheel too,
The mill-wheel!
That will not stand a moment still,
But tireless turns the mighty mill,
The mill-wheel!

The stones themselves forget their weight,
The millstones!
They join the merry dancing crew,
And try to move much faster too,
The millstones!

To wander, wander is my joy,
To wander!
Good master and good mistress, pray,
Let me in peace now go my way
And wander!

WHITHER?

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From out the rocky spring,
Down through the valley rushing
With clear and laughing ring.

I know not what came o'er me,
What longing filled my breast:
Down to the vale it bore me,
And onward without rest.

Far downward, ever onward,
I followed its dancing gleam,
And louder still and clearer
Sang ever the happy stream.

And this way must I wander?
O brooklet, whither, say?
Thou hast with thy sweet rushing
My reason charmed away.

What, prate I then of rushing?
That can no rushing be!
'Tis the voice of the water-nixies,
That sing their songs to me.

Ah, heed not song nor rushing,
But wander onward still;
There must be merry mill-wheels
In every flashing rill.

HALT!

I SPY a mill forth peeping
By the alder-lined mere;
The rushing and singing
Of mill-wheels I hear.

Hey, welcome, hey, how welcome,
Sweet old song of the mill!
And the house with its windows
Is so cozy and still.

And the sunshine above me
Makes heaven seem gay!
Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Was it this thou wouldst say?

Thanksgiving to the Brook

Was it this thou wouldst say,
My friend, by thy lay?
By ringing and singing,
Was it this thou wouldst say?

To the miller's maid go!
Thou meanest it so.
Ah! Have I not guessed it?
To the miller's maid go!

Can *her* wish it be,
Or foolest thou me?
Oh, this only tell me,
If *her* wish it be.

Howe'er it was meant,
I'll rest me content;
I have found what I sought for,
Howe'er it was meant.

I sought work, indeed,
I've now all I need;
For my hands, for my heart,
I've all that I need!

Curiosity

I'll ask no pretty flower,
I'll ask no starry sphere;
Fór none of them can tell me
What I so long to hear.

Besides, I'm not a gardener,
The stars all hang too high;
My brooklet here shall tell me
If my fond heart doth lie.

O brooklet, my belovèd,
Why singest thou no more?
I ask for one word only,
One answer o'er and o'er.

«Yes» is the word I long for,
The other word is «no»;
In one of these two answers
Is all my weal or woe.

O brooklet, my belovèd,
Why shouldst thou wayward be?
I'll promise not to tell it—
Say, brooklet, loves she me?

Impatience

I'd carve it deep in every forest tree,
On every stone I'd grave it lastingly;
In every garden plot the words I'd sow,
With seed that soon my sweet device would show,
That she should see my faithful heart's endeavor:
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

A magpie young and lusty I would teach,
Until he sang aloud that sweetest speech,
And sang it with my voice's counterpart,
With all the yearning of my loving heart;
He'd sing it then to her and cease it never:
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

I'd fling it forth to every morning breeze,
I'd sigh it softly to the swaying trees;
Oh, that it shone from every blossom fair!
Oh, that she breathed it in the perfumed air!
Are mill-wheels all that thou canst move, O river?
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

I thought it looked from out my loving eyes,
And burned upon my cheeks in telltale guise,
Imprinted on my speechless lips it were,
And every breath I drew cried out to her;
But she, alas, heeds naught of my endeavor:
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

Good-Morning

Good-morning, pretty miller's lass!
Why hide thy head, whene'er I pass,
Behind the curtain yonder?
Dost think my greetings boldness show?
Disturb thee then my glances so?
Then onward I must wander.

Oh, let me linger by the brook,
And only at thy window look,
Below there, just below there!
Thou flaxen head, now hide no more!
Come forth from out your oval door,
Ye morning stars that show there!

Ye slumber-laden eyes so blue,
Ye flowers wet with morning dew,
Doth ruddy sunlight blind you?
Were they so sweet, the joys of sleep,
That now you close and droop and weep,
Because they're left behind you?

Now shake ye off the dreamland haze,
And fresh and free your heads upraise,
To greet the shining morrow!
Aloft the lark doth gayly soar,
And at the deep heart's inmost core
Awake love's care and sorrow.

Showers of Tears

We sat nestled close to each other,
In shady alder nook;
We gazed long and fondly together
Down into the murmuring brook.

The moon uprose in heaven,
The stars began to glow,
And gazed long and fondly together
At the silvery mirror below.

'Twas not the moon that I gazed at,
And not the starry skies:
Her picture was all I gazed at,
And all I saw was her eyes.

I saw them there winking and blinking
Deep down in my brooklet so true;
The flowers on the margin, the blue ones,
Are winking and blinking there too.

And in the waters sunken
The whole wide heaven shone,
And into its glistening bosom
It seemed to lure me on.

And over the clouds and the starlight
The brook rippled joyous and free,
And called me, ringing and singing:—
"Come hither, O brother, to me!"

And blurred were my eyes with hot tear-drops;
Before me the brook seemed to spin;
She said, "A shower is coming:
Good-night — I'm going in."

Mine!

Brooklet, cease that song of thine!
Mill-wheels, stop your whirr and whine!
All ye merry wood-songsters fine,
Make no sign;
Silent be and close your eyne!
Every line
I'll design —
It shall but *one* rhyme enshrine:
For the miller's lovely maid is mine!
Mine!
Springtime, are there then no fairer flowers thine?
Sunlight, canst thou then no brighter shine?
Ah, alone I must repine
With that sweetest of all words, "Mine,"
Understood by none in all this world divine!

Withered Flowers

Ah, all ye flowers
That she once gave,
Ye shall be buried
With me in the grave.

Why gaze ye sadly
Upon me so,
As if with pity
Ye saw my woe?

Ah, all ye flowers
Of pale regret,
Ah, all ye flowers,
How came ye wet?

But tears can't freshen
The flowers like rain,
Cannot make dead passion
To bloom again.

The winter's dying,
And spring will appear,
And flowers will blossom
Around me here.

And flowers will cover
My new-made grave,—
Ah, all the flowers,
That she once gave!

And when she wanders
The church-yard through,
And softly murmurs,
"*His* love was true!"—

Then, all ye flowers,
Oh bloom, oh blow!
For May is coming,
And gone is the snow.

The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

When a heart so constant
Must break and must die,
The lilies all withered
And broken lie.

In clouds then the full moon
Must veil her head,
And hide from all mortals
The tears she doth shed.

In heaven the angels
Their eyes gently close;
They're sobbing and soothing
The soul to repose.

The Brook:

When love has o'ermastered
Its hopes and fears,

A new star, bright shining,
In heaven appears.

Then blossom three roses,
Half white, half red,
That never shall wither
In garden bed.

And in heaven the angels
Their pinions will clip,
And earthwards each morning
Will fairily trip.

The Miller:

Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Thou'rt faithful and true;
Ah, brooklet, but thou know'st not
What love can do.

Ah, down there, far down there,
'Tis cool and deep.
Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Now sing me to sleep.

Cradle Song of the Brook

Sweetly sleep, sweetly sleep!
I'll thy vigil keep!
Wanderer, so weary, thou'rt now at home.
Securely rest
Asleep on my breast,
Till the brooklets mingle with ocean foam.

Thy bed shall be cool
In moss-lined pool,
In the chamber of sparkling blue crystal clear;
Come, wavelets, wave,
His cradle lave,
Soothe him and rock him, my comrade so dear.

When the sound of horn
From the greenwood's borne,
I will rush and I'll gush, that thou mayst not hear.
Peep ye not through,
Little flow'rets blue!
You make all the dreams of my sleeper so drear.

Away, away
From my margin stay,
Wicked maiden, lest from thy shadow he wake!
But throw me down
Thy kerchief brown,
So for his eyes I'll a bandage make!

Now good-night, now good-night!
Till all's made right,
Forget all thy hopes, and forget thy fate!
The moon shines bright,
The mists take flight,
And the heaven above me how wide and how great!

VINETA

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far-off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman, who at twilight hour,
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lower,
Evermore will haunt the charmèd scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah! a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world in loveliness decaying
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free
Where I hear those angel-voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

Translation of J. A. Froude.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE

(CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK)

(1850–)

When Miss Murfree's first work appeared, not only was her pseudonym, Charles Egbert Craddock, accepted by her editors without suspicion as her proper name, but the public was equally deceived. The firm, quiet touch, the matter wholly free from subjectiveness, the robust humor, and the understanding of masculine life, had no trace of femininity.

Mary N. Murfree

Her first book, 'Where the Battle was Fought,' which finally appeared in 1884, was the effort of a very young writer, containing more of promise than fulfillment, though the peculiarities of style and character were prophetic of her later manner. No publisher desired it until the great favor accorded to 'In the Tennessee Mountains' opened the way. In the maturer story was struck a more confident note. Miss Murfree had found her field, and henceforth the Tennessee mountains and their inhabitants were to occupy her descriptive powers. These men and women are for the first part rude people, kept in unlikeness to the outside world not only by their distance from civilization, but by the mist of tradition in which they live. Here is a colony of people who have their own ideas of etiquette,—and as strict a code as that of Versailles in the time of Louis XIV.,—their own notions of comfort and wealth, and their own civil and moral laws. Here they dwell in their mountain fastnesses, distilling illicit whisky with as clear a conscience as they plant the corn from which they make it, or as the Northern farmer makes cider from his apples—in their opinion an exact parallel. Passionately religious, full of picturesque poetry,—which they learn from the Bible, their only familiar book,—no wonder the "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" thrilled his audiences when he described the scenes enacted in the Old Testament as having been transacted on the very hillsides where he preached, and that the majestic imagery of the Book was heightened by the majestic surroundings.

But good "material," in a literary sense, as are the Tennessee mountaineers, no sort of idealization nor surface acquaintance, however aided by artistic intuition, could have made them natural to the outside world. It was the office of one who knew them as Miss Murfree knew them, not only from the inside view but the view of a social superior, which enabled her to give the picture a perspective. Nowhere is this gift better indicated than in the artistic story 'Drifting down Lost Creek,' in which the elements of interest are thoroughly worked up, the motive of the delicate romance touched with a perfect consciousness of the author's audience; while there is such a regard for the verities, that the whole story turns on the everyday feminine loyalty of a mountain girl to her lover. 'On Big Injin Mountain' is an episode of a sturdier kind, more dramatic both in matter and in manner than 'Drifting down Lost Creek'; but at its close, when the rude mountaineers display a tenderness for the man they have misunderstood, the reader, gentle or simple, is perforce thrilled into sympathy,—for this is a passage to which the better part of human nature, wherever found, responds.

In Miss Murfree's writings we are perhaps too often reminded of the pictorial art which she undoubtedly possesses, by the effect she evolves from the use of words. She has a clear vision and a dramatic temperament; and it is a temptation, not always resisted, to emphasize physical surroundings in order to heighten situations. The moment a lull occurs in the action of her personages, the mountain solitudes come in to play their part,—the sylvan glades, the chromatic hues, the foaming cataracts, the empurpled shadows. Even the wild animals assume the functions of *dramatis personæ*, and are an inarticulate chorus to interpret the emotions of the human actors.

But it is not given to a redundant and enthusiastic nature, a youthful nature at least in her earlier stories,—for Miss Murfree was born about 1850 in the township of Murfreesborough, Tennessee, a town called after her respected and influential family,—always to use one word when two or three seem to do as well. The normal mind is more active in the details of human life than in the details of landscape; but Miss Murfree, although she has not always accepted this as a fact, has painted scenes where she has perfectly adjusted her characters and their surroundings. In 'Old Sledge at the Settlemint,' the picture of the group of card-players throwing their cards on the inverted splint basket by the light of the tallow dip and a pitch-pine fire, while the moon shines without, and the uncanny echoes ring through the rocks and woods, is as graphic as one of Spagnoletto's paintings. And she has done a gentler and even more sympathetic service in depicting the lonely, self-reliant, half mournful life of the mountain women whom she loves; particularly the young

women, pure, sweet, naïve, and innocent of all evil. The older women "hold out wasted hands to the years as they pass,—holding them out always, and always empty"; but in drawing her old women, Miss Murfree lightens her somewhat sombre pictures by their shrewd fun and keen knowledge of human nature. Mrs. Purvine is a stroke of genius.

Nor could Miss Murfree's stories have won their wide popularity with an American audience without a sense of humor, which is to her landscape as the sun to the mist. Her mountaineer who has been restrained from killing the suspected horse-thief is rather relieved than otherwise, having still a sense of justice: "The bay filly ain't such a killin' matter nohow; ef it was the roan three-year-old 'twould be different."

The novels which have most added to Miss Murfree's reputation, perhaps, are 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain,' and 'In the Clouds,'—all stories of the Tennessee mountains, told in her vigorous, dramatic manner.

THE DANCIN' PARTY AT HARRISON'S COVE

From 'In the Tennessee Mountains.' Copyright 1884, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"FUR ye see, Mis' Darley, them Harrison folks over yander ter the Cove hev determinated on a dancin' party."

The drawling tones fell unheeded on old Mr. Kenyon's ear, as he sat on the broad hotel piazza of the New Helvetia Springs, and gazed with meditative eyes at the fair August sky. An early moon was riding, clear and full, over this wild spur of the Alleghanies; the stars were few and very faint; even the great Scorpio lurked vaguely outlined above the wooded ranges; and the white mist that filled the long, deep, narrow valley between the parallel lines of mountains, shimmered with opalescent gleams.

All the world of the watering-place had converged to that focus the ball-room; and the cool, moonlit piazzas were nearly deserted. The fell determination of the "Harrison folks" to give a dancing party made no impression on the preoccupied old gentleman. Another voice broke his revery,—a soft, clear, well-modulated voice; and he started and turned his head as his own name was called, and his niece, Mrs. Darley, came to the window.

"Uncle Ambrose, are you there?—So glad! I was afraid you were down at the summer-house, where I hear the children

singing. Do come here a moment, please. This is Mrs. Johns, who brings the Indian peaches to sell — you know the Indian peaches?"

Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches; the dark-crimson fruit streaked with still darker lines, and full of blood-red juice, which he had meditatively munched that very afternoon. Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches right well. He wondered, however, what had brought Mrs. Johns back in so short a time; for although the principal industry of the mountain people about the New Helvetia Springs is selling fruit to the summer sojourners, it is not customary to come twice on the same day, nor to appear at all after nightfall.

Mrs. Darley proceeded to explain.

"Mrs. Johns's husband is ill, and wants us to send him some medicine."

Mr. Kenyon rose, threw away the stump of his cigar, and entered the room. "How long has he been ill, Mrs. Johns?" he asked dismally.

Mr. Kenyon always spoke lugubriously, and he was a dismal-looking old man. Not more cheerful was Mrs. Johns: she was tall and lank, and with such a face as one never sees except in these mountains, — elongated, sallow, thin, with pathetic, deeply sunken eyes, and high cheek-bones, and so settled an expression of hopeless melancholy that it must be that naught but care and suffering had been her lot; holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass, — holding them out always, and always empty. She wore a shabby, faded calico, and spoke with the peculiar expressionless drawl of the mountaineer. She was a wonderful contrast to Mrs. Darley, all furbelows and flounces, with her fresh, smooth face and soft hair, and plump, round arms half revealed by the flowing sleeves of her thin black dress. Mrs. Darley was in mourning, and therefore did not affect the ball-room. At this moment, on benevolent thoughts intent, she was engaged in uncorking sundry small phials, gazing inquiringly at their labels, and shaking their contents.

In reply to Mr. Kenyon's question, Mrs. Johns, sitting on the extreme edge of a chair, and fanning herself with a pink calico sun-bonnet, talked about her husband, and a misery in his side and in his back, and how he felt it "a-comin' on nigh on ter a week ago." Mr. Kenyon expressed sympathy, and was surprised by the announcement that Mrs. Johns considered her husband's

illness "a blessin', 'kase ef he war able ter git out'n his bed, he 'lowed ter go down ter Harrison's Cove ter the dancin' party, 'kase Rick Pearson war a-goin' ter be thar, an' hed said ez how none o' the Johnses should come."

"What, Rick Pearson, that terrible outlaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, with wide-open blue eyes. She had read in the newspapers sundry thrilling accounts of a noted horse-thief and outlaw, who with a gang of kindred spirits defied justice and roamed certain sparsely populated mountainous counties at his own wild will; and she was not altogether without a feeling of fear as she heard of his proximity to the New Helvetia Springs,—not fear for life or limb, because she was practical-minded enough to reflect that the sojourners and employés of the watering-place would far outnumber the outlaw's troop, but fear that a pair of shiny bay ponies, Castor and Pollux, would fall victims to the crafty wiles of the expert horse thief.

"I think I have heard something of a difficulty between your people and Rick Pearson," said old Mr. Kenyon. "Has a peace never been patched up between them?"

"N-o," drawled Mrs. Johns, "same as it always war. My old man'll never believe but what Rick Pearson stole that thar bay filly we lost 'bout five year ago. But I don't believe he done it: plenty other folks around is ez mean ez Rick, leastways mos' ez mean; plenty mean enough ter steal a horse, anyhow. Rick *say* he never tuk the filly; say he war a-goin' ter shoot off the nex' man's head ez say so. Rick say he'd ruther give two bay fillies than hev a man say he tuk a horse ez he never tuk. Rick say ez how he kin stand up ter what he does do, but it's these hyar lies on him what kills him out. But ye know, Mis' Darley, ye know yerself, he never give nobody two bay fillies in this world, an' what's more he's never goin' ter. My old man an' my boy Kossute talks on 'bout that thar bay filly like she war stole yestiddy, an' 'twar five year ago an' better; an' when they hearn ez how Rick Pearson hed showed that red head o' his'n on this hyar mounting las' week, they war fightin' mad, an' would hev lit out fur the gang sure, 'ceptin' they hed been gone down the mounting fur two days. An' my son Kossute, he sent Rick word that he had better keep out'n gunshot o' these hyar woods; that he didn't want no better mark than that red head o' his'n, an' he could hit it two mile off. An' Rick Pearson, he sent Kossute word that he would kill him fur his sass the very nex' time he

see him, an' ef he don't want a bullet in that pumpkin head o' his'n he hed better keep away from that dancin' party what the Harrisons hev laid off ter give, 'kase Rick say he's a-goin' ter it hisself, an' is a-goin' ter dance too; he ain't been invited, Mis' Darley, but Rick don't keer fur that. He is a-goin' anyhow; an' he say ez how he ain't a-goin' ter let Kossute come, 'count o' Kossute's sass, an' the fuss they've all made 'bout that bay filly that war stole five year ago — 'twar five year an' better. But Rick say ez how he is goin', fur all he ain't got no invite, an' is a-goin' ter dance too: 'kase you know, Mis' Darley, it's a-goin' ter be a dancin' party; the Harrisons hev determinated on that. Them gals of theirn air mos' crazed 'bout a dancin' party. They ain't been a bit of account sence they went ter Cheatham's Cross-Roads ter see thar gran'mother, an' picked up all them queer new notions. So the Harrisons hev determinated on a dancin' party; an' Rick say ez how he is goin' ter dance too: but Jule, *she* say ez how she know thar ain't a gal on the mounting ez would dance with him; but I ain't so sure 'bout that, Mis' Darley: gals air cur'ous critters, ye know yerself; thar's no sort o' countin' on 'em; they'll do one thing one time, an' another thing nex' time; ye can't put no dependence in 'em. But Jule say ef he kin git Mandy Tyler ter dance with him, it's the mos' he kin do, an' the gang'll be nowhar. Mebbe he kin git Mandy ter dance with him, 'kase the other boys say ez how none o' them is a-goin' ter ax her ter dance, 'count of the trick she played on 'em down ter the Wilkins settlemint — las' month, war it? no, 'twar two month ago, an' better; but the boys ain't forgot how scandalous she done 'em, an' none of 'em is a-goin' ter ax her ter dance."

"Why, what did she do?" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, surprised. "She came here to sell peaches one day, and I thought her such a nice, pretty, well-behaved girl."

"Waal, she hev got mighty quiet say-nuthin' sort'n ways, Mis' Darley, but that thar gal do behave *re*diculous. Down thar ter the Wilkins settlemint, — ye know it's 'bout two mile or two mile'n a half from hyar, — waal, all the gals walked down thar ter the party an hour by sun; but when the boys went down they tuk thar horses, ter give the gals a ride home behind 'em. Waal, every boy axed his gal ter ride while the party war goin' on, an' when 'twar all over they all set out fur ter come home. Waal, this hyar Mandy Tyler is a mighty favo*rite* 'mongst the

boys,—they ain't got no sense, ye know, Mis' Darley,—an' stiddier one of 'em axin' her ter ride home, thar war five of 'em axed her ter ride, ef ye'll believe me; an' what do ye think she done, Mis' Darley? She tole all five of 'em yes; an' when the party war over, she war the last ter go, an' when she started out'n the door, thar war all five of them boys a-standin' thar waitin' fur her, an' every one a-holdin' his horse by the bridle, an' none of 'em knowed who the others war a-waitin' fur. An' this hyar Mandy Tyler, when she got ter the door an' seen 'em all a-standin' thar, never said one word, jest walked right through 'mongst 'em, an' set out fur the mounting on foot, with all them five boys a-followin' an' a-leadin' thar horses, an' a-quarrelin' enough ter take off each other's heads 'bout which one war a-goin' ter ride with her; which none of 'em did, Mis' Darley, fur I hearn ez how the whole layout footed it all the way ter New Helveshy. An' thar would hev been a fight 'mongst 'em, 'ceptin' her brother, Jacob Tyler, went along with 'em, an' tried ter keep the peace atwixt 'em. An' Mis' Darley, all them married folks down thar at the party—them folks in the Wilkins settlemint is the biggest fools, sure—when all them married folks come out ter the door, an' see the way Mandy Tyler hed treated them boys, they jest hollered and laffed an' thought it war mighty smart an' funny in Mandy; but she never say a word till she kem up the mounting, an' I never hearn ez how she say anything then. An' now the boys all say none of 'em is a-goin' ter ax her ter dance, ter pay her back fur them fool airs of hern. But Kossute say he'll dance with her ef none the rest will. Kossute, he thought 'twar all mighty funny too,—he's sech a fool 'bout gals, Kossute is,—but Jule, she thought ez how 'twar scandalous."

Mrs. Darley listened in amused surprise: that these mountain wilds could sustain a first-class coquette was an idea that had not hitherto entered her mind; however, "that thar Mandy" seemed, in Mrs. Johns's opinion at least, to merit the unenviable distinction, and the party at the Wilkins settlement and the prospective gayety of Harrison's Cove awakened the same sentiments in her heart and mind as do the more ambitious germans and kettle-drums of the lowland cities in the heart and mind of Mrs. Grundy. Human nature is the same everywhere, and the Wilkins settlement is a microcosm. The metropolitan centres, stripped of the civilization of wealth, fashion, and culture, would

present only the bare skeleton of humanity outlined in Mrs. Johns's talk of Harrison's Cove, the Wilkins settlement, the enmities and scandals and sorrows and misfortunes of the mountain ridge. As the absurd resemblance developed, Mrs. Darley could not forbear a smile. Mrs. Johns looked up with a momentary expression of surprise; the story presented no humorous phase to her perceptions, but she too smiled a little as she repeated, "Scandalous, ain't it?" and proceeded in the same lack-lustre tone as before.

"Yes,—Kossute say ez how he'll dance with her ef none the rest will, fur Kossute say ez how he hev laid off ter dance, Mis' Darley; an' when I ax him what he thinks will become of his soul ef he dances, he say the Devil may crack away at it, an' ef he kin hit it he's welcome; fur soul or no soul he's a-goin' ter dance. Kossute is a-fixin' of hisself this very minute ter go; but I am verily afeard the boy'll be slaughtered, Mis' Darley, 'kase thar is goin' ter be a fight, an' ye never in all yer life hearn sech sass ez Kossute and Rick Pearson done sent word ter each other."

Mr. Kenyon expressed some surprise that she should fear for so young a fellow as Kossuth. "Surely," he said, "the man is not brute enough to injure a mere boy: your son is a mere boy."

"That's so," Mrs. Johns drawled. "Kossute ain't more'n twenty year old, an' Rick Pearson is double that ef he is a day; but ye see it's the firearms ez makes Kossute more'n a match fur him, 'kase Kossute is the best shot on the mounting, an' Rick knows that in a shootin' fight Kossute's better able ter take keer of hisself an' hurt somebody else nor anybody. Kossute's more likely ter hurt Rick nor Rick is ter hurt him in a shootin' fight; but ef Rick didn't hurt him, an' he war ter shoot Rick, the gang would tear him ter pieces in a minute; and 'mongst 'em I'm actially afeard they'll slaughter the boy."

Mr. Kenyon looked even graver than was his wont upon receiving this information, but said no more; and after giving Mrs. Johns the febrifuge she wished for her husband, he returned to his seat on the piazza.

Mrs. Darley watched him with some little indignation as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. "How cold and unsympathetic Uncle Ambrose is," she said to herself. And after condoling effusively with Mrs. Johns on her apprehensions for her son's safety, she returned to the gossips in the hotel parlor; and Mrs.

Johns, with her pink calico sun-bonnet on her head, went her way in the brilliant summer moonlight.

The clear lustre shone white upon all the dark woods and chasms and flashing waters that lay between the New Helvetia Springs and the wide, deep ravine called Harrison's Cove; where from a rude log hut the vibrations of a violin, and the quick throb of dancing feet, already mingled with the impetuous rush of a mountain stream close by, and the weird night sounds of the hills,—the cry of birds among the tall trees, the stir of the wind, the monotonous chanting of frogs at the water-side, the long, drowsy drone of the nocturnal insects, the sudden faint blast of a distant hunter's horn, and the far baying of hounds.

Mr. Harrison had four marriageable daughters, and had arrived at the conclusion that something must be done for the girls; for strange as it may seem, the prudent father exists even among the "mounting folks." Men there realize the importance of providing suitable homes for their daughters as men do elsewhere, and the eligible youth is as highly esteemed in those wilds as is the much scarcer animal at a fashionable watering-place. Thus it was that Mr. Harrison had "determinated on a dancin' party." True, he stood in bodily fear of the Judgment Day and the circuit-rider: but the dancing party was a rarity eminently calculated to please the young hunters of the settlements round about; so he swallowed his qualms, to be indulged at a more convenient season, and threw himself into the vortex of preparation with an ardor very gratifying to the four young ladies, who had become imbued with sophistication at Cheatham's Cross-Roads.

Not so Mrs. Harrison: she almost expected the house to fall and crush them, as a judgment on the wickedness of a dancing party; for so heinous a sin, in the estimation of the greater part of the mountain people, had not been committed among them for many a day. Such trifles as killing a man in a quarrel, or on suspicion of stealing a horse or wash-tub or anything that came handy, of course do not count; but a dancing party! Mrs. Harrison could only fold her idle hands, and dread the heavy penalty that must surely follow so terrible a crime.

It certainly had not the gay and lightsome aspect supposed to be characteristic of such a scene of sin: the awkward young mountaineers clogged heavily about in their uncouth clothes and rough shoes, with the stolid-looking, lack-lustre maids of the hill, to the violin's monotonous iteration of 'The Chicken in the

Bread-Trough,' or 'The Rabbit in the Pea-Patch,'—all their grave faces as grave as ever. The music now and then changed suddenly to one of those wild, melancholy strains sometimes heard in old-fashioned dancing tunes, and the strange pathetic cadences seemed more attuned to the rhythmical dash of the waters rushing over their stone barricades out in the moonlight yonder, or to the plaintive sighs of the winds among the great dark arches of the primeval forests, than to the movement of the heavy, coarse feet dancing a solemn measure in the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The elders, sitting in rush-bottomed chairs close to the walls, and looking on at the merriment, well pleased despite their religious doubts, were somewhat more lively; every now and then a guffaw mingled with the violin's resonant strains and the dancers' well-marked pace; the women talked to each other with somewhat more animation than was their wont, under the stress of the unusual excitement of a dancing party; and from out the shed-room adjoining came an anticipative odor of more substantial sin than the fiddle or the grave jiggling up and down the rough floor. A little more cider too, and a very bad article of illegally distilled whisky, were ever and anon circulated among the pious abstainers from the dance; but the sinful votaries of Terpsichore could brook no pause nor delay, and jogged up and down quite intoxicated with the mirthfulness of the plaintive old airs, and the pleasure of other motion than following the plow or hoeing the corn.

And the moon smiled right royally on her dominion: on the long dark ranges of mountains, and mist-filled valleys between; on the woods and streams, and on all the half-dormant creatures either amongst the shadow-flecked foliage or under the crystal waters; on the long white sandy road winding in and out through the forest; on the frowning crags of the wild ravine; on the little bridge at the entrance of the gorge, across which a party of eight men, heavily armed and gallantly mounted, rode swiftly and disappeared amid the gloom of the shadows.

The sound of the galloping of horses broke suddenly on the music and the noise of the dancing; a moment's interval, and the door gently opened, and the gigantic form of Rick Pearson appeared in the aperture. He was dressed, like the other mountaineers, in a coarse suit of brown jeans somewhat the worse for wear, the trousers stuffed in the legs of his heavy boots; he wore an old soft felt hat, which he did not remove immediately

on entering, and a pair of formidable pistols at his belt conspicuously challenged attention. He had auburn hair, and a long full beard of a lighter tint reaching almost to his waist; his complexion was much tanned by the sun, and roughened by exposure to the inclement mountain weather; his eyes were brown, deep-set, and from under his heavy brows they looked out with quick, sharp glances, and occasionally with a roguish twinkle; the expression of his countenance was rather good-humored: a sort of imperious good-humor, however,—the expression of a man accustomed to have his own way and not to be trifled with, but able to afford some amiability since his power is undisputed.

He stepped slowly into the apartment, placed his gun against the wall, turned, and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his example. As the eight guns, one by one, rattled against the wall, there was a startled silence among the pious elders of the assemblage, and a sudden disappearance of the animation that had characterized their intercourse during the evening. Mrs. Harrison, who by reason of flurry, and a housewifely pride in the still unrevealed treasures of the shed-room, had well-nigh forgotten her fears, felt that the anticipated judgment had even now descended; and in what terrible and unexpected guise! The men turned the quids of tobacco in their cheeks, and looked at each other in uncertainty: but the dancers bestowed not a glance upon the new-comers; and the musician in the corner, with his eyes half closed, his head bent low upon the instrument, his hard, horny hand moving the bow back and forth over the strings of the crazy old fiddle, was utterly rapt by his own melody. At the supreme moment when the great red beard had appeared portentously in the doorway, and fear had frozen the heart of Mrs. Harrison within her at the ill-omened apparition, the host was in the shed-room, filling a broken-nosed pitcher from the cider barrel. When he reentered, and caught sight of the grave sunburned face with its long red beard and sharp brown eyes, he too was dismayed for an instant, and stood silent at the opposite door with the pitcher in his hand. The pleasure and the possible profit of the dancing party, for which he had expended so much of his scanty store of this world's goods and risked the eternal treasures laid up in heaven, were a mere phantasm; for with Rick Pearson among them, in an ill frame of mind and at odds with half the men in the room, there would certainly be a fight, and in all probability

one would be killed, and the dancing party at Harrison's Cove would be a text for the bloody-minded sermons of the circuit-rider for all time to come. However, the father of four marriageable daughters is apt to become crafty and worldly-wise: only for a moment did he stand in indecision; then catching suddenly the small brown eyes, he held up the pitcher with a grin of invitation. "Rick!" he called out above the scraping of the violin and the clatter of the dancing feet, "slip round hyar ef ye kin,—I've got somethin' for ye;" and he shook the pitcher significantly.

Not that Mr. Harrison would for a moment have thought of Rick Pearson in a matrimonial point of view, for even the sophistication of the Cross-Roads had not yet brought him to the state of mind to consider such a half-loaf as this better than no bread; but he felt it imperative from every point of view to keep that set of young mountaineers dancing in peace and quiet, and their guns idle and out of mischief against the wall. The great red beard disappeared and reappeared at intervals, as Rick Pearson slipped along the gun-lined wall to join his host and the cider pitcher; and after he had disposed of the refreshment, in which the gang shared, he relapsed into silently watching the dancing, and meditating a participation in that festivity.

Now it so happened that the only young girl unprovided with a partner was "that thar Mandy Tyler," of Wilkins settlement renown: the young men had rigidly adhered to their resolution to ignore her in their invitations to dance, and she had been sitting since the beginning of the festivities, quite neglected, among the married people, looking on at the amusement which she had been debarred sharing by that unpopular bit of coquetry at Wilkins settlement. Nothing of disappointment or mortification was expressed in her countenance. She felt the slight, of course,—even a "mounting" woman is susceptible of the sting of wounded pride; all her long-anticipated enjoyment had come to naught by this infliction of penance for her ill-timed jest at the expense of those five young fellows dancing with their triumphant partners, and bestowing upon her not even a glance: but she looked the express image of immobility as she sat in her clean pink calico, so carefully gotten up for the occasion, her short black hair curling about her ears, and watched the unending reel with slow dark eyes. Rick's glance fell upon her, and without further hesitation he strode over to where she was sitting, and proffered

his hand for the dance. She did not reply immediately, but looked timidly about her at the shocked pious ones on either side, who were ready but for mortal fear to aver that "dancin' anyhow air bad enough, the Lord knows, but dancin' with a horse thief air jest scandalous!" Then—for there is something of defiance to established law and prejudice in the born flirt everywhere—with a sudden daring spirit shining in her brightening eyes, she responded, "Don't keer ef I do," with a dimpling half-laugh; and the next minute the two outlaws were flying down the middle together.

While Rick was according grave attention to the intricacies of the mazy dance, and keeping punctilious time to the scraping of the old fiddle—finding it all a much more difficult feat than galloping from the Cross-Roads to the "Snake's Mouth" on some other man's horse with the sheriff hard at his heels,—the solitary figure of a tall gaunt man had followed the long winding path leading deep into the woods, and now began the steep descent to Harrison's Cove. Of what was old Mr. Kenyon thinking, as he walked on in the mingled shadow and sheen? Of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks, probably, and what they found in Britain. The young men of his acquaintance would gladly have laid you any odds that he could think of nothing but his antique hobby, the ancient Church. Mr. Kenyon was the most prominent man in St. Martin's Church in the city of B——, not excepting the rector. He was a lay-reader, and officiated upon occasions of "clerical sore-throat," as the profane denominate the ministerial summer exodus from heated cities. This summer, however, Mr. Kenyon's own health had succumbed, and he was having a little "sore-throat" in the mountains on his own account. Very devout was Mr. Kenyon. Many people wondered that he had never taken orders. Many people warmly congratulated themselves that he never had; for drier sermons than those he selected were surely never heard, and a shuddering imagination shrinks appalled from the problematic mental drought of his ideal original discourse. But he was an integrant part of St. Martin's; much of his piety, materialized into contributions, was built up in its walls, and shone before men in the costliness of its decorations. Indeed, the ancient name had been conferred upon the building as a sort of tribute to Mr. Kenyon's well-known enthusiasm concerning apostolic succession and kindred doctrines.

Dull and dismal was Mr. Kenyon, and therefore it may be considered a little strange that he should be a notable favorite with men. They were of many different types, but with one invariable bond of union: they had all at one time served as soldiers; for the war, now ten years passed by, its bitterness almost forgotten, had left some traces that time can never obliterate. What a friend was the droning old churchman in those days of battle and bloodshed and suffering and death! Not a man sat within the walls of St. Martin's who had not received some signal benefit from the hand stretched forth to impress the claims of certain ante-Augustine British clergy to consideration and credibility; not a man who did not remember stricken fields where a good Samaritan went about under shot and shell, succoring the wounded and comforting the dying; not a man who did not applaud the indomitable spirit and courage that cut his way from surrender and safety, through solid barriers of enemies, to deliver the orders on which the fate of an army depended; not a man whose memory did not harbor fatiguing recollections of long, dull sermons read for the souls' health of the soldiery. And through it all — by the camp-fires at night, on the long white country roads in the sunshiny mornings; in the mountains and the morasses; in hilarious advance and in cheerless retreat; in the heats of summer and by the side of frozen rivers — the ancient British clergy went through it all. And whether the old churchman's premises and reasoning were false, whether his tracings of the succession were faulty, whether he dropped a link here or took in one there, he had caught the spirit of those stanch old martyrs, if not their falling churchly mantle.

The mountaineers about the New Helvetia Springs supposed that Mr. Kenyon was a regularly ordained preacher, and that the sermons which they had heard him read were, to use the vernacular, out of his own head. For many of them were accustomed on Sunday mornings to occupy humble back benches in the ball-room, where on week-day evenings the butterflies sojourning at New Helvetia danced, and on the Sabbath metaphorically beat their breasts, and literally avowed that they were "miserable sinners," following Mr. Kenyon's lugubrious lead.

The conclusion of the mountaineers was not unnatural, therefore; and when the door of Mr. Harrison's house opened and another uninvited guest entered, the music suddenly ceased. The

half-closed eyes of the fiddler had fallen upon Mr. Kenyon at the threshold; and supposing him a clergyman, he immediately imagined that the man of God had come all the way from New Helvetia Springs to stop the dancing and snatch the revelers from the jaws of hell. The rapturous bow paused shuddering on the string, the dancing feet were palsied, the pious about the walls were racking their slow brains to excuse their apparent conniving at sin and bargaining with Satan; and Mr. Harrison felt that this was indeed an unlucky party, and it would undoubtedly be dispersed by the direct interposition of Providence before the shed-room was opened and the supper eaten. As to his soul — poor man! these constantly recurring social anxieties were making him callous to immortality: this life was about to prove too much for him, for the fortitude and tact even of a father of four marriageable young ladies has a limit. Mr. Kenyon too seemed dumb as he hesitated in the doorway; but when the host, partially recovering himself, came forward and offered a chair, he said with one of his dismal smiles, that he hoped Mr. Harrison had no objection to his coming in and looking at the dancing for a while. "Don't let me interrupt the young people, I beg," he added as he seated himself.

The astounded silence was unbroken for a few moments. To be sure he was not a circuit-rider, but even the sophistication of Cheatham's Cross-Roads had never heard of a preacher who did not object to dancing. Mr. Harrison could not believe his ears, and asked for a more explicit expression of opinion.

"Ye say ye don't keer ef the boys an' gals dance?" he inquired. "Ye don't think it's sinful?"

And after Mr. Kenyon's reply, in which the astonished "mounting folks" caught only the surprising statement that dancing if properly conducted was an innocent, cheerful, and healthful amusement, supplemented by something about dancing in the fear of the Lord, and that in all charity he was disposed to consider objections to such harmless recreations a tithing of mint and anise and cummin, whereby might ensue a neglect of weightier matters of the law; that clean hands and clean hearts, — hands clean of blood and ill-gotten goods, and hearts free from falsehood and cruel intention, — these were the things well pleasing to God: after his somewhat prolix reply, the gayety recommenced. The fiddle quavered tremulously at first, but soon resounded with its former vigorous tones, and the joy of

the dance was again exemplified in the grave joggling back and forth.

Meanwhile Mr. Harrison sat beside this strange new guest, and asked him questions concerning his church; being instantly, it is needless to say, informed of its great antiquity, of the journeying of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks to Britain, of the church they found already planted there, of its retreat to the hills of Wales under its oppressors' tyranny; of many cognate themes, side issues of the main branch of the subject, into which the talk naturally drifted,—the like of which Mr. Harrison had never heard in all his days. And as he watched the figures dancing to the violin's strains, and beheld as in a mental vision the solemn gyrations of those renowned Forty Monks to the monotone of old Mr. Kenyon's voice, he abstractedly hoped that the double dance would continue without interference till a peaceable dawn.

His hopes were vain. It so chanced that Kossuth Johns, who had by no means relinquished all idea of dancing at Harrison's Cove and defying Rick Pearson, had hitherto been detained by his mother's persistent entreaties, some necessary attentions to his father, and the many trials which beset a man dressing for a party who has very few clothes, and those very old and worn. Jule, his sister-in-law, had been most kind and complaisant, putting on a button here, sewing up a slit there, darning a refractory elbow, and lending him the one bright ribbon she possessed as a neck-tie. But all these things take time; and the moon did not light Kossuth down the gorge until she was shining almost vertically from the sky, and the Harrison's Cove people and the Forty Monks were dancing together in high feather. The ecclesiastic dance halted suddenly, and a watchful light gleamed in old Mr. Kenyon's eyes, as he became silent, and the boy stepped into the room. The moonlight and the lamplight fell mingled on the calm, inexpressive features and tall, slender form of the young mountaineer. "Hy're, Kossute!" a cheerful greeting from many voices met him. The next moment the music ceased once again, and the dancing came to a standstill; for as the name fell on Pearson's ear he turned, glanced sharply toward the door, and drawing one of his pistols from his belt, advanced to the middle of the room. The men fell back; so did the frightened women,—without screaming, however, for that indication of feminine sensibility had not yet penetrated to Cheatham's Cross-Roads, to say nothing of the mountains.

"I told ye that ye warn't ter come hyar," said Rick Pearson imperiously; "and ye've got ter go home ter yer mammy, right off, or ye'll never git thar no more, youngster."

"I've come hyar ter put *you* out, ye cussed red-headed horse thief!" retorted Kossuth angrily: "ye hed better tell me whar that thar bay filly is, or light out, one."

It is not the habit in the mountains to parley long on these occasions. Kossuth had raised his gun to his shoulder as Rick, with his pistol cocked, advanced a step nearer. The outlaw's weapon was struck upward by a quick, strong hand; the little log cabin was filled with flash, roar, and smoke; and the stars looked in through a hole in the roof from which Rick's bullet had sent the shingles flying. He turned in mortal terror and caught the hand that had struck his pistol; in mortal terror, for Kossuth was the crack shot of the mountains, and he felt he was a dead man. The room was somewhat obscured by smoke; but as he turned upon the man who had disarmed him,—for the force of the blow had thrown the pistol to the floor,—he saw that the other hand was over the muzzle of young Johns's gun, and Kossuth was swearing loudly that by the Lord Almighty if he didn't take it off he would shoot it off.

"My young friend," Mr. Kenyon began, with the calmness appropriate to a devout member of the one catholic and apostolic church; but then, the old Adam suddenly getting the upper hand, he shouted out in irate tones, "If you don't stop that noise I'll break your head!—Well, Mr. Pearson," he continued, as he stood between the combatants, one hand still over the muzzle of young Johns's gun, the other, lean and sinewy, holding Pearson's powerful right arm with a vise-like grip,—"Well, Mr. Pearson, you are not so good a soldier as you used to be: you didn't fight boys in the old times."

Rick Pearson's enraged expression suddenly gave way to a surprised recognition. "Ye may drag me through hell an' beat me with a soot-bag ef hyar ain't the old fightin' preacher agin!" he cried.

"I have only one thing to say to you," said Mr. Kenyon. "You must go: I will not have you here shooting boys and breaking up a party."

Rick demurred. "See hyar, now," he said, "ye've got no business meddlin'."

"You must go," Mr. Kenyon reiterated.

"Preachin's yer business," Rick continued: "'pears like ye don't 'tend to it, though."

"You must go."

"S'pose I say I won't," said Rick good-humoredly: "I s'pose ye'd say ye'd make me."

"You must go," repeated Mr. Kenyon. "I am going to take the boy home with me, but I intend to see you off first."

Mr. Kenyon had prevented the hot-headed Kossuth from firing by keeping his hand persistently over the muzzle of the gun; and young Johns had feared to try to wrench it away lest it should discharge in the effort. Had it done so, Mr. Kenyon would have been in sweet converse with the Forty Monks in about a minute and a quarter. Kossuth had finally let go the gun, and made frantic efforts to borrow a weapon from some of his friends, but the stern authoritative mandate of the belligerent peace-maker had prevented them from gratifying him; and he now stood empty-handed beside Mr. Kenyon, who had shouldered the old rifle in an absent-minded manner, although still retaining his powerful grasp on the arm of the outlaw.

"Waal, parson," said Rick at length, "I'll go, jest ter pleasure you-uns. Ye see, I ain't forgot Shiloh."

"I am not talking about Shiloh now," said the old man. "You must get off at once — all of you," indicating the gang, who had been so whelmed in astonishment that they had not lifted a finger to aid their chief.

"Ye say ye'll take that — that —" Rick looked hard at Kossuth while he racked his brains for an injurious epithet — "that sassy child home ter his mammy?"

"Come, I am tired of this talk," said Mr. Kenyon: "you must go."

Rick walked heavily to the door and out into the moonlight. "Them was good old times," he said to Mr. Kenyon, with a regretful cadence in his peculiar drawl; "good old times, them War days. I wish they was back agin, — I wish they was back agin. I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, though, and I ain't a-goin' ter. But I'll tell ye one thing, parson," he added, his mind reverting from ten years ago to the scene just past, as he unhitched his horse and carefully examined the saddle-girth and stirrups, "ye're a mighty queer preacher, ye air, a-sittin' up an' lookin' at sinners dance, an' then gittin' in a fight that don't consarn ye — ye're a mighty queer preacher! Ye ought ter be in my gang,

that's whar *ye* ought ter be," he exclaimed with a guffaw, as he put his foot in the stirrup; "ye've got a damned deal too much grit fur a preacher. But I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, an' I don't mean ter, nuther."

A shout of laughter from the gang, an oath or two, the quick tread of horses' hoofs pressing into a gallop, and the outlaw's troop were speeding along the narrow paths that led deep into the vistas of the moonlit summer woods.

As the old churchman, with the boy at his side and the gun still on his shoulder, ascended the rocky, precipitous slope on the opposite side of the ravine above the foaming waters of the wild mountain stream, he said but little of admonition to his companion: with the disappearance of the flame and smoke and the dangerous ruffian, his martial spirit had cooled; the last words of the outlaw, the highest praise Rick Pearson could accord to the highest qualities Rick Pearson could imagine,—he had grit enough to belong to the gang,—had smitten a tender conscience. He, at his age, using none of the means rightfully at his command,—the gentle suasion of religion,—must needs rush between armed men, wrench their weapons from their hands, threatening with such violence that an outlaw and desperado, recognizing a parallel of his own belligerent and lawless spirit, should say that he ought to belong to the gang! And the heaviest scourge of the sin-laden conscience was the perception that so far as the unsubdued old Adam went, he ought indeed.

He was not so tortured, though, that he did not think of others. He paused on reaching the summit of the ascent, and looked back at the little house nestling in the ravine, the lamplight streaming through its open doors and windows across the path among the laurel bushes, where Rick's gang had hitched their horses.

"I wonder," said the old man, "if they are quiet and peaceable again: can you hear the music and dancing?"

"Not now," said Kossuth. Then, after a moment, "Now I kin," he added, as the wind brought to their ears the oft-told tale of the rabbit's gallopade in the pea-patch. "They're a-dancin' now, and all right agin."

As they walked along, Mr. Kenyon's racked conscience might have been in a slight degree comforted had he known that he was in some sort a revelation to the impressible lad at his side; that Kossuth had begun dimly to comprehend that a Christian

may be a man of spirit also, and that bravado does not constitute bravery. Now that the heat of anger was over, the young fellow was glad that the fearless interposition of the warlike peace-maker had prevented any killing, "'kase ef the old man hedn't hung on ter my gun like he done, I'd have been a murderer like he said, an' Rick would hev been dead. An' the bay filly ain't sech a killin' matter nohow: ef it war the roan three-year-old now, 'twould be different."

HENRI MURGER

(1822–1861)

TAKING into account a strange and persistent conception which has been afloat for many generations, the genius of artistic passion might well be represented as a haloed vagabond, with immortal longings in his eyes, and out at the elbows.

In his 'Bohemians of the Latin Quarter,' Henri Murger, seizing upon this conception, has prefaced his story of the gay, sad, wild, half-starved, half-surfeited life led by four followers of art in Paris, with a history of the world's Bohemians. He christens the picturesque clan by this name, now in general use; but he does not attempt to explain why the pursuit of art in painting or literature has been so often identified, in the past at least, with worthlessness as a citizen. He merely calls the long roll of those who have lived by poetry rather than bread. He does not hesitate to include the wanderer Homer, nor Shakespeare, nor Molière, in this fellowship. The inspired rascal Villon he claims as his soul's own brother; Gringoire,—"friend to vagrants and foe to fasting,"—Marot, Rousseau, Chatterton, are of his kin. For Murger himself was a prince of Bohemians. Born in Paris in 1822, his father, a tailor, arranged that he should study law; but Murger chose literature and starvation. His 'Bohemians,' which was published in 1848, and which made his fame, is the record of his own life and of the lives of some boon friends in the Latin Quarter. It is the story of those spirits in the untamed twenties, who like Omar desire only—

HENRI MURGER

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness."

What does it matter that the wilderness is that of the Paris roofs, and the bread at least wanting, perhaps, and the beloved a little working-girl in chintz, happy with a few sous' worth of violets or an

afternoon at Versailles? The Bohemians of Paris are linked by the chains of vagabondage, and of possible genius, to all those in every age and clime who have found stimulus for their powers in love and wine and song; and who in serving this trinity have forgotten the obligation to earn more than they spend.

Murger himself did not long survive his translation, from that quarter of Paris where he lived in the fifth story of a cheap lodging-house because there was no sixth, to the realm of respectability. He was, however, still enough of a Bohemian to prefer a cottage in the Forest of Fontainebleau to the smug quarters of Paris, whose inhabitants know nothing of the excitement of chasing «that wild beast called a five-franc piece.» Murger died in 1861; and there were those who questioned, in reviewing his life, whether he had been really at heart a Bohemian. His book, at least, shows the subtlest penetration into that irregular form of human nature known as the artistic temperament. The reader regrets that the possessor of such insight — a man who could discern a brother Bohemian across many centuries and under the strangest disguises of mediæval rags — should not have explained why the world instinctively feels that the poet or the artist is not likely to be normal in his habits of living. Had he attempted to answer this question, he might have said that the man who sees visions and dreams dreams, knows the true value of bread and meat and gold pieces better than the Philistine; and can therefore accept their services irregularly, and with the nonchalance of the inspired. The world, before whom the bread and meat and gold pieces loom large as fate itself, translates this nonchalance into shiftless ignorance of the duties and obligations of life. As poets and artists are as a rule visionaries, this reputation is therefore fastened upon them.

The world is not without its justification. Even Murger himself says, «Bohemia is a stage in the artistic life: it is the preface to the Academy, the Hôtel Dieu — or the Morgue.»

A BOHEMIAN EVENING PARTY

From 'The Humor of France,' in 'International Humor Series'

TOWARDS the end of December the messengers of Bidault's agency were commissioned to distribute about a hundred copies of an invitation, of which the following is a faithful reproduction:—

M.——

MM. Rodolphe and Marcel request the honor of your company on Saturday evening next, Christmas Eve.

There will be fine fun.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT

At 7 P. M., opening of the reception rooms; lively and animated conversation.

At 8 P. M., entrance and walk through the rooms of the talented authors of the 'Mountain in Labor,' comedy refused at the Odéon Théâtre.

At 8:30 P. M., M. Alexandre Schaunard, the celebrated *virtuoso*, will perform on the piano 'The Influence of Blue in the Arts,' descriptive symphony.

At 9 P. M., first reading of the paper on 'The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy.'

At 9:30 P. M., M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, and Monsieur Schaunard, will hold a debate comparing dephilosophy and metapolitics. In order to avoid any collision between the antagonists, they will each be securely fastened.

At 10 P. M., M. Tristan, man of letters, will relate his early amours. M. Alexandre Schaunard will accompany him on the piano.

At 10:30 P. M., second reading of the paper on 'The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy.'

At 11 P. M., a foreign Prince will describe a Cassowary hunt.

PART II

AT MIDNIGHT, Monsieur Marcel, historical painter, blindfolded, will improvise in chalk the meeting of Napoleon and Voltaire in the Elysian Fields. Monsieur Rodolphe will improvise a comparison between the author of 'Zaïre' and the author of Austerlitz.

At 12:30 P. M., M. Gustave, in a decent undress, will imitate the athletic games of the fourth Olympiad.

At 1 A. M., third reading of the paper on 'The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy,' and collection for the tragic authors who will one day be out of work.

At 2 A. M., beginning of the games and organization of the dances, which will be continued until morning.

At 6 A. M., sunrise and final chorus.

During the whole of the entertainment the ventilators will play.

N. B.—Any person wishing to read or recite verses will be immediately turned out and delivered up to the police. You are requested not to take away the candle ends.

Let me tell you briefly the origin of the entertainment that so vastly dazzled the Bohemian world of Paris. For about a year, Marcel and Rodolphe had gone on announcing this magnificent entertainment to take place *always* next Saturday. But untoward circumstances had forced them to let the promise extend over fifty-two weeks. In consequence, they could scarcely move a step without having to endure the jeers of their friends, some of whom were actually unfeeling enough to formulate loud complaints. The affair began to get tiresome; and the two friends determined to put an end to it by liquidating the engagements they had made. And the invitation quoted above was the outcome of that decision.

"Now," said Rodolphe, "there's no possibility of retreat: we've burnt our ships, and we've just a week in which to find the hundred francs indispensable for doing the thing well."

"As they are so absolutely necessary," said Marcel, "of course they'll be forthcoming."

And with an insolent confidence in luck, the two friends went to sleep, convinced that the hundred francs were already on the road—the road of the impossible.

However, two days before the evening appointed for the party, as nothing had arrived, Rodolphe thought that if he did not wish to be disgraced when the time came for the guests to arrive, it would probably be safer to assist luck. In order to facilitate matters, the two friends, by degrees, modified the sumptuous programme on which they had at first determined. And from modification to modification, after greatly curtailing the item cakes, and carefully revising and diminishing that of drinks, the total expense was reduced to fifteen francs. The problem was thus simplified but not solved.

"Well," said Rodolphe, "we must take strong measures: we can't postpone it again this time."

"Impossible," said Marcel.

"How long is it since I heard the story of Studzianka?"

"Almost two months."

"Two months? good! that's a respectable interval. My uncle shall have no cause for complaint. To-morrow I'll go and see him, and ask for the battle of Studzianka. That will mean five francs."

"And," said Marcel, "I'll sell old Medicis 'A Deserted Manor': that will be another five francs. If I've time to put in three towers and a mill, it will very likely be ten francs, and then we shall have just the sum required."

The two friends went to sleep, and dreamed that the Princess Belgioso asked them to change their reception days, in order not to deprive her of her habitual guests.

Marcel got up very early, took a canvas, and diligently proceeded to construct 'A Deserted Castle,'—an article in great demand by a broker in the Place du Carrousel. Rodolphe went to call on his uncle Monetti, who excelled in narrating the retreat from Moscow. Rodolphe, when things went badly with him, procured his uncle the satisfaction of fighting his campaigns over again some five or six times a year, in consideration for a loan. If you showed a proper enthusiasm for his stories, the veteran stove-maker and chimney-doctor was not unwilling to make it.

About two o'clock, Marcel, with downcast look, carrying a canvas under his arm, met Rodolphe in the Place du Carrousel coming from his uncle's; his appearance also betokened ill news.

"Well," asked Marcel, "what luck?"

"None. My uncle had gone to the Versailles Museum. And you?"

"That wretch of a Medicis doesn't want any more 'Ruined Castles.' He asked for a 'Bombardment of Tangiers.'"

"Our reputation's gone if we don't give the entertainment," grumbled Rodolphe. "What will my friend the influential critic think, if I make him put on a white tie and light gloves for nothing?"

They returned to the studio, a prey to the liveliest anxiety. At that moment a neighbor's clock struck four.

"We've only three hours left," said Rodolphe.

"Well," exclaimed Marcel, going up to his friend, "are you perfectly sure there's no money to be found here?"

"Neither here nor elsewhere. Where could we have left any?"

"Let us search in the stuffing of the chairs. It is said that the *émigrés* hid their treasure in Robespierre's time. Our arm-chair may have belonged to an *émigré*. It's so hard that I've often thought it must be metal inside. Will you make an autopsy of it?"

"This is a mere farce," replied Rodolphe in a tone at once severe and indulgent.

Suddenly Marcel, who had been prosecuting his search in every corner of the studio, gave a loud shout of triumph.

"We are saved!" he exclaimed: "I felt sure there was something of value here. Look!" and he held up for Rodolphe's inspection a coin the size of a crown, half smothered in rust and verdigris.

It was a Carlovingian coin of some artistic value.

"That's only worth thirty sous," said Rodolphe, throwing a contemptuous glance at his friend's findings.

"Thirty sous well laid out will go a long way," said Marcel. "I'll sell this Charlemagne crown to old Father Medicis. Isn't there anything else here I could sell? Yes, suppose I take the Russian drum-major's tibia. That will add to the collection."

"Away with the tibia. But it's exceedingly annoying: there won't be a single object of art left."

During Marcel's absence, Rodolphe, feeling certain that his party would come off somehow, went in search of his friend Colline, who lived quite near.

"I want you," he said, "to do me a favor. As master of the house, I must wear a dress coat, and I haven't got one. Lend me yours."

"But," objected Colline, "as a guest I must wear my dress coat myself."

"I'll allow you to come in a frock coat."

"You know I've never had a frock coat."

"Well, then, the matter can be arranged like this: You needn't come to the party, and you can lend me your dress coat."

"But that'll never do. I'm on the programme. I can't stay away."

"There'll be plenty of other things lacking," said Rodolphe. "Lend me the dress coat; and if you want to come, come as you are, in your shirt-sleeves."

« Oh, no, » said Colline, getting red. « I'll put on my great-coat. But it's all exceedingly annoying. » And perceiving that Rodolphe had already laid hold of the dress coat, he exclaimed:

« Stay — there are one or two little things in the pockets. »

Colline's coat deserves mention. First, it was blue, and it was purely from habit that Colline talked about his black coat; and as he was the only member of the band who possessed such a garment, his friends were likewise accustomed to say when speaking of the philosopher, Colline's black coat. Further, that celebrated article of apparel had a particular shape of its own, the most eccentric that can be imagined. The abnormally long tails fastened to a very short waist possessed two pockets, veritable abysses, in which Colline was accustomed to put about thirty books he everlastingly carried about him. Thus it was said that when the libraries were closed, scholars and literary men looked up their references in the tails of Colline's coat, a library always open to readers. . . .

When Rodolphe returned he found Marcel playing quoits with five-franc pieces, to the number of three.

He had sold the coin for fifteen francs.

The two friends immediately began their preparations. They put the studio tidy, and lighted a fire in the stove. A canvas frame, ornamented with candles, was suspended from the ceiling, and did duty as a chandelier. A desk was placed in the middle of the studio, to serve as a tribune for the speakers. In front they put the one arm-chair, which was to be occupied by the influential critic; and laid out on a table the books, novels, *feuilletons* of the authors who were to honor the entertainment with their presence. To avoid any collision between the different parties of men of letters, they divided the studio into four compartments; at the entrance were four hastily manufactured placards inscribed —

POETS	ROMANTIC
PROSE-WRITERS	CLASSICAL

The ladies were to occupy a space reserved in the middle.

« Oh! » said Rodolphe, « there are no chairs. »

« There are plenty on the landing, » replied Marcel. « Suppose we take those. »

« Of course, » said Rodolphe, and proceeded calmly to take possession of his neighbors' property.

Six o'clock struck. The two friends went out for a hasty dinner, and on their return proceeded to light up the rooms. They could not help feeling dazzled themselves. At seven o'clock Schaunard arrived, accompanied by three ladies, who had forgotten their diamonds and their bonnets. Numerous steps were heard on the staircase. The guests were arriving, and they seemed surprised to find a fire in the stove.

Rodolphe's dress-coat went to meet the ladies, and kissed their hands with a grace worthy of the Regency. When there were about twenty persons present, Schaunard asked if they couldn't have something to drink.

"Presently," said Marcel: "we are waiting for the influential critic before we begin on the punch."

By eight o'clock all the guests had come, and they began the programme. Between each number came a round of some sort of drink; but what it exactly was, has never transpired.

About ten o'clock the white waistcoat of the influential critic appeared. He only stayed an hour, and was very sparing of praise. At midnight, as it was very cold and there was no more fuel, the guests who were seated drew lots for throwing their chairs into the fire.

At one o'clock everybody was standing.

The greatest merriment held sway among the guests, and the memorable evening was the talk of the neighborhood for a week.

THE WHITE VIOLETS

From 'The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter'

About this time Rodolphe was very much in love with his cousin Angela, who couldn't bear him; and the thermometer was twelve degrees below freezing-point.

Mademoiselle Angela was the daughter of Monsieur Monetti, the chimney-doctor, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. She was eighteen years old, and had just come from Burgundy, where she had lived five years with a relative who was to leave her all her property. This relative was an old lady who had never been young, apparently,—certainly never handsome,—but had always been very ill-natured, although—or perhaps because—very superstitious. Angela, who at her departure was a charming child, and promised to be a charming girl,

came back at the end of the five years a pretty enough young lady, but cold, dry, and uninteresting. Her secluded provincial life, and the narrow and bigoted education she had received, had filled her mind with vulgar prejudices, shrunk her imagination, and converted her heart into a sort of organ limited to fulfilling its function of physical balance-wheel. You might say that she had holy water in her veins instead of blood. She received her cousin with an icy reserve; and he lost his time whenever he attempted to touch the chord of her recollections — recollections of the time when they had sketched out that flirtation, in the Paul-and-Virginia style, which is traditional between cousins of different sexes. Still Rodolphe was very much in love with his cousin Angela, who couldn't bear him; and learning one day that the young lady was going shortly to the wedding-ball of one of her friends, he made bold to promise Angela a bouquet of violets for the ball. And after asking permission of her father, Angela accepted her cousin's gallant offer — always on condition that the violets should be white.

Overjoyed at his cousin's amiability, Rodolphe danced and sang his way back to Mount St. Bernard, as he called his lodging — *why*, will be seen presently. As he passed by a florist's in crossing the Palais Royal, he saw some white violets in the show-case, and was curious enough to ask their price. A presentable bouquet could not be had for less than ten francs; there were some that cost more.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Rodolphe; "ten francs! and only eight days to find this fortune! It will be a hard pull, but never mind; my cousin shall have her flowers."

This happened in the time of Rodolphe's literary genesis, as the transcendentalists would say. His only income at that period was an allowance of fifteen francs a month, made him by a friend, who after living a long while in Paris as a poet, had by the help of influential acquaintances gained the mastership of a provincial school. Rodolphe, who was the child of prodigality, always spent his allowance in four days; and not choosing to abandon his holy but not very profitable profession of elegiac poet, lived for the rest of the month on the rare droppings from the basket of Providence. This long Lent had no terrors for him; he passed through it gayly, thanks to his stoical temperament, and to the imaginary treasures which he expended every day while waiting for the first of the month,—that Easter which

terminated his fast. He lived at this time at the very top of one of the loftiest houses in Paris. His room was shaped like a belvidere, and was a delicious habitation in summer; but from October to April a perfect little Kamtchatka. The four cardinal winds which penetrated by the four windows — there was one on each of the four sides — made fearful music in it throughout the cold seasons. Then, in irony as it were, there was a huge fireplace, the immense chimney of which seemed a gate of honor reserved for Boreas and his retinue. On the first attack of cold, Rodolphe had recourse to an original system of warming: he cut up successively what little furniture he had, and at the end of a week his stock was considerably abridged,— in fact, he had only a bed and two chairs left; it should be remarked that these three articles were insured against fire by their nature, being of iron. This manner of heating himself he called *moving up the chimney.*

It was January; and the thermometer, which indicated twelve degrees below freezing-point on the Spectacle Quay, would have stood two or three lower if moved to the belvidere, which Rodolphe called indifferently Mount St. Bernard, Spitzenberg, and Siberia. The night when he had promised his cousin the white violets, he was seized with a great rage on returning home: the four cardinal winds, in playing puss-in-the-corner round his chamber, had broken a pane of glass — the third time in a fortnight. After exploding in a volley of frantic imprecations upon Eolus and all his family, and plugging up the breach with a friend's portrait, Rodolphe lay down, dressed as he was, between his two mattresses, and dreamed of white violets all night.

At the end of five days, Rodolphe had found nothing to help him toward realizing his dream. He must have the bouquet the day after to-morrow. Meanwhile the thermometer fell still lower, and the luckless poet was ready to despair as he thought that the violets might have risen higher. Finally his good angel had pity on him, and came to his relief as follows: —

One morning, Rodolphe went to take his chance of getting a breakfast from his friend Marcel the painter, and found him conversing with a woman in mourning. It was a widow who had just lost her husband, and who wanted to know how much it would cost to paint on the tomb which she had erected, a man's hand, with this inscription beneath: —

«I WAIT FOR HER TO WHOM MY FAITH WAS PLIGHTED»

To get the work at a cheaper rate, she observed to the artist that when she was called to rejoin her husband, he would have another hand to paint,—*her* hand, with a bracelet on the wrist, and the supplementary line beneath:—

«AT LENGTH, BEHOLD US THUS ONCE MORE UNITED»

«I shall put this clause in my will,» she said, «and require that the task be intrusted to you.»

«In that case, madame,» replied the artist, «I will do it at the price you offer—but only in the hope of *seeing your hand.* Don't go and forget me in your will.»

«I should like to have this as soon as possible,» said the disconsolate one: «nevertheless, take your time to do it well; and don't forget the scar on the thumb. I want a living hand.»

«Don't be afraid, madame, it shall be a speaking one,» said Marcel, as he bowed the widow out.

But hardly had she crossed the threshold when she returned, saying:—

«I have one thing more to ask you, sir: I should like to have inscribed on my husband's tomb something in verse which would tell of his good conduct and his last words. Is that good style?»

«Very good style—they call that an epitaph—the very best style.»

«You don't know any one who would do that for me cheap? There is my neighbor M. Guérin, the public writer; but he asks the clothes off my back.»

Here Rodolphe darted a look at Marcel, who understood him at once.

«Madame,» said the artist, pointing to Rodolphe, «a happy fortune has conducted hither the very person who can be of service to you in this mournful juncture. This gentleman is a renowned poet; you couldn't find a better.»

«I want something very melancholy,» said the widow; «and the spelling all right.»

«Madame,» replied Marcel, «my friend spells like a book. He had all the prizes at school.»

«Indeed!» said the widow: «my grandnephew has just had a prize too; he is only seven years old.»

«A very forward child, madame.»

«But are you sure that the gentleman can make very melancholy verses?»

"No one better, madame, for he has undergone much sorrow in his life. The papers always find fault with his verses for being too melancholy."

"What!" cried the widow, "do they talk about him in the papers? He must know quite as much, then, as M. Guérin, the public writer."

"And a great deal more. Apply to him, madame, and you will not repent of it."

After having explained to Rodolphe the sort of inscription in verse which she wished to place on her husband's tomb, the widow agreed to give Rodolphe ten francs if it suited her — only she must have it very soon. The poet promised she should have it the very next day.

"Oh, good genius of an Artemisia!" cried Rodolphe, as the widow disappeared. "I promise you that you shall be suited — full allowance of melancholy lyrics, better got up than a duchess, orthography and all. Good old lady! May Heaven reward you with a life of a hundred and seven years — equal to that of good brandy!"

"I object," said Marcel.

"That's true," said Rodolphe: "I forgot that you have her hand to paint, and that so long a life would make you lose money;" and lifting his hands he gravely ejaculated, "Heaven, do not grant my prayer! Ah!" he continued, "I was in jolly good luck to come here."

"By the way," asked Marcel, "what did you want?"

"I recollect — and now especially that I have to pass the night in making these verses, I cannot do without what I came to ask you for: namely, first, some dinner; secondly, tobacco and candle; thirdly, your polar-bear costume."

"To go to the masked ball?"

"No indeed; but as you see me here, I am as much frozen up as the grand army in the retreat from Russia. Certainly my green frock coat and Scotch plaid trousers are very pretty, but much too summery: they would do to live under the equator, but for one who lodges near the Pole, as I do, a white-bear skin is more suitable,—indeed, I may say necessary."

"Take the fur!" said Marcel: "it's a good idea; warm as a dish of charcoal,—you will be like a roll in an oven in it."

Rodolphe was already inside the animal skin.

"Now," said he, "the thermometer is going to be sold a trifle."

"Are you going out so?" said Marcel to his friend, after they had finished an ambiguous repast served in a penny dish.

"I just am," replied Rodolphe: "do you think I care for public opinion? Besides, to-day is the beginning of carnival."

He went half over Paris with all the gravity of the beast whose skin he occupied. Only on passing before a thermometer in an optician's window, he couldn't help taking a sight at it.

Having returned home, not without causing great terror to his porter, Rodolphe lit his candle, carefully surrounding it with an extempore shade of paper to guard it against the malice of the winds, and set to work at once. But he was not long in perceiving that if his body was almost entirely protected from the cold, his hands were not; a terrible numbness seized his fingers, which let the pen fall.

"The bravest man cannot struggle against the elements," said the poet, falling back helpless in his chair. "Cæsar passed the Rubicon, but he could not have passed the Beresina."

All at once he uttered a cry of joy from the depths of his bearskin breast, and jumped up so suddenly as to overturn some of his ink on its snowy fur. He had an idea!

Rodolphe drew from beneath his bed a considerable mass of papers, among which were a dozen huge manuscripts of his famous drama, 'The Avenger.' This drama, on which he had spent two years, had been made, unmade, and remade so often that all the copies together weighed fully fifteen pounds. He put the last version on one side, and dragged the others towards the fireplace.

"I was sure that with patience I should dispose of it somehow," he exclaimed. "What a pretty fagot! If I could have foreseen what would happen, I could have written a prologue, and then I should have more fuel to-night. But one can't foresee everything." He lit some leaves of the manuscript, in the flame of which he thawed his hands. In five minutes the first act of 'The Avenger' was over, and Rodolphe had written three verses of his epitaph.

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the four winds when they felt fire in the chimney.

"It's an illusion," quoth Boreas, as he amused himself by brushing back the hair of Rodolphe's bearskin.

"Let's blow down the pipe," suggested another wind, "and make the chimney smoke." But just as they were about to

plague the poor poet, the south wind perceived Monsieur Arago at a window of the Observatory threatening them with his finger; so they all made off, for fear of being put under arrest. Meanwhile the second act of 'The Avenger' was going off with immense success, and Rodolphe had written ten lines. But he only achieved two during the third act.

"I always thought that third act too short," said Rodolphe: "luckily the next one will take longer; there are twenty-three scenes in it, including the great one of the throne." As the last flourish of the throne-scene went up the chimney in fiery flakes, Rodolphe had only three couplets more to write. "Now for the last act. This is all monologue. It may last five minutes." The catastrophe flashed and smoldered, and Rodolphe in a magnificent transport of poetry had enshrined in lyric stanzas the last words of the illustrious deceased. "There is enough left for a second representation," said he, pushing the remainder of the manuscript under his bed.

At eight o'clock next evening, Mademoiselle Angela entered the ball-room; in her hand was a splendid nosegay of white violets, and among them two budding roses, white also. During the whole night, men and women were complimenting the young girl on her bouquet. Angela could not but feel a little grateful to her cousin, who had procured this little triumph for her vanity; and perhaps she would have thought more of him but for the gallant persecutions of one of the bride's relatives, who had danced several times with her. He was a fair-haired youth, with a magnificent mustache curled up at the ends, to hook innocent hearts. The bouquet had been pulled to pieces by everybody; only the two white roses were left. The young man asked Angela for them; she refused — only to forget them after the ball on a bench, whence the fair-haired youth hastened to take them.

At that moment it was fourteen degrees below freezing-point in Rodolphe's belvidere. He was leaning against his window looking out at the lights in the ball-room, where his cousin Angela, who didn't care for him, was dancing.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

(1810–1857)

BY ALCÉE FORTIER

The three greatest French poets of the nineteenth century are Lamartine, Hugo, and Musset. The first one touches us deeply by his harmonious and simple verses; the second impresses us with the force of his genius; and the third is sometimes light and gay, and sometimes intensely passionate and sad. Musset wrote several poems which cannot be surpassed by any in the French language. He was highly nervous and sensitive, and lacked Lamartine's spirit of patriotism and Hugo's well-balanced mind. He was unfortunate, and led a reckless life, committing excesses which nearly destroyed his genius, and rendered it sterile for the last ten years of his existence. It is, however, to his nervous temperament — to the fact that he felt so deeply the misfortunes of love — that we owe his finest works. In the beginning of his career — in 1828, when he was eighteen years old — we see him admitted at Hugo's house, and considered by the poets of the famous Cénacle, by the disciples of the Master, as their favorite child, as a Romantic poet of great promise. He published at that time in a newspaper at Dijon a poem, 'The Dream,' which was warmly received by his brother poets and protectors. In 1830 appeared his first volume, 'Tales of Spain and Italy,' which are rather immoral in tone, and somewhat ironical. The author followed still the precepts of the Romantic school; but one may see already that he is not a true disciple of Hugo, not an idolater like Gautier. His famous 'Ballad to the Moon' was intended as a huge joke, and is indeed wonderful in its eccentricity. Musset speaks with great irreverence of the celestial body which shone on Lamartine's immortal 'Lake.'

The 'Ballad to the Moon' created a great sensation; and to this day, Musset is better known to many people by his earliest poems than by his magnificent 'Nights.' It is true that his 'Tales of Spain and Italy' are entrancing, in spite of their immorality, and contain some beautiful verses. The last lines of 'Don Poez' are full of passion; but most of these poems are ironical. Portia is white-armed like Andromache, but she is not faithful to her husband like Hector's wife. 'The Chestnuts out of the Fire' is, without doubt, a parody

on Racine's 'Andromaque'; and 'Mardoche' can hardly be understood, and seems to have been written for a mystification. The rhythm is little marked; and in accordance with the precept of the Romantic school, the author makes an abuse of the *enjambement* or overflow. 'The Willow' is more serious in tone, and relates a tragic love story; while in 'Octave' we see the charming Mariette die of love for Octave, who has disdained her, and who is a woman dressed as a man. The earliest works of Musset are very eccentric, but they are not lacking in poetic spirit.

The director of the Odéon requested Musset to write a comedy for his theatre; and the poet produced the 'Venetian Night,' which was played in December 1830, without any success. The author declared that he would never write again for the stage, and gave his next volume of dramas, published in 1833, the title of 'Spectacle in an Arm-chair.' 'The Cup and the Lips' is a work of great energy. It is a dramatic poem in five acts, and represents the weird character of Frank and the brutal and passionate love of Belcolore. Frank is attracted by the charm and purity of the sweet Déidamia, and is about to marry her when she is murdered by Belcolore. The idea of the poet is, that when once vice has taken possession of a man he cannot free himself from it. Musset expressed thus but too well his own faults and his own weakness. There is in the work a chorus which seems unnecessary, and which is very strange. Unlike the Greek chorus, it has nothing to do with the development of the plot, and it is not, like Racine's choruses, a pretext for beautiful lyric poetry.

'Of What do Young Girls Dream?' is a very incredible comedy; but it is an interesting and romantic work, full of the innocent and simple charm of youth. 'Namouna' is as strange and immoral as 'Mardoche'; but is far superior in poetic merit, and was greatly admired by Sainte-Beuve. Musset makes fun of local color, which was so much appreciated by the Romantic school; and his work bears some resemblance to Byron's 'Don Juan,' although he says:—"I was told last year that I imitated Byron. You who know me, you know that this is not true. I hate like death the trade of the plagiarist: my glass is not large, but I drink from my glass. It is very little, I know, to be an honest man; but still it is true that I exhume nothing." The whole poem is written in stanzas with two rhymes, and displays admirably Musset's sarcastic wit and his sensual feelings.

There is not much to say about Musset's life; but his love for George Sand had such an influence on his works that we must mention it here. In 1833 he went with George Sand to Italy, and they traveled together for some time. At Venice Musset fell sick; and after many pathetic scenes the lovers parted from one another. They

had wished to act in life like the personages in the dramas and novels of the Romantic school, and saw that no one is happy who does not observe the moral and social laws of his time. Musset and George Sand met again, but could not agree, and made each other unhappy. This incident seems to have affected George Sand very little in later life; but Musset was wounded to the heart, and his genius was stung to activity and vigor by his misfortune. It is his own story which he relates in his celebrated 'Confession of a Child of the Century,' and in at least two of his admirable 'Nights.'

The 'Confession' is an extraordinary book, and written with wonderful force and eloquence. The author describes most vividly skepticism, the disease of the century. Octave believes in nothing; he loves and yet he does not believe in love, in spite of the devotion of Brigitte Pierson. Why is it so? Because «during the wars of the Empire, while the husbands and the brothers were in Germany, the anxious mothers had given birth to an ardent, pale, nervous generation. . . . Thousands of children looked at one another with a dark look while testing their weak muscles.» When they grew to manhood, the Restoration gave them no opportunity to display their strength; and they led a useless life, which often ended like 'Rolla' in a night of debauchery.

'Rolla' is a powerful poem, and one of the masterpieces of Musset. The conception of the work is immoral, and proves again the lack of true moral courage in the author. It is very seldom that he admits that reform is possible,—that there can be a healthy reaction after a fault has been committed. Rolla enjoys life, and puts into three purses all the money which he possesses. When that has been spent, then he will kill himself in a night of orgies. There is such a lack of true manhood in the debauchee, his character is so despicable, that it is difficult to take any interest in the poem. The poetry, however, is so grand that we forget the subject of the work, and are entranced by the beautiful words of passion and love.

Of the four 'Nights' of Musset, the 'Night of May' is in my opinion the finest. It was written when his heart was still bleeding after the rupture with George Sand, and is a proof that the poet's genius is the highest when he treats of love. Indeed, the misfortune of love concerns him more than anything else; and in 'Sadness' he says:—

«The only happiness which remains to me in the world is, that I have sometimes wept.»

When he wrote his 'Nights,' his brother Paul de Musset tells us that he had his supper served in his room, which was brilliantly illuminated in order to do honor to his Muse when she came to visit

him. That idea of dualism is to be seen in a number of Musset's works, and indicates perfectly his disposition. There were two men in him: one gay and reckless, the other sad and tender. In the 'Night of May' the Muse appears to the poet, and asks him to love again. She tells him to take his lute and to give her a kiss:—

"This evening, everything will bloom: immortal nature is filled with perfumes, with love and murmur."

She has consoled him already once: let him now console her; let him go with her to some place where there is oblivion; let him give her at least a tear.

The 'Night of May' reminds us somewhat of our immortal Poe's 'Raven'; but the despair, the gloom, of the American poet is deeper than that of the French poet. Musset's work is more graceful and tender, Poe's is more forcible and weird.

In the 'Night of December' the poet speaks to "a stranger dressed in black, who resembles him like a brother," and who follows him everywhere. The vision replies: "Friend, I am Solitude." The 'Night of August' is almost as beautiful as the 'Night of May.' This time it is the Muse who is sad and the poet who consoles her.

In the 'Night of October' the poet forgets the past, pardons it, and wishes to think only of the future. When Musset wrote in 1837 the 'Night of October,' he thought that he could love again and forget the past; but in February 1841 he said in 'Remembrance':— "I say to myself only this: 'At this hour, in this place, one day I was loved, I loved; she was beautiful. I hide this treasure in my immortal soul, and I carry it to God!'" Musset had already expressed admirably in his 'Letter to Lamartine' (February 1836) the idea that love alone survives of all things human.

The 'Stanzas to La Malibran,' the great singer and actress, are noble and sad, and may be compared with the 'Letter to Lamartine,' and with some parts of the 'Nights.' Let us mention also, among the best poems of Musset, 'Lucie,' an elegy as sorrowful and tender as 'The Willow'; the 'Hope in God,' where the author wishes to shake off the skepticism of his century, but presents to us rather a pantheistic view of religion; 'Sylvia,' a touching love story,— taken from Boccaccio, as well as 'Simone'; 'A Lost Evening,' lines inspired by a representation of 'The Misanthrope' before a very small audience.

The poet is more gay and lively in four poems: 'A Good Fortune,' an episode of a journey to Baden; 'Dupont and Durant,' an amusing dialogue between two wretched poets; 'Mid-Lent,' where the pleasures of the waltz are described with great harmony; and 'Le Mie Prigioni,' where the poet, imprisoned for not having mounted guard,

gives a pleasant description of his prison. Let us notice also the 'German Rhine,' a proud and patriotic reply to Becker's song.

'On Three Steps of Rose-colored Marble' is a most graceful poem; nothing can surpass the delicacy of some of the verses.

As a poet Musset is sometimes witty, sarcastic, and graceful, and sometimes most passionate. As already said, his verses written when his heart was bleeding are by far his best. There is certainly nothing in French literature superior to the four sublime 'Nights,' — of May, of December, of August, of October. These poems are not inferior to the best works of Lamartine and of Hugo.

We have already spoken of Musset's two dramas in verse, 'The Cup and the Lips' and 'Of What do Young Girls Dream?' written after the failure of his 'Venetian Night.' He did not intend his dramas to be acted, but in 1847, ten years after it had been published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, 'A Caprice' was played in St. Petersburg by Mrs. Allen Despréaux. On her return to Paris the distinguished actress played 'A Caprice' with great success at the Comédie Française. This called attention to Musset's dramas, and they were nearly all put on the French stage. Love is the subject of all these works except 'Lorenzaccio.' The latter drama is Shakespearean in tone, and is written with great force. It is the story of Lorenzo de' Medici, who wishes to rid Florence of her tyrant, Alexander de' Medici. He becomes the boon companion of the duke, shares his ignoble pleasures, is despised by the people, and after he has killed the tyrant, finds that he also is polluted without hope of redemption. It is the same idea which was expressed in 'The Cup and the Lips' by the murder of the sweet Déidamia. In 'Lorenzaccio' the author gives us a correct picture of life at Florence in the sixteenth century, when the city had lost her glory and her independence, and was governed by tyrants appointed by Charles V.

'The Candlestick' is a witty and amusing comedy, but far from moral. Fortunio is charming, and reminds us of Chérubin in Beaumarchais's 'Marriage of Figaro.' His love for Jacqueline, however, is much more true and passionate than Chérubin's light love for the Countess.

In 'One Must Swear to Nothing' we meet Valentin, who is captivated by the charm and simplicity of the young girl whom he courted at first merely to win a wager from his uncle Van Breck. 'The Caprices of Marianne' present to us Celio, tender and sad, and Octave, frivolous and corrupt,— the two inseparable friends, who personify admirably the two sides of Musset's character.

It is impossible to describe 'One Cannot Think of Everything,' and 'A Door Must be Open or Shut.' There is hardly any plot in these little comedies; and what interests us is the playful mirth, the delicate irony, the wit of the dialogue.

'Louison' is a picture of life in the eighteenth century, and reminds us of 'The Beauty Patch,' one of the most charming novelettes of Musset. 'André del Sarto' is a drama, but inferior to 'Lorenzaccio'; and 'Bettine' is the least interesting of Musset's comedies. 'Carmosine' and the 'Distaff of Barberine' treat of the epoch of chivalry. In the former we see the beautiful Carmosine fall in love with King Peter of Aragon, on seeing him at a tournament. She repulses the clownish Sir Vespasiano, and Périllo her betrothed, and is dying of love for the King. The troubadour Minuccio relates the story of the young girl to the Queen, and the latter takes her husband to see Carmosine. The King soothes her, kisses her forehead, gives her in marriage to Périllo, and the play ends amid great rejoicing.

We love the gentle Carmosine, but we are still better pleased with the noble Barberine. Ulric, her husband, goes to the court of the King of Hungary to seek his fortune; and she remains at home with her distaff. Rosenberg, a conceited young man, has bought a magic book, which will teach him to kill giants and dragons, and to be loved by all women. He wagers with Ulric that he will win the heart of Barberine, and goes to the latter's castle with a letter of introduction from Ulric. Barberine succeeds in shutting him up in a room, and orders him to take her distaff and spin; otherwise he will have nothing to eat. While Rosenberg, conquered by hunger, is about to try to obey Barberine, the Queen and Ulric arrive at the castle and witness the humiliation of the young man and the triumph of the faithful wife.

'Fantasio' reminds us of Marivaux's graceful 'Games of Love and of Chance,' but is sometimes as strange, as fantastic, as the 'Tales of Spain and Italy.' Fantasio, in his madness and in his wisdom, is Musset himself, sometimes Hamlet, and too often Scapin.

'One Must Not Play with Love' is probably Musset's most original drama, the strongest after 'Lorenzaccio.' Master Blazius and Master Bridaire are really comic personages, as well as Dame Pluche; and the chorus is interesting. The play, however, can hardly be called a comedy. It is too bitter in some scenes, and the end is too tragic. Perdican loves his cousin Camille, and feigns to love Rosette, in order to render Camille jealous. The poor little Rosette dies of grief on hearing Perdican speak words of love to Camille, and the latter returns to the convent where she had been educated.

Musset's dramas made him celebrated for the last ten years of his life, and they are still played with success on the French stage. Among his other prose works are the 'Letters of Dupuis and Cotonet,' in one of which he makes fun in a most amusing manner of the Romantic school, by his extraordinary definition of the word *romantisme*.

Musset published a number of short stories and novelettes in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and most of them are very interesting and witty. The best are 'The Son of Titian,' 'Croisilles,' 'Frédéric et Bernerette,' 'Mimi Pinson,' 'The Beauty Patch,' and the 'History of a White Blackbird.' In the latter work he refers in a sarcastic manner to George Sand without naming her.

Alfred de Musset died on May 1st, 1857, and his last words were: "Sleep!—at last I am going to sleep." He needed rest; for his last years had been agitated by great nervousness. He was carried to the tomb accompanied by twenty-seven persons,—he whose works were known to all human beings whose hearts could be touched by truly passionate notes. A monument has been erected to him in Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris, and a few of his immortal lines have been inscribed on his tombstone. I read lately these charming words with a feeling of sadness, and thought of the Muse, the tender friend of the poet. I repeated to myself some of the wonderful verses of the 'Night of May,' and it seemed to me then that Musset had really taken his lute, as requested by his Muse, and that the Père Lachaise was filled with divine harmony.

THE GRISETTES

From 'Mimi Pinson,' in 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

MADEMOISELLE PINSON was not exactly what one calls a pretty woman. There is a wide difference between a pretty woman and a pretty grisette. If a pretty woman, acknowledged and pronounced to be so by Parisian verdict, were to take it into her head to put on a little cap, a chintz dress, and a black-silk apron, she must needs look like a pretty grisette. But if a grisette were to dress herself up in a bonnet, a velvet cloak, and a dress from Worth's, she would by no means necessarily be a pretty woman; on the contrary, it is probable that she would look like a clothes-peg, and no blame to her. The difference lies in the circumstances of these two creatures, and chiefly in the little bit of buckram covered with some sort of stuff and called a bonnet, which women think fit to tie over their ears, a little like the blinkers of a horse; it is to be observed, however, that

blinkers prevent horses from looking about, and that the bit of buckram prevents nothing of the sort.

Be this as it may, a little cap requires a turned-up nose, which in its turn demands a well-shaped mouth with good teeth, and a round face for the frame. A round face requires sparkling eyes, which are best as black as possible, with eyebrows to match. The hair *ad libitum*, for the eyes settle everything else. Such a combination is evidently far from being beautiful, strictly speaking. It is what is called irregularly pretty, the classic face of the grisette; which might possibly be ugly in the bits of buckram, but which is charming in a cap, and prettier than beauty itself. Such was Mademoiselle Pinson.

Marcel had taken it into his head that Eugene should pay his court to this damsel; wherefore, I cannot tell, unless because he himself was the adorer of Mademoiselle Zelia, Mademoiselle Pinson's most intimate friend. It struck him as being a natural and convenient arrangement; he wished to settle matters to suit himself, and make love in a friendly way, as it were. Such plans are not uncommon, and succeed quite often; for ever since the world began, opportunity has been found the strongest of all temptations. Who can tell the real source of our joys and griefs, our attachments and quarrels, our happiness and misery? — a door of communication, a back staircase, an entry, a broken pane.

Some characters, however, draw back from these games of chance. They choose to conquer their enjoyments, not to win them as at a lottery; and are not moved to fall in love because they find themselves next to a pretty woman in a public conveyance. Eugene was one of these, and Marcel knew it; therefore he had long nursed a project, simple enough in itself, but which he thought most ingenious, and infallibly sure to overcome his friend's resistance. He had resolved to give a supper, and decided that his own birthday was the fittest occasion for it. He ordered two dozen bottles of beer, a large joint of cold veal with salad, an enormous plum-cake, and a bottle of champagne. He first invited two of his fellow-students, then announced to Mademoiselle Zelia that there was to be a frolic at his rooms that evening, and she must bring Mademoiselle Pinson. They were quite sure to be there. Marcel was considered one of the fine gentlemen of the Latin Quarter, — one of those whose invitations are not to be declined; and seven o'clock had but just finished striking when the two grisettes knocked at his door.

Mademoiselle Zelia was arrayed in a short dress, gray gaiter-boots, and a cap with flowers; Mademoiselle Pinson more quietly attired in a black gown which she always wore, and which they used to say gave her a little Spanish air, of which she was very proud. Both, as you may suppose, were in entire ignorance of their host's designs.

Marcel had too much tact to invite Eugene in advance: he was too sure of a refusal. It was not until the girls had taken their places and the first glass had been emptied, that he excused himself for a few minutes to go and look for another guest, and then turned his steps towards Eugene's lodgings. He found him at work as usual, surrounded by his books. After some passing remarks he began to reproach him gently with studying so hard, and never giving himself any relaxation; and at length he proposed a walk. Eugene, who was in fact rather weary, having studied the whole day, assented: the two young men went out together, and after a few turns in the walks of the Luxembourg it was not difficult for Marcel to induce his friend to go home with him.

The two grisettes, finding themselves left alone and probably tired of waiting, had begun by making themselves at home; they had taken off their bonnets and shawls, and were humming a quadrille and dancing, not forgetting to do honor to the repast from time to time, by way of testing its quality. Their eyes were already sparkling and their cheeks flushed, as Eugene bowed to them with a mixture of surprise and shyness, and they stopped short, in high spirits and a little out of breath. Owing to his secluded habits, they hardly knew him by sight, and immediately scrutinized him from head to foot with the undaunted curiosity which is the prerogative of their class; they then resumed their song and dance as if nothing had happened. The new-comer, a little disconcerted, fell back a few steps,— meditating a retreat, perhaps; but Marcel, having double-locked the door, threw the key noisily on the table.

« Nobody here yet? » he exclaimed. « Where are our friends? But no matter, we have captured the savage. Ladies, let me present the most virtuous youth in France and Navarre, who has long been very anxious for the honor of your acquaintance, and who is an especial admirer of Mademoiselle Pinson. »

The quadrille stopped again; Mademoiselle Pinson made a little bow and put on her cap.

"Eugene," cried Marcel, "this is my birthday, and these two ladies are good enough to celebrate it with us. I brought you here almost by force, it is true; but I hope you will stay of your own accord if we beg you. It is now almost eight o'clock: we have time to smoke a pipe while waiting for an appetite."

As he spoke he looked towards Mademoiselle Pinson, who instantly understood him, and bowing a second time, said to Eugene in a sweet voice:—

"Yes, sir, do stay; we beg of you."

At this moment the two students whom Marcel had invited knocked at the door. Eugene saw that he could not retreat with a good grace; so resigning himself, he took his seat with the rest.

The supper was long and lively. The gentlemen began by filling the room with smoke, and then drank in proportion, to refresh themselves. The ladies did the talking, and regaled the company with remarks, more or less pointed, about their various friends and acquaintances, and adventures more or less credible, picked up in the back shops. If the stories were not very probable, they were at least very marvelous. Two lawyers' clerks, so they said, had made twenty thousand francs by speculating in Spanish funds, and had devoured it in six weeks with two girls from a glove shop. The son of one of the richest bankers in Paris had offered an opera-box and a country-seat to a well-known sempstress, who had refused them, preferring to take care of her parents and remain true to a salesman at the Deux-Magots. A certain person whom they could not name, and whose rank forced him to wrap himself in the deepest mystery, had come *incognito* to visit a girl who embroiders, in the Passage du Pont Neuf; and she had been immediately seized by order of the police, put into a post-chaise at midnight with a pocket-book full of bank-notes, and dispatched to the United States; etc., etc.

"That's enough," interposed Marcel. "We have heard that sort of thing before. Zelia is romancing; and as to Mademoiselle Mimi, which is Mademoiselle Pinson's name among friends, her information is incorrect. Your lawyers' clerks got nothing but a sprain, in clearing a gutter; your banker proffered an orange; and your embroidery girl, so far from being in the United States, is to be seen every day from twelve to four o'clock, at the almshouse, where she has taken lodgings on account of the rise in provisions."

Eugene was sitting near Mademoiselle Pinson; he thought that she turned pale at these last words, which were carelessly uttered. But almost at the same instant she rose, lighted a cigarette, and said in a deliberate manner: —

"It is your turn to be silent now! I claim the floor. Since my lord Marcel does not believe fables, I will tell you a true story, *et quorum magna pars fui.*"

"You understand Latin?" said Eugene.

"As you hear," replied Mademoiselle Pinson. "I learned this sentence of my uncle, who served under the great Napoleon, and never omitted it before telling us about a battle. If you do not know the meaning, I will tell you for nothing. It means: 'I give you my word of honor.' You must know that last week I went with two of my friends, Blanchette and Rougette, to the Odéon Theatre — "

"Wait till I cut the cake," said Marcel.

"Cut, but listen," replied Mademoiselle Pinson. "Well, I went with Blanchette and Rougette to see a tragedy. Rougette, as you know, has lately lost her grandmother, who left her four hundred francs. We took a box: three students were near us in the pit; these young fellows accosted us, and asked us to supper, on the pretext that we were alone."

"Without preamble?" inquired Marcel. "Upon my word it was very civil. And you declined, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied Mademoiselle Pinson, "we accepted; and at the first entr'acte, without waiting for the end of the play, we repaired to Viot's."

"With your cavaliers?"

"With our cavaliers. The waiter began, of course, by saying that there was nothing left; but we were not to be balked by such a trifle. We ordered them to go into the city and fetch whatever was needed. Rougette took the pen and ordered a regular wedding supper: prawns, a sweet omelette, fritters, mussels, whipped eggs, — everything that is to be found in saucepans. Our young friends' faces grew rather long, it must be confessed — "

"By Jove! so I should think," said Marcel.

"We paid no attention to that. When the supper came we began to play the fine lady. We found nothing good; everything disgusted us; we scarcely tasted a dish before we sent it away and asked for something else. 'Waiter, take that away; it is not

eatable: where did you buy that horrible trash?' Our unknown friends wished to eat, but they had no chance. In short, we supped like Sancho; and our anger carried us so far as to break some of the crockery."

"Pretty behavior! And who was to pay?"

"That was the very question the three strangers asked each other. From what they said in a low tone, we gathered that one of them had six francs, the next infinitely less, and the third had nothing but his watch, which he generously pulled out of his pocket. In this state the three unfortunates presented themselves at the counter, in hopes of effecting some compromise. What do you think they were told?"

"That they must go to the lock-up, and you would be kept as security, I suppose," said Marcel.

"You are wrong," replied Mademoiselle Pinson. "Before going up-stairs, Rougette had been on the alert, and everything was paid in advance. Fancy the effect of Viot's response,—'Everything is settled, gentlemen.' Our stranger friends looked at us as three cats never looked at three kings, with a touching stupefaction mingled with emotion. However, we pretended to take no notice of it, but went down-stairs and called for a coach. 'My dear marchioness,' said Rougette to me, 'we must see these gentlemen home.' 'Certainly, my dear countess,' I answered. Our poor admirers did not know what to say. You may guess if they were sheepish! They declined our politeness, they would not be taken home, they refused to give their address—no wonder! They were convinced that we were women of rank, and they lived heaven knows where!"

Marcel's friends, the two students, who up to this time had done nothing but smoke and drink in silence, seemed far from pleased with this story. They changed color: perhaps they knew as much as Mademoiselle Pinson of the unlucky supper, for they gave her an uneasy glance as Marcel said, laughing:—

"Name your incognitos, Mademoiselle Pinson: there can be no harm, as it happened last week."

"No indeed!" returned the grisette. "One may hoax a man, but ruin his career—never!"

"You are right," observed Eugene. "And you show more discretion than you are aware of, perhaps. Of all the young men in the various colleges, there is hardly one who cannot look back to some folly or some fault, and yet thence emerges daily

all that is most respected and respectable in France: physicians, magistrates — »

« Yes, » responded Marcel, « that is true. There are budding peers of France who dine at Flicoteaux's and have not always wherewithal to pay the bill. But, » he broke off with a wink, « haven't you seen anything more of your friends? »

« What do you take us for! » answered Mademoiselle Pinson, with a serious and almost offended air. « Don't you know Blanchette and Rougette, and do you suppose that I — »

« Well, well, don't be angry, » said Marcel. « But after all, this is a pretty adventure. Three harebrained girls, who probably had nothing to pay for their next day's dinner with, throwing money out of the window for the fun of mystifying three poor devils who couldn't help themselves. »

« Why did they ask us to supper? » retorted Mademoiselle Pinson.

From 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

THE FALSE LOVER

From 'No Trifling with Love'

[Perdican, the youthful and fascinating hero of the play, has been refused by his cousin Camille, who feels so strong a vocation for the cloister that she will not trust herself to secular life and to its possible disappointments. In pique, Perdican cruelly makes love to a simple and credulous village girl, Rosette, and decides to play the lover before the very eyes of Camille, as a spur to her jealousy and hoping to change her decision.]

Scene: The spring in the wood. Enter Camille *and the* Peasant.

PEASANT — I was taking a letter up to the house for you, miss: shall I give it to you, or carry it to the kitchen, as Lord Perdican told me?

Camille — Give it to me.

Peasant — If you would rather I'd take it to the house, I'll carry it there without more ado.

Camille — Give it to me, I tell you.

Peasant — Just as you like. [*Gives her the letter.*]

Camille — There, that's for your trouble.

Peasant — Thank you kindly: I suppose I may go now.

Camille—If you will be so good.

Peasant—I'm going, I'm going. [*Exit.*

Camille [*reading*]—Perdican begs me to meet him at the little spring, where I told him to come yesterday to bid me good-by before I go. What can he have to say? Here's the spring, and I am greatly minded to wait. Ought I to give him this second meeting? Ah! here comes Perdican with my foster-sister, Rosette. [*She hides behind a tree.*] I suppose he will send her away; I'm glad not to seem to be here before him. [*Enter Perdican and Rosette; Camille remains hidden.*] What does this mean? He makes her sit down beside him. Did he ask me to meet him here that he might come and make love to somebody else? I should like to know what he is saying.

Perdican [*loud enough to be heard by Camille*]—I love you, Rosette! You are the one person in the world who has not forgotten the dear old times; you alone remember the past. Share the future with me, dear child; give me your heart: take this as a token of our love. [*Clasps his chain around her neck.*]

Rosette—Do you give me your gold chain?

Perdican—See this ring. Stand up and come to the edge of the spring. Do you see us both reflected in the water, leaning upon one another? Look at your bright eyes near mine, your hand in mine; now see it all disappear! [*Drops the ring into the water.*] See how the image has vanished: now watch it come back by degrees; the ruffled water is growing smooth again, but it trembles still, and great circles are spreading over the surface: have patience and we shall see ourselves again; I can make out your arm linked in mine, already; in another minute there will not be a wrinkle on your pretty face,—see there! It was a ring Camille gave me.

Camille—He has thrown my ring into the water!

Perdican—Do you know what love is, Rosette? Listen: the wind is hushed, the morning's shower is rolling in great diamonds off the leaves, which are reviving in the sunshine. I love you! You love me too, do you not? Your youth has not been dried up; nobody has infused the dregs of their veins into your rosy life current. *You* don't want to be a nun; here you are, fresh and lovely, with a young man's arm around you! O Rosette, do you know what love is?

Rosette—Alas, your Lordship is very learned; but I will love you as well as I know how!

Perdican — Yes, as well as you know how; and learned as I am, and rustic as you are, you will love me better than one of those pale statues manufactured by the nuns, with a head instead of a heart, who issue from their cloisters to poison the vital air with the damp reek of their cells. You don't know anything; you can't read the prayer your mother taught you, which she learned from her mother before her; you don't even understand the words you repeat as you kneel at your bedside: but you understand that you are praying, and that is all God requires.

Rosette — How your Lordship talks!

Perdican — You don't know how to read; but you know the language of these woods and meadows, these warm banks, yon fair harvest-fields, and of all this glorious young Nature! You know them for your thousand brothers, and me for one of them. Come, let us go; you shall be my wife, and we will strike root into the genial heart of omnipotent creation.

[*Exit with Rosette.*

Scene: Camille's *apartment.* *Enter* Camille *and* Dame Pluche.

Camille — You say he took my letter?

Dame Pluche — Yes, dear, he said he would post it.

Camille — Be good enough to go to the drawing-room, Dame Pluche, and tell Perdican that I wish to speak to him here. [*Exit Dame Pluche.*] He has undoubtedly read my letter; that scene in the wood was revenge, and so is all his love-making to Rosette. He wished to convince me that he loved somebody else, and to hide his mortification under a show of indifference. Does he love me after all, I wonder? [*She raises the tapestry.*] Is that you, Rosette?

Rosette [*as she enters*] — Yes: may I come in?

Camille — Listen to me, my dear: has not Lord Perdican been making love to you?

Rosette — Alas, yes!

Camille — What do you think of what he said this morning?

Rosette — This morning? Why, where?

Camille — Don't be a hypocrite. This morning at the spring in the wood.

Rosette — Then you saw me!

Camille — Poor little innocent! No, I did not see you. He made all sorts of fine speeches, didn't he? I would wager he promised to marry you.

Rosette — Why, how do you know?

Camille — Never mind: do you believe his promises, Rosette?

Rosette — How can I help it? He wouldn't deceive me. Why should he?

Camille — Perdican does not mean to marry you, my child.

Rosette — Alas, perhaps not!

Camille — You love him, you poor girl. He does not mean to marry you, and I will give you the proof: hide behind this curtain; you have nothing to do but to listen, and come when I call you.

[*Exit Rosette.*]

Camille — I thought to do an act of vengeance, but may it not be one of humanity? The poor child has lost her heart. [*Enter Perdican.*] Good morning, cousin; sit down.

Perdican — How beautifully you are dressed, Camille! On whom have you designs?

Camille — On you, perhaps. I am very sorry that I could not meet you as you asked: had you anything to say?

Perdican [*aside*] — Upon my word, that's rather a big fib for a spotless lamb! I saw her under the trees. [*Aloud.*] I had nothing to say but good-by, Camille, — I thought you were going; but your horse is in the stable, and you do not seem to be dressed for traveling.

Camille — I am fond of discussion, and I am not sure that I did not wish for another quarrel with you.

Perdican — What object can there be in quarreling when there is no possibility of making up? The pleasure of disputes is in making peace.

Camille — Are you so sure I wouldn't make peace?

Perdican — Don't jest: I am not equal to answering you.

Camille — I want to be made love to! I don't know whether it is because I have on a new gown, but I wish to be amused. You proposed our going to the village: well, I am ready. Let us row; I should like to dine on the grass, or to ramble in the forest. Will it be moonlight this evening? How odd! you have not on the ring I gave you.

Perdican — I lost it.

Camille — So I found it: here it is, Perdican.

Perdican — Is it possible! Where did you find it?

Camille — You are looking to see whether my hands are wet? To tell the truth, I spoiled my convent dress in getting

this trinket out of the spring. That is why I put another on, and I tell you it has changed me; so put that ring upon your finger.

Perdican—You got this out of the water at the risk of falling in, Camille? Am I dreaming? Here it is again, and you put it on my finger. O Camille, why do you give me back this sad relic of my lost happiness? Tell me, you foolish and fickle girl, why you go away? Why do you stay? Why do you change every hour like this stone in each new light?

Camille—Do you know woman's heart, Perdican? Are you convinced of her inconstancy, and that she really changes her mind whenever she changes her mood? Some say not. Undoubtedly we are often forced to play a part, even to tell lies—I am frank, you see; but are you sure that everything in a woman lies when her tongue lies? Have you ever reflected on the nature of this weak and undisciplined creature, and on the severity with which she is judged, and the part that she is compelled to play? Who knows whether, constrained by the world to continual deceit, the head of this brainless being may not finally learn to take a certain pleasure in it; may she not tell lies for amusement sometimes, as she is so often forced to tell them for necessity?

Perdican—I understand none of this; I never lie; I love you, Camille, and that is all I know.

Camille—You say you love me, and that you never lie?

Perdican—Never!

Camille—Yet here's somebody who says that accident befalls you occasionally. [*She raises the tapestry, and shows Rosette fainting in a chair.*] What will you say to this child, Perdican, when she asks you to account for your words? If you never lie, why has she fainted on hearing you say that you love me? I leave her with you: try and bring her to life. [*Is about to go.*]

Perdican—One moment, Camille! Hear me!

Camille—What have you to say to *me?* It is to Rosette you must answer. *I* do not love you; I did not seek this hapless child in her cottage to use her as a toy, a foil; I did not recklessly repeat to her the burning words I had addressed to others; I did not feign to cast to the winds the tokens of a cherished attachment, for her sake; I did not put my chain round her neck; I did not promise to marry her!

Perdican—Listen to me! listen to me!

Camille—I saw you smile just now when I said I had not been able to go to the fountain. Yes, I was there and heard it all; but God is my witness that I would not have done as you did. What will you do with that girl now, when, with your kisses still burning on her lips, she weeps and points to the wound you have dealt her? You wished to revenge yourself upon me, did you not, for a letter I wrote to my convent? You were bent on piercing my soul at any cost, not caring whether your poisoned dart wounded this child, if it but struck me through her. I had boasted of having made you love me, and of causing you regret. Did that wound your noble pride? Well then, hear me say it,—you love me, but you will marry that girl or you are a poor creature.

Perdican—Yes, I will marry her.

Camille—You will do well.

Perdican—Very well, and much better than if I married you. What excites you to such a degree, Camille? The child has fainted; we can easily bring her to,—we only need a smelling-bottle. You wish to convict me of having lied once in my life, and you have done so; but I think you are rather self-confident in deciding when. Come, help me to restore Rosette. [*Exeunt.*

Scene: An oratory. Enter Camille, *and throws herself at the foot of the altar.*

Camille—O my God, hast thou abandoned me? Thou knowest that I came hither faithful to thee; when I refused to take another spouse, thou knowest that I spoke in all sincerity before thee and my own soul; thou knowest it, O Father! and wilt thou no longer accept me? Oh, wherefore hast thou made truth itself to lie? Why am I so weak? Ah, wretched girl! I cannot even pray.

Enter Perdican

Perdican—Pride, most fatal of all the counselors of humanity, why have you come between me and this girl? See her, pale and distraught, pressing her face and breast against these senseless stones. She could have loved me, and we were born for one another. O pride! what brought you to our lips when our hands were ready to be joined?

Camille—Who has followed me? Whose voice do I hear beneath this vault? Is it you, Perdican?

Perdican — Fools that we are! We love each other! What have you been dreaming, Camille? What futile speech, what wretched folly has swept between us like a blast from the tombs? Which of us tried to deceive the other? Alas, when life itself is such a painful dream, why seek to fill it with worse ones of our own? O God! happiness is a pearl so rarely found in this stormy sea! Thou hadst given it to us, thou hadst rescued this treasure from the abyss for us; and like spoiled children as we are, we treated it as a plaything. The green path which led us toward each other sloped so gently, and was so strewn with flowers, it vanished in such a calm horizon — needs was that words, and vanity, and anger should hurl their shapeless crags across this celestial path, which would have led us to thee in an embrace! Needs was that we should wrong and wound each other, for we are human! O fools! and we love each other! [*He clasps her in his arms.*]

Camille — Yes, Perdican, we love each other! Let me feel it on your heart. The God who sees us will not be angry: he wills that I should love you; he has known it these fifteen years.

Perdican — Dearest being, you are mine! [*He kisses her; a shriek is heard from behind the altar.*]

Camille — My foster-sister's voice!

Perdican — How came she here? I left her on the staircase when you sent for me. She must have followed me without my knowledge.

Camille — Come this way: the cry came from here.

Perdican — What do I fear? my hands seem bathed in blood.

Camille — The poor child must have overheard us, and she has fainted again: come and help her! Ah, it is all too cruel!

Perdican — No, I cannot go,— I am numb with mortal terror. Go, Camille, and try to help her. [*Exit Camille.*] O God, I beseech thee, make me not a murderer! Thou seest our hearts: we are two senseless children who have been playing with life and death. God of justice, do not let Rosette die! I will find her a husband, I will repair the evil I have done; — she is young, she shall be rich and happy. Oh, do not refuse me this, my God! thou canst bless four of thy children! [*Re-enter Camille.*] Well, Camille?

Camille — She is dead. Farewell, Perdican.

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VERGISS MEIN NICHT

REMEMBER! when the morn with sweet affright
Opens her portals to the king of day;
Remember! when the melancholy night
All silver-veiled pursues her darkling way;
Or when thy pulses wake at pleasure's tone:
When twilight shades to gentle dreams invite,
List to a voice which from the forest lone
Murmurs, Remember!

Remember! When inexorable fate
Hath parted finally my lot from thine,
When absence, grief, and time have laid their weight
With crushing power on this heart of mine,—
Think of my love, think of my last farewell;
Absence nor time can constancy abate:
While my heart beats, its every throb shall tell,
Remember!

Remember! When beneath the chilling ground
My weary heart has found a lasting sleep,
And when in after time, above the mound,
The pale blue flower its gentle watch doth keep,—
I shall not see thee more; but ever nigh,
Like sister true my soul will hover round:
List to a voice which through the night will sigh,
Remember!

From 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

FROM 'TO A COMRADE'

THE joy of meeting makes us love farewell;
We gather once again around the hearth,
And thou wilt tell
All that thy keen experience has been
Of pleasure, danger, misadventure, mirth,
And unforeseen.

And all without an angry word the while,
Or self-compassion,—naught dost thou recall
Save for a smile:

Thou knowest how to lend good fortune grace,
And how to mock what'er ill luck befall
With laughing face.

But friend, go not again so far away;
In need of some small help I always stand,
Come whatso may;
I know not whither leads this path of mine,
But I can tread it better when my hand
Is clasped in thine.

FROM 'ON A SLAB OF ROSE MARBLE'

Yet, despite myself, I trow
Other destiny was thine:
Far away from cloudy France,
Where a warmer sun doth shine,
Near some temple, Greek or Latin;
The fair daughters of the clime,
With the scent of heath and thyme
Clinging to their sandaled feet
Beating thee in rhythmic dance,
Were a burden far more sweet
Than court ladies shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous virgin stone
Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own? . .

There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.
When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in with footsteps rude
Where a Venus sleeping lay,
And the goddess's wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.
Alas! and must we hold it truth
That every rare and precious thing
Flung forth at random without ruth
Trodden under foot may lie?
The crag where, in sublime repose,
The eagle stoops to rest his wing,

No less than any wayside rose,
Dropped in the common dust to die?
Can the mother of us all
Leave her work, to fullness brought,
Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,
As oblivion swallows thought?
Torn away from ocean's rim
To be fashioned by a whim,
Does the briny tempest whirl
To the workman's feet the pearl?
Shall the vulgar, idle crowd
For all ages be allowed
To degrade earth's choicest treasure
At the arbitrary pleasure
Of a mason or a churl?

FROM 'THE WILD MARE IN THE DESERT'

Oft in the waste, the Arab mare untamed,
After three days' wild course awaits the storm
To drain the rain-drops from the thirsty palms;
The sun is leaden, and the silent palms
Droop their long tresses 'neath a fiery sky.
She seeks her well amid the boundless wilds:
The sun has dried it; on the burning rock
Lie shaggy lions growling low in sleep.
Her forces fail; her bleeding nostrils wide
Plunge eager in the sand,—the thirsty sand
Drinks greedily her life's discolored stream.
Then stretches she at length, her great eyes film,
And the wan desert rolls upon its child
In silent folds its ever moving shroud.
She knew not, she, that when the caravan
With all its camels passed beneath the planes,
That, would she follow, bowing her proud neck,
In Bagdad she would find cool stable-stalls,
With gilded mangers, dewy clover turf,
And wells whose depths have never seen the sky.

TO PÉPA

PÉPA! when the night has come,
And mamma has bid good-night,
By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight;

Laid by, cap and sweeping vest
Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest
Folds thy soul as folds a rose;

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
Peace to all the house has brought,—
Pépita! my charming child!
What, oh, what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doomed to sigh;
All that Hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove, a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a prince's hand;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me; — or nothing, dear! at all.

JUANA

AGAIN I see you, ah, my queen,—
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget —
Ah me, for I remember yet —
How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this,—
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!

How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake,—
To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say — why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
For you that not remember it.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

(1843–)

MUCH of what is most subtle and penetrative in contemporary English criticism is embodied in the writings of certain men of letters whose names are familiar only to a special and limited circle. Frederic W. H. Myers is one of those critics whose work, while not in any sense popular, obtains well-established recognition for its literary finish, and pre-eminently for its originality and suggestiveness. The complex forces of the end of the century may not be favorable to the production of creative genius, but they are favorable to the birth and growth of a sensitive critical spirit. Mr. Myers's Modern and Classical Essays are the work of one to whom the revelations of science in all its branches have been a source of enlightenment on subjects with which it would seem that science primarily had nothing to do. He is of the number of those who would wed the materialistic knowledge of the age to an idealism the more intense because it is denied the outlet of a definite religious faith. He would judge of literature, of personality, of the various phenomena of his own and of a past age, by the new lights of science,—and at the same time by the light that never was on sea or land. It is this combination of the idealistic with the exact spirit which gives to the essays of Mr. Myers their peculiar charm, and which fits him to write with such exquisite appreciation of Marcus Aurelius and Virgil, of Rossetti and George Eliot. In his heart he has all the romance of a poet,—his desire to live by admiration, hope, and love, his sensitiveness to the beautiful, his passionate belief in the soul and its great destinies; but his brain rules his heart with typical modern caution. In his efforts to reconcile these elements in his nature, Mr. Myers has infused into his essays, whatever their subjects, the speculative thought of his generation concerning the unseen world and man's relation to it; and especially of that great question of personal immortality, which forever haunts and forever baffles the minds of men. He is drawn naturally to a consideration of such men as Marcus Aurelius. The fitful dejection of the philosophic emperor, his resolve to learn and to endure, his hopeless hope, his calm in the face of the veil which cuts man off from the paradise of certainties, seem to Mr. Myers to prefigure the attitude of the modern mind toward its mysterious environment. Yet he himself has gone beyond the negativity of Stoicism. He believes that love is the gateway to

the unseen universe, being of those who, «while accepting to the full the methods and the results of science, will not yet surrender the ancient hopes of the race.»

In 'Modern Poets and Cosmic Law' he traces the influence of Tennyson and Wordsworth on modern religious thought; a regenerating influence, because they have realized «with extraordinary intuition,» and promulgated «with commanding genius, the interpenetration of the spiritual and the material world.» Mr. Myers's deep sympathy with Wordsworth is completely expressed in his luminous biography of the poet. His sympathy with George Eliot is less keen, or rather it is less that of the mind than of the heart. His depression in the presence of her hopelessness is well described in the essay of which she is the subject:—

«I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*,—pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates.»

Mr. Myers's essays on 'Science and a Future Life,' on 'Darwin and Agnosticism,' on 'Tennyson as a Prophet,' on 'A New Eirenicon,' on 'Modern Poets and Cosmic Law,' are concerned chiefly with the modern answers to the old eternal problems. Even his essays on Mazzini, on George Sand, on Renan, and on the present political and social influences in France, are not without their background of philosophical contemplation of the end and aims of man. Mr. Myers's conclusion of the whole matter is hopeful, sane, temperate. He is confident of the golden branch in the grove of cypress; confident that darkness must eventually become revelation. In his verse, which, while not of the first order, is melodious and graceful, he exhibits the same spiritual intuition. His value as a critic is largely the result of this recognition, based on no ephemeral conclusions, of the spiritual element in the destiny of man. Mr. Myers was born in 1843, in Duffield, England. He is the son of a clergyman of some note as a writer, and a brother of Ernest Myers, whose classical translations are of great literary excellence.

THE DISENCHANTMENT OF FRANCE

From 'Science and a Future Life'

IT HAS fallen to the lot of the French people to point more morals, to emphasize more lessons from their own experience, than any other nation in modern history. Parties and creeds of the most conflicting types have appealed to Paris in turn for their brightest example, their most significant warning. The strength of monarchy and the risks of despotism; the nobility of faith and the cruel cowardice of bigotry; the ardor of republican fraternity and the terrors of anarchic disintegration — the most famous instance of any and every extreme is to be found in the long annals of France. And so long as the French mind, at once logical and mobile, continues to be the first to catch and focus the influences which are slowly beginning to tell on neighboring States, so long will its evolution possess for us the unique interest of a glimpse into stages of development through which our own national mind also may be destined ere long to pass.

Yet there has of late been a kind of reluctance on the part of other civilized countries to take to themselves the lessons which French history still can teach. In Germany there has been a tone of reprobation, an opposition of French vice to Teuton virtue; and in England there has been some aloofness of feeling, some disposition to think that the French have fallen, through their own fault, into a decadence which our robuster nation need not fear.

In the brief review, however, which this essay will contain of certain gloomy symptoms in the spiritual state of France, we shall keep entirely clear of any disparaging comparisons or insinuated blame. Rather, we shall regard France as the most sensitive organ of the European body politic; we shall feel that her dangers of to-day are ours of to-morrow, and that unless there still be salvation for her, our own prospects are dark indeed.

But in the first place, it may be asked, what right have we to speak of France as *decadent* at all? The word, indeed, is so constantly employed by French authors of the day, that the foreigner may assume without impertinence that there is some fitness in its use. Yet have we here much more than a fashion of speaking? the humor of men who are "sad as night for very wantonness," who play with the notion of national decline as a

rich man in temporary embarrassment may play with the notion of ruin? France is richer and more populous than ever before; her soldiers still fight bravely; and the mass of her population, as judged by the statistics of crime, or by the colorless half-sheet which forms the only national newspaper, is at any rate tranquil and orderly. Compare the state of France now with her state just a century since, before the outbreak of the Revolution. Observers who noted that misgovernment and misery, those hordes of bandits prowling over the untilled fields, assumed it as manifest that not the French monarchy only, but France herself, was crumbling in irremediable decay. And yet a few years later, the very children reared as half slaves, half beggars, on black bread and ditch-water, were marching with banners flying into Vienna and Moscow. One must be wary in predicting the decline of a nation which holds in reserve a spring of energy such as this.

Once more. Not physically alone but intellectually, France has never, perhaps, been stronger than she is now. She is lacking indeed in statesmen of the first order, in poets and artists of lofty achievement; and if our diagnosis be correct, she must inevitably lack such men as these. But on the other hand, her living savants probably form as wise, as disinterested a group of intellectual leaders as any epoch of her history has known. And she listens to them with a new deference; she receives respectfully even the bitter home-truths of M. Taine; she honors M. Renan instead of persecuting him; she makes M. Pasteur her national hero. These men and men like these are virtually at the head of France; and if the love of truth, the search for truth, fortifies a nation, then assuredly France should be stronger now than under any of her kings or her Cæsars.

Yet here we come to the very crux of the whole inquiry. If we maintain that an increasing knowledge of truth is necessarily a strength or advantage to a nation or an individual, we are assuming an affirmative answer to two weighty questions: the first, whether the scheme of the universe is on the whole good rather than evil; the second, whether, even granting that the sum of things is good, each advancing step of our knowledge of the universe brings with it an increased realization of that ultimate goodness. Of course if we return to the first question the pessimistic answer,—if the world is a bad place, and cosmic suicide the only reasonable thing,—the present discussion may at once be closed. For in that case there is no such thing as progress,

no such thing as recovery; and the moral discouragement of France does but indicate her advance upon the road which we must all inevitably travel.

Let us assume, however, as is commonly assumed without too curious question, that the universe is good, and that to know the truth about it is on the whole an invigorating thing. Yet even thus, it is by no means clear that each onward step we make in learning that truth will in itself be felt as invigorating. All analogy is against such a supposition: whether we turn to the history of philosophy, and the depression repeatedly following on the collapse of specious but premature conceptions, or to the history of individual minds, and the despair of the beginner in every art or study when he recognizes that he has made a false start, that he knows almost nothing, that the problems are far more difficult than his ignorance had suspected.

Now I think it is not hard to show that France, even on the most hopeful view of her, is at present passing through a moment of spiritual reaction such as this. In that country, where the pure dicta of science reign in the intellectual classes with less interference from custom, sentiment, tradition, than even in Germany itself, we shall find that science, at her present point, is a depressing, a disintegrating energy.

And therefore, when we compare the present state of France with her state a century ago, we must not rank her dominant savants as a source of national strength. Rather, they are a source of disenchantment, of *disillusionment*, to use the phrase of commonest recurrence in modern French literature and speech. Personally indeed the class of savants includes many an example of unselfish diligence, of stoical candor; but their virtues are personal to themselves, and the upshot of their teaching affords no stable basis for virtue.

We may say, then, that in 1888 France possesses everything except illusions; in 1788 she possessed illusions and nothing else. The Reign of Reason, the Return to Nature, the Social Contract, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity — the whole air of that wild time buzzed with new-hatched Chimæras, while at the same time the old traditions of Catholicism, Loyalty, Honor, were still living in many an ardent heart.

What then is, in effect, the disenchantment which France has undergone? What are the illusions — the so-called, so-judged illusions — which are fading now before the influence of science?

How is a foreigner to analyze the confused changes in a great people's spiritual life? Must not his own personal acquaintance with Frenchmen, which is sure to be slight and shallow, unduly influence his judgment of the nation? It seems to me that he must set aside his personal acquaintanceships, and form his opinion from current literature and current events; endeavoring so far as may be to elicit such general views of life as may be latent in the varying utterances of novelist, essayist, politician, philosopher, and poet. Thus reading and thus comparing, we shall discern a gradual atrophy of certain habits of thought, certain traditional notions; and if we class as illusions these old conceptions from which the French people seem gradually to be awakening, we find them reducible to four main heads: the *religious*, the *political*, the *sexual*, and the *personal* illusions.

By the "religious illusion,"—speaking, it will be remembered, from the point of view of the Frenchman of the type now under discussion,—I mean a belief in the moral government of the world, generally involving a belief in man's future life; in which life we may suppose virtue victorious, and earth's injustices redressed. These cardinal beliefs, now everywhere on the defensive, are plainly losing ground in France more rapidly than elsewhere. And the strange thing is, that while Christianity thus declines, it seems to leave in France so little regret behind it that its disappearance is signalized only by loud battles between "Liberalism" and "Clericalism"; not, as in England, by sad attempts at reconciliation, by the regrets and appeals of slowly severing men. A book like Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' nay, even a book like Lamennais's 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' would now be felt to be an anachronism. Militant Catholicism seems almost to have died out with M. Veuillot's article in the Univers; and an application to a high ecclesiastical authority for recent defenses of the faith brought to me only a recommendation to read the Bishops' Charges, the *mandements d'évêque*. Paradox as it may seem, M. Renan is almost the only French writer of influence who believes that Christianity—of course a Christianity without miracles—will be in any sense the religion of the future; and his recent utterances show that pious sentiment, in his hands, is liable to sudden and unexpected transformations. . . .

Let us pass on to the second class of illusions from which France seems finally to have awakened Under the title of the "political illusion" we may include two divergent yet not wholly

disparate emotions,—the enthusiasm of loyalty and the enthusiasm of equality. Each of these enthusiasms has done in old times great things for France; each in turn has seemed to offer a self-evident, nay, a Divine organization of the perplexed affairs of men. But each in turn has lost its efficacy. There is now scarcely a name but General Boulanger's in France which will raise a cheer; scarcely even a Socialistic Utopia for which a man would care to die. The younger nations, accustomed to look to France for inspiration, feel the dryness of that ancient source. "Ils ne croient à rien," said a Russian of the Nihilists, "mais ils ont besoin du martyre" (They believe in nothing, but they must have martyrdom). The Nihilists, indeed, are like the lemmings, which swim out to sea in obedience to an instinct that bids them seek a continent long since sunk beneath the waves. Gentle anarchists, pious atheists, they follow the blind instinct of self-devotion which makes the force of a naïve, an unworldly people. But there is now no intelligible object of devotion left for them to seek; and they go to the mines and to the gibbet without grasping a single principle or formulating a single hope. These are the pupils of modern France; but in France herself the nihilistic disillusionment works itself out unhindered by the old impulse to die for an idea. The French have died for too many ideas already; and just as they have ceased to idealize man's relationship to God, so have they ceased at last to idealize his relationship to his fellow-men.

But the process of disillusionment can be traced deeper still. Closer to us, in one sense, than our relation to the universe as a whole, more intimate than our relation to our fellow-citizens, is the mutual relation between the sexes. An emotion such as love, at once vague, complex, and absorbing, is eminently open to fresh interpretation as the result of modern analysis. And on comparing what may be called the enchanted and disenchanted estimates of this passion,—the view of Plato, for instance, and the view of Schopenhauer,—we find that the discordance goes to the very root of the conception; that what in Plato's view is the accident, is in Schopenhauer's the essential; that what Plato esteemed as the very aim and essence is for Schopenhauer a delusive figment, a witchery cast over man's young inexperience, from which adult reason should shake itself wholly free. For Plato the act of idealization which constitutes love is closely akin to the act of idealization which constitutes worship. The sudden passion which

carries the lover beyond all thought of self is the result of a memory and a yearning which the beloved one's presence stirs within him; a memory of ante-natal visions, a yearning towards the home of the soul. The true end of love is mutual ennoblement; its fruition lies in the unseen. Or if we look to its earthly issue, it is not children only who are born from such unions as these, but from that fusion of earnest spirits, great thoughts, just laws, noble institutions spring,—"a fairer progeny than any child of man."

Not one of the speculations of antiquity outdid in lofty originality this theme of Plato's. And however deeply the changing conditions of civilization might modify the outward forms or setting of love, this far-reaching conception has been immanent in the poet's mind, and has made of love an integral element in the spiritual scheme of things. "Love was given," says Wordsworth, in a poem which strangely harmonizes the antique and the modern ideal,—

> "Love was given,
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
> For this the passion to excess was driven,—
> That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream, opposed to Love."

And even when the passion has not been thus directly linked with ethical aims, it has been credited with a heaven-sent, a mysterious charm; like the beauty and scent of flowers, it has been regarded as a joy given to us for the mere end of joy.

In recent years, however, a wholly different aspect of the passion of love has been raised into prominence. This new theory—for it is hardly less—is something much deeper than the mere satirical depreciation, the mere ascetic horror, of the female sex. It recognizes the mystery, the illusion, the potency of love: but it urges that this dominating illusion is no heaven-descended charm of life, but the result of terrene evolution; and that, so far from being salutary to the individual, it is expressly designed to entrap him into subserving the ends of the race, even when death to himself (or herself) is the immediate consequence. It was in England that the facts in natural history which point to this conclusion were first set forth; it was in Germany that a philosophical theory was founded (even before most of those facts were known) upon these blind efforts of the race, working through the passions of the individual, yet often to his ruin: but it is in

France that we witness the actual entry of this theory into the affairs of life,—the gradual dissipation of the "sexual illusion" which nature has so long been weaving with unconscious magic around the senses and the imagination of man.

In the first place, then, human attractiveness has suffered something of the same loss of romance which has fallen upon the scent and color of flowers, since we have realized that these have been developed as an attraction to moths and other insects, whose visits to the flower are necessary to secure effective fertilization. Our own attractiveness in each other's eyes seems no longer to point to some Divine reminiscence; rather, it is a character which natural and sexual selection must needs have developed, if our race was to persist at all: and it is paralleled by elaborate and often grotesque æsthetic allurements throughout the range of organized creatures of separate sex.

Once more. The great Roman poet of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd," insisted long ago on the divergence, throughout animated nature, of the promptings of amorous passion and of self-preservation. Passing beyond the facile optimism of pastoral singers, he showed the peace, the strength, the life of the animal creation at the mercy of an instinct which they can neither comprehend nor disobey. *In furias ignemque ruunt.* Advancing science has both confirmed and explained this profound observation. She has discovered instances where the instinct in question conducts not merely to a remote and contingent but to an immediate and inevitable death, and where yet it works itself out with unfailing punctuality. And she has demonstrated that in the race of races the individual must not pause for breath; his happiness, his length of days must be subordinated to the supreme purpose of leaving a progeny which can successfully prolong the endless struggle. And here the bitter philosophy of Schopenhauer steps in, and shows that as man rises from the savage state, the form of the illusive witchery changes, but the witchery is still the same. Nature is still prompting us to subserve the advantage of the race,—an advantage which is not our own,—though she uses now such delicate baits as artistic admiration, spiritual sympathy, the union of kindred souls. Behind and beneath all these is still her old unconscious striving; but she can scarcely any longer outwit us: we now desire neither the pangs of passion, nor the restraints of marriage, nor the burden of offspring; while for the race we

need care nothing, or may even deem it best and most merciful that the race itself should lapse and pass away.

The insensible advance of this sexual disenchantment will show itself first and most obviously in the imaginative literature of a nation. And the transition from romanticism to so-called naturalism in fiction, which is the conspicuous fact of the day in France, is ill understood if it be taken to be a mere change in literary fashion, a mere reaction against sentimental and stylistic extravagance. The naturalists claim — and the claim is just — that they seek at least a closer analogy with the methods of science herself; that they rest not on fantastic fancies, but on the *documents humains* which are furnished by the actual life of every day. But on the other hand, the very fact that this is all which they desire to do, is enough to prove that even this will scarcely be worth the doing. The fact that they thus shrink from idealizing bespeaks an epoch barren in ideal. Schopenhauer boasted that he had destroyed "die Dame," the chivalrous conception of woman as a superior being; and such novels as those of Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, exhibit the world with this illusion gone. If, moreover, the relations between men and women are not kept, in a sense, above the relations between men and men, they will rapidly fall below them. We are led into a world of joyless vice from the sheer decay of the conception of virtue.

And thus we are brought, by a natural transition, to the fourth and last illusion from which French thought is shaking itself free, — the illusion which pervades man more profoundly than any other: the dream of his own free-will, and of his psychical unity. It is in the analysis of this personal illusion that much of the acutest French work has lately been done; it is here that ordinary French opinion is perhaps furthest removed from the English type; and it is here, moreover, as I shall presently indicate, — it is on this field of experimental psychology, — that the decisive battles of the next century seem likely to be fought. In this essay, however, I must keep clear of detail, and must touch only on the general effect of the mass of teaching. . . .

As regards the freedom of the will, indeed, it might have been supposed that the controversy had now been waged too long to admit of much accession of novel argument. Nor, of course, can any theory which we hold as to human free-will reasonably influence our actions one way or the other. Yet we know that

as a matter of actual observation, Mahommedan fatalism does influence conduct; and the determinism which is becoming definitely the creed of France may similarly be traced throughout their modern pictures of life and character, as a paralyzing influence in moments of decisive choice, of moral crisis. . .

I have now, though in a very brief and imperfect way, accomplished the task which seemed to me to have some promise of instruction. I have tried to decompose into its constituent elements the vague but general sense of *malaise* or decadence which permeates so much of modern French literature and life. And after referring this disenchantment to the loss of certain beliefs and habits of thought which the majority of educated Frenchmen have come with more or less distinctness to class as illusions, I have endeavored — it may be thought with poor success — to suggest some possibility of the reconstitution of these illusions on a basis which can permanently resist scientific attack. In experimental psychology I have suggested, so to say, a nostrum, but without propounding it as a panacea; and I cannot avoid the conclusion that we are bound to be prepared for the worst. Yet by "the worst" I do not mean any catastrophe of despair, any cosmic suicide, any world-wide unchaining of the brute that lies pent in man. I mean merely the peaceful, progressive, orderly triumph of *l'homme sensuel moyen* [the average man]; the gradual adaptation of hopes and occupations to a purely terrestrial standard; the calculated pleasures of the cynic who is resolved to be a dupe no more.

Such is the prospect from our tower of augury — the warning note from France, whose inward crises have so often prefigured the fates through which Western Europe was to pass ere long. Many times, indeed, have declining nations risen anew, when some fresh knowledge, some untried adventure, has added meaning and zest to life. Let those men speak to us, if any there be, who can strengthen our hearts with some prevision happier than mine. For if this vanward and eager people is never to be "begotten again unto a lively hope" by some energy still unfelt and unsuspected, then assuredly France will not suffer alone from her atrophy of higher life. No; in that case like causes elsewhere must produce like effects; and there are other great nations whose decline will not be long delayed.

MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF THE ARYAN PEOPLES

BY WILLIAM SHARP AND ERNEST RHYS

With the advance of the new science of folk-lore, we are apt to forget perhaps that the old literature on which the study is based is one of the richest and most entertaining in the world. Fairy-tale is its foster-mother, and the home out of which it passed is as mysterious as fairy-land itself, and as full of wonders; although the name of «Aryan» may seem at a first glance to suggest only the science of races, or the endless differences of the doctors of philology over the relations of myth to the decay of language. That, however, is a side of the subject upon which we are not called to dwell. Science apart, it is enough to show that the way into the old wonder-land where the early Aryans first drew breath, and shaped our speech, and began our traditions, may be traveled for the sheer pleasure of the adventure, as well as for abstruser ends. The mysterious door of the Aryan mythologies may look forbidding, but its «Open sesame!» is nothing more occult than the title of the first time-honored fairy-tale one happens to remember. And once inside this dim ancestral gate, the demesne is so richly fertile, and so various in its partitions and pleasaunces, that the idlest observer cannot but be allured further. The Aryan realm, eastern and western, includes not only the Greek, Scandinavian, and Indian mythologies, but Slavic folk-tales, Roumanian folk-songs, Sicilian idyls, and all the confused popular traditions of the Anglo-Celtic peoples. If we may believe the folk-lorists,— as here at least we can do,— King Arthur and Queen Guinevere are among its heroic children, equally with Odin and Sigurd, or Heracles and Helen of Troy. Its music is echoed in the early Celtic elemental rhymes and poems, equally with the Vedic Hymns and the epic strain of Homer. Its traditions flit to and fro over the face of the earth, from the Ganges to the Mississippi, from the Thames to the Tiber. The nursery tales we tell our children to-day are, many of them, but variants of the old primitive tales of Light and Darkness, Sleep and Silence, told to the babes that watched the flames flicker, or heard the wolves howl, amid the trees of that unmapped region which was the birthplace of the Aryan peoples.

It is clear that the primary myths and folk-tales of so vast an order of mankind, and the secondary more conscious literary development of the same subject-matter, together make an immense contribution to the world's literature. We can at best indicate here a little of its richness and extent, referring our readers to the original authorities for the full history of the subject. Even so, it must be kept in mind that folk-lore is still a new science; and that collections of native tales and traditions, as they still survive to-day, have been made with anything like order only within the last half-century. Every year now sees valuable new contributions from the various folk-lore societies,—additions which, it is clear, must affect closely the labors of the comparative mythologists, and the results at which they arrive. Professor Max Müller's works, Mr. J. G. Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' Mr. Clodd's 'Myths and Dreams,' Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Custom and Myth,' Mr. Sidney Hartland's 'Legend of Perseus,' Principal Rhys's 'Hibbert Lectures,'—all these are works which have helped to give folk-lore its modern status and significance; and they are but the pioneers of a critical and co-ordinating system which is only now beginning to assume its right effects and proportions. But here it is not with the method and modern theories, but with the legendary survivals and mythic traditions of folk-lore, that we are concerned. It is not even necessary for us to decide the vexed question of the exact region in Europe or Asia whence the Aryan peoples originally sprang. Whether indeed it be in the Ural slopes, the Norse valleys, or the plateau of the Himalaya, that the newest argument places the cradle of the Aryan, we shall still find, most likely, that the illustrations of the argument adduced are more interesting than the argument itself.

In the same way, although we may not accept the solar theory in mythology, our interest in sun myths and the folk-tales that have grown out of them, will be undiminished. Again, if Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of the origin of mythology and its fables—that it was an outgrowth of primitive man's ancestor-worship—seems doubtful, we shall still find the whole range of fetish and totem traditions and beliefs full of profoundly suggestive matter of fancy and matter of fact. Thinking on it, we shall turn with a new feeling to many old rural reminders of death; or to such testimony as that of Ovid's lines,—

«Est honor et tumulis,» etc.,*—

in which he describes the Feast of the Romans in the Ides of February in honor of the ghosts of their ancestors.

The mysteries of death, and of the forces of nature; the interchange of light and darkness; the passing of the sun;—we need no

*«And even to the tomb is honor paid.»—'Fasti.'

theory to account for the early effect these had on the savage imaginations of our primitive Aryan forefathers. Of the aerial and earthly phenomena, which worked early upon the mind of man, and led him to weave a myth out of the emotions and sensations they caused, the sun perhaps affords the best instance. For, go where you will through the uttermost regions of the Aryan peoples, as we now recognize them, you will still find the sun, and with him the moon and the stars, regnant in the realm of folk-lore. Take in the 'Rig-Veda' (x. 95), the poem of the love of Urvasi and Pururavas, in which Professor Max Müller considers the latter to stand for the sun, while Urvasi is the early dawn. Or take the folk-song sung on New Year's Eve by that most primitive and archaic of European peoples, the Mordvins,—an offshoot of the Finns, who live between the Volga and the Oka, in a territory extending on both sides of the Sura:—

"Denyan Lasunyas
Is a bright moon,
His wife Masai
A ruddy sun.
And Denyan's children
Are the stars.
Tannysai!"

In this stanza it is seen that the sun is a woman, contrary to the custom in myth, early and late; except—and this is a matter of great and interesting significance—in the instance of Celtic, or at least Gaelic-Celtic myth and legendary lore, where the sun is always feminine. But indeed, to quote Mr. Edward Clodd, "the names given to the sun in mythology are as manifold as his aspects and influences, and as the moods of the untutored minds that endowed him with the complex and contrary qualities which make up the nature of man." And the gender of the sun, as well as of many other natural phenomena, is found to change frequently in different tongues; but as a rule, in Aryan folk-lore, he is masculine, and the moon feminine. In the old Greek myths, both sun and moon are fully endowed with human qualities and human passions and failings; and yet the sun is godlike, and has powers far beyond those of humankind. "The sun," we are reminded by the modern mythologists, "is all-seeing and all-penetrating. In a Greek song of to-day, a mother sends a message to an absent daughter by the sun; it is but an unconscious repetition of the request of the dying Ajax, that the heavenly body will tell his fate to his old father and his sorrowing spouse."

If we arrive at something like a sympathetic understanding of the tendency in primitive man to humanize and personify the signs and appearances of nature, we shall be very near an explanation of the Greek mythology, and its marvelous confusion of noble and ignoble, of

heroic and demoralized deities. The savage survival in that mythology of so many of the more gross and repulsive elements of folk-lore is but another proof of the extraordinary persistence of traditional ideas, as against consciously reasoned ideas, of nature. While in art, and in human intelligence and conduct of life, they had grown into the civilized condition which made an Aristotle and a Plato possible, their primitive mythopœic sense, as it existed some thousand years before, still retained its hold on them. Do we not find the same survival, in our most modern races, of superstitions as old as the oldest Aryan type?

The oldest survivals of all in the Greek religion are not to be learnt from the pages of Homer and the Greek dramatists, but from what we may gather indirectly from those obscurer sources in which folk-lore has so often had its memorials overlaid with dust. To eke out these reminders, we have the more formal testimony of such authors as Pausanias and Eusebius, Herodotus and Lactantius, Porphyrius and Plutarch. Pausanias tells us, in mysterious terms, of the dreadful rites on the Lycæan Hill, as late as the second century. On the crest of the mountain is the altar of Zeus; and before it «stand two pillars facing the rising sun, and thereon golden eagles of yet more ancient workmanship. And on this altar they sacrifice to Zeus in a manner that may not be spoken, and little liking had I to make much search into this matter. But let it be as it is, and as it hath been from the beginning.» Mr. Lang, commenting on this ominous passage, reminds us* that «the traditional myths of Arcadia tell of the human sacrifices of Lycaon, and of men who, tasting the meat of a mixed sacrifice, put human flesh between their lips unawares.» The horrors of «Voodoo» among the negroes of Hayti, or the tradition of human sacrifices in the Vedic religion, or among the Druids in ancient time, show how religious rites were apt to conserve strange and terrible mythical ideas, century after century.

From the Jewish and other non-Aryan rites, we may gather many interesting corroborative particulars as to the law and manner of sacrifice. But without following up the more tragic and terrible side of its ancient practice, as relating to the peculiar expiatory virtue of human victims, let us recall that much of the existing folk-lore of fire naturally associates itself with the lingering of the traditions concerning its use in the rites of the altar, from time immemorial.

Those who have read Mr. J. G. Frazer's remarkable treatise on the esoteric explanation of the old mythical traditions, 'The Golden Bough,' will readily recall the ancient mysteries of the lovely woodland lake of Nemi, with which he begins his book. The scene is enshrined in all its beauty, and idealized with a perfect imagination,

*'Myth, Ritual, and Religion,' Vol. i., page 269.

in Turner's picture of 'The Golden Bough,' in which the classic forms of the lovely nymphs of Diana's train are seen dancing. But another form, ominous and sinister, was at one time to be seen in the sanctuary there,—that of the priest of Nemi, pacing the grove, sword in hand, awaiting the predestinate coming of him who should break off the Golden Bough from the one sacred tree, and try to slay him, and so succeed to his dreadful and mysterious priesthood. For a man could only become the priest of Nemi by first slaying a former holder of the office. And this was but the dark initiation of a profoundly symbolistic ritual in honor of the tutelary goddess, Diana Nemorensis,—Diana of the Grove,—in whose rites Fire played a very essential and striking part. Now, without following up Mr. Frazer's suggestive line of argument, and without insisting theoretically on the significance of Fire as a Sun-symbol, or the Golden Bough as a Tree-symbol, or the slaying and the slain priest as a type of the "slain God," it may be seen what a long series of vital associations is opened up to the student of folk-lore by such things. Many of our simplest festive and social celebrations to-day have an ancestry older far than the oldest literary memorials we possess.

We still speak with a certain serious and hospitable sentiment of the hearth; which is a relic of the primitive awe and mythopœic sense with which our wild first forefathers regarded the familiar spirit that haunts every house, and makes life in our northern latitudes possible and pleasant. Most readers now can only recall, within their own experience, any acquaintance with primitive fire lore in connection with Christmas and its Yule log, or perhaps a fire set burning on New Year's Eve and kept alight until the incoming of the New Year, or a bonfire lighted for some modern commemoration. But even so, it is remarkable that the sense of the mystery of the fire, and its essential sacredness, have so far escaped the cumulative attacks of all our anti-superstitious civilization. The pedigree, for instance, of the tradition about a sacred and inviolable hearth, or of a living fire that must not be extinguished, is one of the most interesting in all Aryan folk-lore. Accepting provisionally the theory that a Russo-Finnish region was at least one of the first to be touched by the effluent stream of the Aryan race, let us note that the sacredness of the fire is a prime article in the creed of the Russian peasant. Mr. W. R. S. Ralston tells us in his delightful 'Songs of the Russian People,' that when a Russian family moves to a new house "the fire is raked out of the old stove into a jar, and solemnly conveyed to the new one; the words 'Welcome, grandfather, to the new home!' being uttered when it arrives there." Among that primitive Russian people the Mordvins, to whom we alluded above, on Christmas Eve a fire is lit in the stove with a special ceremony. A burning candle is placed before the stove, and a fagot of birch

rods is lighted at its flame, while the mistress of the house says a half-pagan prayer.* This fagot is then placed on the hearth-stone, and the wood in the stove kindled from it; while a brand from the last Christmas festival is placed on top of the whole kindling.

Passing now from the Mordvins to the Gaelic corner of the Aryan world, and from the domestic to the more ceremonial uses of fire, we find an extremely suggestive instance in the Scotch Highlands, where bonfires, known as the "Beltane Fires," used to be kindled on May Day. The fires were kindled by antiquated methods, with no small ceremony, usually on some prominent hill-top. Traditionally, this fire and its ash had all kinds of magic virtues, in curing disease, breaking evil spells, etc. When the fire was well alight, an oatcake was made, toasted by its heat, and then broken into little bits; one piece being made black with charcoal. Next, the bits were put into a bonnet, and lots were drawn, and the man drawing the black bit was called *Cailleach bealtine*,—the Beltane carline,—and was supposed to be burnt in the fire as a sacrifice to Baal. His companions indeed made a show of putting him into the bonfire; but the ceremony was considered complete if he jumped thrice through the flames. In this, there is no doubt, as Mr. Frazer points out in his 'Golden Bough,' we have the clear trace of a human sacrifice by fire, lingering in a semi-playful rustic ceremony.

In Europe generally, such fire feasts are held on Midsummer Eve (23d June) or Midsummer Day (24th June); and besides the usual bonfires, torch processions, and the custom of rolling a fiery wheel down the slopes of the appointed hill, formed part of the feast. One finds these still in many parts of Germany, as at Kouz on the Moselle; in Poitou; in Brittany; and they existed, or still exist, in Wales, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, and several parts of England.

We have not space to do more than allude in passing to the curious and prevalent belief in "need-fires," kindled to drive off plague, pestilence, and famine; always kindled by the friction of wood or the revolution of a wheel. As it is, we have taken but one out of the many familiar things of every-day association which are found on examination to discover the most remarkable traditionary interest, in the light of the old Aryan myths and folk-lore.

The study of the lesser signs and symbols, the familiar odds and ends of daily life, that in primitive times were used to express man's feeling for the mystery of a difficult world, ordered by laws and forces which he did not comprehend, brings us to the question of fetishes and *fetishism;* a term which was first used by that pioneer

*"O *Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us; let the ruddy sun rise, warm us with his warmth, and cause our corn to grow in great plenty for us all!"

of mythology, De Brosses, in his 'Culte des Dieux Fétiches,' in the middle of the eighteenth century, and which is derived from a Portuguese word meaning a talisman. But on this, again, we can only touch in the briefest way; since to do justice to the subject it is necessary to adventure far outside our limits, and indeed into fields of extra-Aryan mythology, and of the folk-lore of non-Aryan savage tribes that do not come within our province. But Professor Max Müller, in his Hibbert Lectures and elsewhere, has used the evidence freely that is supplied in the Indo-Aryan literature, and all the profound sense of the infinite in the Indo-Aryan myths, in discounting the prevalence of fetishism among the primitive Aryans. We do not at all agree with his conclusions. But he helps us to see that the deities of the 'Vedas' and 'Brahmanas' (the hymns and books of devotion of India) are sprung from the same order of personified elemental phenomena as the fire-god or the sun-hero in other Aryan mythologies. To take Indra, the chief of these deities: we trace in the anomalous attributes of his divinity the signs of a savage deity who was now the offspring of a cow, now a ram,—a ram that on occasion could fly. Moreover, is there not a savage survival in the idea that Indra was much addicted to *soma*-drinking; or that he committed the "unpardonable sin" (according to the Vedic cult), *i. e.*, the slaying of a Brahman? Indra even drank soma which was not intended for him, and the dregs became Vrittra the serpent, his enemy. In fighting this foe, Indra lost his energy, which fell to earth and begot trees and shrubs; while Vrittra, being cut in half, accounted for the moon and other phenomena in the universe. In pursuing this branch of mythology, the superb library afforded by the 'Sacred Books of the East' may be consulted, eked out by such other works as Dr. Muir's 'Ancient Sanskrit Texts,' and Ludwig's translation of the 'Rig-Veda.' The same mixture of sublime and ideal and lofty ideas with savage and primitive and wildly immoral conceptions of the gods, will be found in the Indo-Aryan, that is found in the Greek mythology.

There is no need to dwell here on the account that Homer gives of the Greek gods, and their conduct and misconduct of their Divine affairs, for Homer will be found treated elsewhere; but let us recall that the children of Heaven and Earth, if we turn from Homer to Hesiod, included Ocean, Hyperion, Theia, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Tethys, and Cronus. And then we come to the Greek Indra, in Zeus; who unlike Indra, however, is born in the second generation of the gods, and even then only saved by a trick from the all-devouring wrath of his father Cronus. Cronus alone affords a myth that is a sort of test of the whole mythopœic making of divinities out of crude material, and preserving the cruder characteristics even in the highly

developed forms of a complex, consciously arranged mythology. It is thus we follow the early Greek myths, and watch them passing out of pure folk-lore and primary mythology into secondary and literary forms, until we come to their presentment by Homer and Hesiod.

It is the same process as we see, working on equally Aryan ideas, in the Scandinavian mythology; until it arrives at its secondary stage, in the marvelous world of human and divine creation in the 'Nibelungen Lied.' In this evolution of barbaric divinities, and the elaboration of the crude heroic ideal, Odin may be compared very suggestively with the Greek Zeus, and Zeus with the Vedic Indra; and Indra again with the Norse Odin: and much light may thus be gained by a resort to comparative mythology in considering the chief deities of the greater Indo-European systems of ex-Christian religion.

But indeed, whether we study the great myths or the humblest things in folk-lore, the Indo-European or Aryan tongues will be found to stammer out at last but the same message of the infinities that received its highest expression in a Semitic tongue. The Celts and Germans, the Sanskrit and Zendish peoples, the Latins and Greeks, all belong to one family of speech; but even a ten-centuries maintained speech is less permanent, and a less certain synthetic measure of man, than human nature and human imagination. And it is only now, when folk-lore is beginning to see the common ground betwixt the Aryan and the non-Aryan races and their histories, that it is learning to make its lanterns light for us the "dark backward and abysm of time," across which we look wistfully to the legended old dreams first dreamt in the childish cradle sleep of our race. Like faint memories of that cradle sleep, we listen now to the myths of the creation of the earth, and of man's destiny; myths of the stars; myths of the joy and sorrow of life and death; and of fire and of the elements. Read apart, they are beautiful and divine fables; read in the unity of man's common aspiration, they are the testament of the imperfect first beginning, and the slow growth toward perfection, of his expression of the mystery of nature, and of the eternal that is behind nature.

A word remains to be said about the illustrative items that follow, which are chosen mainly with a view to showing the variety of the entertainment offered by the Aryan myths and folk-lore. As it is, we have omitted those fairy and folk tales, which are, like 'Rumpelstilskin' and 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' enshrined in every reader's memory; we have omitted also such passages as those in Homer, or the 'Nibelungen Lied,' or in the Arthurian legendary romances, which fall under other departments of the present work. Of those which do appear, and which may not carry their full and sufficient

explanation on the face of them, we may explain that the 'Kinvad Bridge' and the 'Brig o' Dread' show the identity and the world-wide prevalence of the folk-lore relating to the passage of the souls of the dead. The contemporary Russian account of the faith in 'Hangman's Rope' points to the old idea, common in witches' prescriptions, of the virtue of a dead man's hand or other belongings, especially if the man came by a dark and dreadful end; it is but another form, in fact, of fetish-worship. The tale of the 'Bad Wife' is a variant of one common to all tongues, relating to matrimonial troubles and the punishment of a local Hades,—the nearest convenient pit, or cave, or dark pool, *Mare au diable*, or «Devil's Punch-bowl.» The Silesian tale of the 'Sleeping Army' is a variant of a common tradition which is locally related of King Arthur and his knights in South Wales. The two May Day verses, and those relating to Christmas decorations, are but another relic of the old tree-worship, whose traces linger in many an unsuspected rustic rhyme to-day. Certain old English charms and superstitions relating to the sacred efficacy against evil of bread,—an idea common to all northern Aryan folk-lore,—may be found daintily preserved by Herrick, who was the earliest collector of Devonshire folk-lore. An old knife charm, and a variant of the custom of honoring the Christmas fire,—a relic of old fire-worship,—which we have described above among the Mordvins, are also taken from the 'Hesperides.' The 'Legend of Bomere Pool,' the tale of the 'Fairy Prince from Lappmark,' and the Catalonian folk-tale, serve to illustrate further the universal Aryan custom (and indeed the extra-Aryan custom too) of attaching mythical characters, good and evil, elvish and demonic, to marked localities, hills, lakes, and the like.

All these, let us remind the reader finally, are but crumbs from the great feast, whose full equipment includes not only the humblest couplet or game-rhyme that children sing, but the mysteries of mediæval romance, and the epic glooms and splendors of all the Aryan mythologies.

William Sharp

Ernest Rhys

THE KINVAD BRIDGE

From the 'Zend-Avesta'

THEN the fiend named Vizareska carries off in bonds the souls of the wicked Daêva-worshipers who live in sin. The soul enters the way made by Time, and open both to the wicked and the righteous.

At the head of the Kinvad Bridge, the holy bridge made by Mazda, they ask for their spirits and souls, the reward for the worldly goods which they gave away below.

Then comes the well-shapen, strong, and tall maiden with the hounds at her sides; — she who can distinguish, who is graceful, who does what she desires, and is of high understanding.

She makes the soul of the righteous go up above the heavenly hill; above the Kinvad Bridge she places it in the presence of the heavenly gods themselves.

NOTE. — The Kinvad Bridge crosses over Hades to Paradise. For the souls of the good, it grows wider (nine javelins width); for the wicked it narrows to a thread, and they fall from it into the depths of Hades.

THE BRIDGE OF DREAD

From 'Border Minstrelsy'

[«This dirge used to be sung in the North of England, over a dead body, previous to burial. The tune is weird and doleful, and joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect. The word sleet, in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from selt, or salt.» — Sir Walter Scott's note.]

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are paste,
Every night and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle;
Sit thee down and put them on:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The Whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane:
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Every night and alle;
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste:
And Christe receive thye saule.*

. . . . . .

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
Every night and alle;
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrinke:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If meat and drinke thou gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane·
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

THE LEGEND OF BOMERE POOL†

From Miss C. S. Burne's 'Shropshire Folk-Lore'

MANY years ago a village stood in the hollow which is now fillen up by the mere. But the inhabitants were a wicked race, who mocked at God and his priest. They turned back to the idolatrous practices of their fathers, and worshiped Thor and Woden; they scorned to bend the knee, save in mockery, to the White Christ who had died to save their souls. The

*There must originally have been two more verses, describing the fate of the good and bad souls at the Bridge.

†Compare Hawthorne's 'Philemon and Baucis,' in the 'Wonder Book,' which is essentially the same story.

old priest earnestly warned them that God would punish such wickedness as theirs by some sudden judgment, but they laughed him to scorn. They fastened fish-bones to the skirt of his cassock, and set the children to pelt him with mud and stones. The holy man was not dismayed at this; nay, he renewed his entreaties and warnings, so that some few turned from their evil ways and worshiped with him in the little chapel, which stood on the bank of a rivulet that flowed down from the mere on the hillside.

The rains fell that December in immense quantities. The mere was swollen beyond its usual limits, and all the hollows in the hills were filled to overflowing. One day when the old priest was on the hillside gathering fuel, he noticed that the barrier of peat, earth, and stones which prevented the mere flowing into the valley was apparently giving way before the mass of water above. He hurried down to the village, and besought the men to come up and cut a channel for the discharge of the superfluous waters of the mere. They only greeted his proposal with shouts of derision, and told him to go and mind his prayers, and not spoil their feast with his croaking and his kill-joy presence.

These heathen were then keeping their winter festival with great revelry. It fell on Christmas Eve. The same night the aged priest summoned his few faithful ones to attend at the midnight mass which ushered in the feast of our Savior's nativity. The night was stormy, and the rain fell in torrents; yet this did not prevent the little flock from coming to the chapel. The old servant of God had already begun the holy sacrifice, when a roar was heard in the upper part of the valley. The server was just ringing the Sanctus bell which hung in the bell-cot, when a flood of water dashed into the church, and rapidly rose till it put out the altar-lights. In a few moments more the whole building was washed away; and the mere, which had burst its mountain barrier, occupied the hollow in which the village had stood. Men say that if you sail over the mere on Christmas Eve just after midnight, you may hear the Sanctus bell tolling.

THE LAKE OF THE DEMONS

Catalonian variant of a folk-tale common to every mountain region; related by Gervase of Tilbury

In Catalonia there is a lofty mountain named Cavagum, at the foot of which runs a river with golden sands, in the vicinity of which there are likewise mines of silver. This mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible. On its top, which is always covered with ice and snow, is a black and bottomless lake, into which if a stone be thrown, a tempest suddenly rises; and near this lake, though invisible to men, is the porch of the Palace of Demons. In a town adjacent to this mountain, named Junchera, lived one Peter de Cabinam. Being one day teased with the fretfulness of his young daughter, he in his impatience suddenly wished that the Devil might take her; when she was immediately borne away by the spirits. About seven years afterwards, an inhabitant of the same city, passing by the mountain, met a man who complained bitterly of the burden he was constantly forced to bear. Upon inquiring the cause of his complaining, as he did not seem to carry any load, the man related that he had been unwarily devoted to the spirits by an execration, and that they now employed him constantly as a vehicle of burden. As a proof of his assertion, he added that the daughter of his fellow-citizen was detained by the spirits, but that they were willing to restore her if her father would come and demand her on the mountain. Peter de Cabinam, on being informed of this, ascended the mountain to the lake, and in the name of God demanded his daughter; when a tall, thin, withered figure, with wandering eyes, and almost bereft of reason, was wafted to him in a blast of wind.

FAIRY GIFTS AND THEIR ILL-LUCK

From 'The Science of Fairy Tales,' by E. S. Hartland

A peasant in Swedish Lappmark who had one day been unlucky at the chase, was returning disgusted, when he met a prince who begged him to come and cure his wife. The peasant protested in vain that he was not a doctor. The other would take no denial, insisting that it was no matter, for if he would only put his hands upon the lady she would be healed. Accordingly the stranger led him to the very top of a mountain,

where was perched a castle he had never seen before. On entering it, he found the roof overlaid with silver, the carpets of silk, and the furniture of the purest gold. The prince took him into a room where lay the loveliest of princesses on a golden bed, screaming with pain. As soon as she saw the peasant she begged him to come and put his hands upon her. Almost stupefied with astonishment, he hesitated to lay his coarse hands upon so fair a lady. But at length he yielded; and in a moment her pain ceased, and she was made whole. She stood up and thanked him, begging him to tarry awhile and eat with them. This, however, he declined to do; for he feared that if he tasted the food which was offered him he must remain there. The prince then took a leathern purse, filled it with small round pieces of wood, and gave it to him with these words: "So long as thou hast this purse, money will never fail thee. But if thou shouldst ever see me again, beware of speaking to me; for if thou speak thy luck will depart." When the man got home he found the purse filled with dollars; and by virtue of its magical property he became the richest man in the parish. As soon as he found the purse always full, whatever he took out of it, he began to live in a spendthrift manner, and frequented the alehouse. One evening as he sat there he beheld the strange prince with a bottle in his hand, going round and gathering the drops which the guests shook from time to time out of their glasses. The rich peasant was surprised that one who had given him so much did not seem able to buy himself a single dram, but was reduced to this means of getting a drink. Thereupon he went up to him and said: "Thou hast shown me more kindness than any other man ever did, and I will willingly treat thee to a little." The words were scarce out of his mouth when he received such a blow on his head that he fell stunned to the ground; and when again he came to himself, the prince and his purse were both gone. From that day forward he became poorer and poorer, until he was reduced to absolute beggary.

NOTE.—This story exemplifies the need of the trolls for human help, the refusal of food, fairy gratitude, and the conditions involved in the acceptance of supernatural gifts. It mentions one further characteristic of fairy nature—the objection to be recognized and addressed by men who are privileged to see them.—E. S. H.

A SLEEPING ARMY

From Drzebnica in Silesia, near an ancient battle-field. Variant of a folk-tale common to the Celtic and Norse races

A PEASANT-GIRL was once wandering in the country, and found the mouth of a cavern. She entered and found within a host of sleeping warriors, all armed as if waiting for the call to battle. One of the spirit warriors, who seemed their leader, was not asleep; and addressing the fearful girl, told her not to mind the soldiers, but only to take care not to touch the bell hanging over the entrance. But the girl was seized with an irresistible desire to ring the bell. Its boom sounded through the cavern as a tocsin to war. The sleeping host began to awake and to seize their arms. But thereupon the leader drove the girl out, and closed the cavern mouth. No one has since seen the opening of the cave, where, it is believed, the army still sleeps undisturbed, waiting the destined day of waking.

THE BLACK LAMB

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.' Irish variant of a common Aryan superstition

IT IS a custom amongst the people, when throwing away water at night, to cry out in a loud voice, "Take care of the water;" or literally, "Away with yourself from the water:" for they say that the spirits of the dead last buried are then wandering about, and it would be dangerous if the water fell on them.

One dark night a woman suddenly threw out a pail of boiling water without thinking of the warning words. Instantly a cry was heard, as of a person in pain, but no one was seen. However, the next night a black lamb entered the house, having the back all fresh scalded, and it lay down moaning by the hearth and died. Then they all knew that this was the spirit that had been scalded by the woman, and they carried the dead lamb out reverently, and buried it deep in the earth. Yet every night at the same hour it walked again into the house, and lay down, moaned, and died: and after this had happened many times, the priest was sent for, and finally, by the strength of his exorcism, the spirit of the dead was laid to rest; the black lamb appeared no more. Neither was the body of the dead lamb found in the grave when they searched for it, though it had been laid by their own hands deep in the earth, and covered with clay.

DEATH-BED SUPERSTITIONS

From the Folk-Lore Record. Ditchling, Sussex, August 1820

WHILST the woman was dying, I was standing at the foot of the bed, when a woman desired me to remove, saying, "You should never stand at the foot of a bed when a person is dying." The reason, I ascertained, was because it would stop the spirit in its departure to the unknown world.

Immediately after the woman was dead, I was requested by the persons in attendance to go with them into the garden to awake the bees, saying it was a thing which ought always to be done when a person died after sunset.

THE WITCHED CHURN

From the Folk-Lore Record. Contains a common superstition as to the fatal sympathetic sensibility of those possessed with powers of witchcraft. Halstead in Essex, August 1732.

THERE was one Master Collett, a smith by trade, of Havening-ham in the county of Suffolk, who, as 'twas customary with him, assisting the maide to churn, and not being able — as the phrase is — to make the butter come, threw a hot iron into the churn, under the notion of witchcraft in the case; upon which a poore laborer then employed in the farm-yard cried out in a terrible manner, "*They have killed me! they have killed me!*" still keeping his hand upon his back, intimating where the pain was, and died upon the spot. Mr. Collett, with the rest of the servants then present, took off the poor man's clothes, and found to their great surprise the mark of the iron which was heated and thrown into the churn, deeply impressed upon his back. This account I had from Mr. Collett's own mouth. *Signed*, S. Manning.

THE BAD WIFE AND THE DEMON

From Folk-Lore Record. Russian variant of an ancient Eastern story

A BAD wife lived on the worst of terms with her husband, and never paid any attention to what he said. If her husband told her to get up early, she would lie in bed three days at a stretch; if he wanted her to go to sleep, she couldn't think

of sleeping. When her husband asked her to make pancakes, she would say, "You thief, you don't deserve a pancake!" If he said, "Don't make any pancakes, wife, if I don't deserve them," she would cook a two-gallon pot full, and say, "Eat away, you thief, till they're all gone!"

One day, after having had his trouble and bother with her, he went into the forest to look for berries and distract his grief; and he came to where there was a currant-bush, and in the middle of that bush he saw a bottomless pit. He looked at it for some time and considered, "Why should I live in torment with a bad wife? Can't I put her into that pit? Can't I teach her a good lesson?"

So when he came home he said:—

"Wife, don't go into the woods for berries."

"Yes, you bugbear, I shall go!"

"I've found a currant-bush: don't pick it."

"Yes, I will; I shall go and pick it clean: but I won't give you a single currant!"

The husband went out, his wife with him. He came to the currant-bush, and his wife jumped into the middle of it, and went flop into the bottomless pit.

The husband returned home joyfully, and remained there three days; on the fourth day he went to see how things were going on. Taking a long cord, he let it down into the pit, and out from thence he pulled a little demon. Frightened out of his wits, he was going to throw the imp back again into the pit, but it shrieked aloud and earnestly entreated him, saying:—

"Don't send me back again, O peasant! Let me go out into the world! A bad wife has come and absolutely devoured us all, pinching us and biting us—we're utterly worn out with it. I'll do you a good turn if you will."

So the peasant let him go free—at large in Holy Russia.

HANGMAN'S ROPE

Russian variant of the superstition. Reported March 27th, 1880

THE hangman is permitted to trade upon the superstition still current in Russian society, respecting the luck conferred upon gamesters by the possession of a morsel of the rope with which a human being has been strangled, either by the hand of justice or by his own. Immediately after young M'Cadetzky had been hanged, only the other day, Froloff was surrounded by members of the Russian *jeunesse dorée*, eager to purchase scraps of the fatal noose; and he disposed of several dozen such talismans at from three to five roubles apiece, observing with cynical complacency that "he hoped the Nihilists would yet bring him in plenty of money."

MAY-DAY SONG

From J. G. Frazer's 'Golden Bough.' Abingdon in Berkshire. Variant of folk rhymes that survive from the old Aryan tree-worship, associated with May Day.

WE'VE been rambling all the night,
And some time of this day;
And now returning back again,
We bring a garland gay.

A garland gay we bring you here,
And at your door we stand;
It is a sprout, well budded out,
The work of our Lord's hand.

OLD ENGLISH CHARMS AND FOLK CUSTOMS

From Herrick's 'Hesperides.' Devonshire: Seventeenth Century

BREAD CHARMS

I

BRING the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head:
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

II

If ye feare to be affrighted
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a crust;
For that holy piece of bread
Charmes the danger and the dread.

Knife Charm

Let the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife;
Point be up, and haft be downe:
While she gossips in the towne,
This 'mongst other mystick charms
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

YULE-LOG CEREMONY

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunne-set, let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischiefe there.

THE CHANGELING

From 'A Pleasant Treatise on Witchcraft.' English variant of the almost universal folk-tale

A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But when after some years it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was fain to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms; and one day, a poor man coming to the door, "God bless you, mistress," said he, "and your poor child: be pleased to bestow something on a poor man."—"Ah! this child," replied she,

"is the cause of all my sorrow," and related what had happened; adding, moreover, that she thought it changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had rendered more prudent in such matters, told her, to find out the truth she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his chair — that he might not fall — before it, and break a dozen eggs, and place the four-and-twenty half shells before it; then go out, and listen at the door; for if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more. The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say, "Seven years old was I before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk-pans before." So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air; and on going there found her own child safe and sound.

THE MAGIC SWORD (MIMUNG, OR BALMUNG)

Norse variant of the common Aryan sword-myths (Carlyle's version)

By this Sword Balmung also hangs a tale. Doubtless it was one of those invaluable weapons sometimes fabricated by the old Northern Smiths, compared with which our modern Foxes and Ferraras and Toledos are mere leaden tools. Von der Hagen seems to think it simply the Sword Mimung under another name; in which case Siegfried's old master, Mimer, had been the maker of it, and called it after himself, as if it had been his son. In Scandinavian chronicles, veridical or not, we have the following account of that transaction. Mimer was challenged by another Craftsman, named Amilias, who boasted that he had made a suit of armor which no stroke could dint, to equal that feat or own himself the second Smith then extant. This last the stout Mimer would in no case do, but proceeded to forge the Sword Mimung; with which, when it was finished, he, "in presence of the King," cut asunder "a thread of wool floating on water." This would have seemed a fair fire-edge to most smiths; not so to Mimer: he sawed the blade in places, welded it in "a red-hot fire for three days," tempered it "with milk and oatmeal," and by much other cunning brought out a sword that severed

«a ball of wool floating on water.» But neither would this suffice him; he returned to his smithy, and by means known only to himself produced, in the course of seven weeks, a third and final edition of Mimung, which split asunder a whole floating pack of wool. The comparative trial now took place forthwith. Amilias, cased in his impenetrable coat of mail, sat down on a bench, in presence of assembled thousands, and bade Mimer strike him. Mimer fetched of course his best blow, on which Amilias observed that there was a strange feeling of cold iron in his inwards. «Shake thyself,» said Mimer: the luckless wight did so, and fell in two halves, being cleft sheer through, never more to swing hammer in this world.